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Memorial Day

May 30, 1906

(Wisconsin)

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SELECTIONS
FOR
MEMORIAL DAY
IN
WISCONSIN SCHOOLS

The form is vanished and the footsteps still,
But from the silence Lincoln's answer thrills;
"Peace, charity, and love!" in all the world's best needs
The master stands transfigured in his deeds.
—Kate M. B. Sherwood.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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1906

Dear country mine! far in that viewless west,
And ocean-warded, strife thou too hast known,
But may thy sun hereafter bloodless shine,
And may thy way be onward without wrath,
And upward on no carcass of the slain;
And if thou smitest let it be for peace
And justice--not in hate, or pride, or lust
Of empire. Mayst thou ever be, O land,
Noble and pure as thou art free and strong;
So shalt thou lift a light for all the world
And for all time, and bring the Age of Peace.

—*R. W. Gilder.*

Introduction.

Each returning Memorial Day brings to the youth of this land the privilege of placing a token of appreciation upon the graves of those who gloriously laid their lives upon the country's altar in time of need. It brings an opportunity to gladden the hearts of their surviving comrades by the knowledge that the rising generation is inspired with the same ardent love of country and reverence for the flag that impelled them to offer their lives in its defense.

The day is consecrated to the purpose of honoring all, living or dead, who contributed to the preservation of the Union. It is more than a holiday; it is a holy day; sacred to the memory of those who shed their blood for freedom and liberty, devoted to the solemn pleasure of honoring those of the living who risked the horrors of war that each and every man might partake of the benefits of freedom, and dedicated to the necessity of so training the youth that free institutions bought with blood and treasure may never crumble and decay.

Memorial Day is sacred and should not be profaned by sports and games. It is not a day for amusements. It was established at a time when every home in the land was in mourning, as a day upon which a grateful people could offer thanks to the memory of its honored dead. To make it a day of recreation, defeats the purpose for which it was designed. School boards and teachers are earnestly requested to do all in their power to prevent the desecration of the day and to use every means to create in the community a desire for its proper observance. Appropriate exercises commemorative of the day, should be held in every school in the state. It should be made an event to be remembered by every pupil in the school. An invitation should be extended to the G. A. R. to be present, and if there is no Post in the community, personal invitations should be sent to the old soldiers of the neighborhood to come and if possible recount to the school their war experiences.

In our schools are gathered the youth of every land. The pupil of the present will be the citizen, and if need be, the soldier of tomorrow. It is the duty of the teacher to make such a preparation for the day as will teach the origin, spirit and history of our institutions. Patriotism is a growth. It is the product of the teachings of the home and school. If our institutions are to prevail, a love of country, a devotion to duty and integrity of purpose must be developed in the hearts of the pupils which shall safeguard their existence.

There are battles to be fought as well as battles that have been fought. The nation today needs citizens of the highest ideals. Patriotism is not alone such a love of country as will cause one to risk his life on the battle-field in her defense, but will give the courage to vote and speak for right principles of government regardless of personal loss. To think right, to act right and to vote right, is the preparation needed today by the youth of America. It is easy to be moved by patriotic feeling when listening to the sound of martial music, but it is not so easy to stand for principle in opposition to public opinion or the disapproval of one's fellows.

The schools have a duty to perform for the nation today as well as in the past, and I trust that the Memorial Day of May 30, 1906, will do much toward developing the spirit of patriotism in the youth of the state.

C. P. Cary,
State Superintendent.

Decoration Day.

(Abridged.)

W. Bourke Cochran.

The character of a nation is often known by its festivals. The character of the festival we celebrate today is the most unique in the history of the world. We celebrate in all its entirety the sublime epoch when fidelity to the republic triumphed over the dangers that comprised the Civil War, and we emerged from the conflict radiant with the light of liberty established and indestructible American institutions with the undying vigor of American patriotism. The conflict in which we engaged was not made by the generation in which we live. It was a legacy handed down by the fathers of the republic after the foreign invader had been driven out.

But the Union soldier was great in peace as well as in war. His was not merely a triumph of arms; it was a triumph of heart and mind, for the Union soldier won the love of the foe that he vanquished. Today, throughout the length and breadth of the country, there is a love for the flag of the Union. Today the Union stands not defended by armed force or by frowning fortresses. Its foundations are laid in the hearts of our citizens, south as well as north, and it will be durable and eternal because of that foundation. But although the vigor of the Union soldier in taking up arms was creditable to him, he also deserves credit for the manner in which he laid down his arms. Never before did a victorious army so lay down its arms at the behest of civil rulers without the slightest disturbance throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The lesson which this day teaches above all others is that no matter what difficulties may arise, the patriotism of this republic will be able to surmount them. No matter what dangers may threaten our institutions, there is always to be in reserve the American patriotism sufficient to solve every question and surmount every difficulty. The victory of the Union soldiers proved the capacity and the power of this patriotism which underlies American citizenship. No sooner had the smoke lifted from southern battlefields; no sooner had the rivers that had run red with blood once more resumed their course clear and pellucid to the sea, and the south was seen humbled, than the men of the north turned with charity and brotherly love to the aid of the men with whom they had fought. The victory which was achieved for the Union was thus made a permanent one for the union of these states.

The lesson of the Union was not ended in 1865. The mission of the Union soldier did not close with the war. It continues today as a patriotism which is the best security of the government. We are reminded of the survivors as we turn today from the graves of the brave men who were the heroes of the war.

On the capitol at Washington, surmounting the great dome where congress is in session, there may be seen a bright light high above all else on the building. And as you recede from the place, and the turrets and fluted columns of the edifice disappear in the darkness, the light at the top seems to be higher and higher, and finally seems to blend with the horizon until finally only this light marks the temple of freedom of our beloved government. And, as we celebrate this Decoration Day, looking back on the martyrs of the Civil War, their deeds shall be to us the brilliant light which shall grow ever brighter and brighter, and illumine the pathway of the republic to liberty, prosperity and happiness.

Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln was not what you would call an educated man. The college that he had attended was that which a man attends who gets up at daylight to hoe the corn, and sits up at night to read the best book he can find, by the side of a burning pine knot. What education he had, he picked up in that way. He had read a great many books; and all the books that he had read, he knew. He had a tenacious memory, just as he had the ability to see the essential thing. He never took an unimportant point and went off upon that; but he always laid hold of the real thing, of the real question, and attended to that without attending to the others any more than was indispensably necessary.

—*Charles A. Dana.*

O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! My Captain! our fearful trip is done!
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting ,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Whereon the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My Captain! Rise up and hear the bells,
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon's wreaths; for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Hear, Captain! Dear Father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer; his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells,
But I will mournful tread,
Walk the deck where my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—*Whitman.*

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Our Fallen Heroes.

The angel of the nation's peace
  Has wreathed with flowers the battle-drum;
We see the fruiting fields increase
  Where sound of war no more shall come.

The swallow skims the Tennessee,
  Soft winds play o'er the Rapidan;
There only echo notes of glee,
  Where gleamed a mighty army's van!

Fair Chattanooga's wooded slope
  With summer airs is lightly stirred,
And many a heart is warm with hope
  Where once the deep-mouthed gun was heard.

The blue Potomac stainless rolls,
  And Mission Ridge is gemmed with fern;
On many a height sleep gallant souls,
  And still the blooming years return.

Thank God! unseen to outward eye,
  But felt in every freeman's breast,
From graves where fallen comrades lie
  Ascends at Nature's wise behest.

With springing grass and blossoms new,
  A prayer to bless the nation's life,
To freedom's flower give brighter hue,
  And hide the awful stains of strife.

O, Boys in Blue, we turn to you,
  The scarred and mangled who survive;
No more we meet in grand review,
  But all the arts of freedom thrive.

Still glows the jewel in its shrine,
  Won where the James now tranquil rolls;
Its wealth for all, the glory thine,
  O memory of heroic souls!

—*George Bancroft Griffith.*

IN every human heart springs, instinctive, the desire to be remembered after death. "Boys, if I fall, see to it that my grave is marked!" is the admonition, again and again repeated, by every true soldier that ever stood upon the "Firing Line."

So, on Memorial Day, no service, in honor of the men who gave their lives for the preservation of the union, is complete, without a special tribute of respect, to the memory of those whose graves are "unknown."

Boys and girls, men and women, salute the unknown dead! They died for you!

—F. A. FREER.

Inaugural Address.

Theodore Roosevelt.

March 4, 1905.

My fellow-citizens: No people on earth have more cause to be thankful than ours, and this is said reverently, in no spirit of boastfulness in our own strength, but with gratitude to the Giver of good, who has blessed us with the conditions which have enabled us to achieve so large a measure of well-being and of happiness. To us as a people it has been granted to lay the foundations of our national life in a new continent. . . . .

Our forefathers faced certain perils which we have outgrown. We now face other perils the very existence of which it was impossible that they should foresee. Modern life is both complex and intense, and the tremendous changes wrought by the extraordinary industrial development of the half-century are felt in every fiber of our social and political being. Never before have men tried so vast and formidable an experiment as that of administering the affairs of a continent under the forms of a democratic republic. The conditions which have told for our marvelous material well-being, which have developed to a very high degree our energy, self-reliance, and individual initiative, also have brought the care and anxiety inseparable from the accumulation of great wealth in industrial centers. Upon the success of our experiment much depends, not only as regards our own welfare, but as regards the welfare of mankind. If we fail, the cause of free self-government throughout the world will rock to its foundations; and therefore our responsibility is heavy, to ourselves, to the world as it is today, and to the generations yet unborn. There is no good reason why we should fear the future, but there is every reason why we should face it seriously, neither hiding from ourselves the gravity of the problems before us nor fearing to approach these problems with the unbending, unflinching purpose to solve them aright.

Yet, after all, though the problems are new, though the tasks set before us differ from the tasks set before our fathers who founded and preserved this republic, the spirit in which these tasks must be undertaken and these problems faced, if our duty is to be well done, remains essentially unchanged. We know that self-government is difficult. We know that no people needs such high traits of character as that people which seeks to govern its affairs aright through the freely expressed will of the free men who compose it. But we have faith that we shall not prove false to the memories of the men of the mighty past. They did their work; they left us the splendid heritage we now enjoy. We in our turn have an assured confidence that we shall be able to leave this heritage unwasted and enlarged to our children and our children's children. To do so, we must show, not merely in great crises but in the everyday affairs of life, the qualities of practical intelligence, of courage, of hardihood and endurance, and above all the power of devotion to a lofty ideal, which made great the men who founded this republic in the days of Washington, which made great the men who preserved this republic in the days of Abraham Lincoln.

"Bring Flowers."

Bring flowers, bring flowers, the sweetest, the best,
To garland the beds where our brave are at rest.
Bring pansies for thoughts, unforgotten are they;
Bring laurel for glory they won in the fray;
Bring lilacs for youth—many fell ere their prime;
Bring oak wreaths for Liberty, goddess sublime;
Bring chrysanthemums white for the truth they implore;
Bring lilies for peace—they battle no more;
Bring violets, myrtles, and roses for love;
Bring snowballs for thoughts of the Heaven above;
Bring hawthorn for hope which surmounts earthly strife;
Bring amaranth blossoms for immortal life.
Bring flowers, bring flowers, the sweetest, the best,
To garland the beds where our brave are at rest.

—*Youth's Companion.*

To the Grand Army of the Republic.

THOMAS BRACKETT REED.

An address delivered at Grand Army Reunion, Old Orchard, Maine, August 7, 1884.

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic:—As a tribute to your worth and to your services, this vast and splendid audience, the largest on which my eye ever rested, surpasses any speeches we can possibly make. Free from all taint of ulterior purpose, spontaneous, natural as the tidal march of the ocean on the shore, it is a great throb of the popular heart beating in recognition of you and of your deeds. And why should not this throng of human beings pour from every hill and valley? They come to do honor to those noble qualities which have made human history in the past and human progress in the future possible. They are honoring their own better natures, their own higher attributes. War is a terrible misfortune, but some of the rarest virtues of humanity are evolved out of that crucible, white with the blinding heat of passion. All men rise to honor self-sacrifice, that noble quality which lifts us beyond our little personality and makes us part of the warp and woof of that race which has made the whole world blossom like the rose. All men rise to honor courage; not that brute fearlessness, born of ignorance and of the flesh, but that nobler courage, born of the soul, which faces not only death, but the long and terrible marches, the fever of wounds, the depression of defeat, and all the frightful experiences of that weary road which led to the glorious citadel of liberty, over which floats today in the serene upper air the flag of a land that knows no slave again forever. When Frederick the Great led his mighty army to the conquest of Silesia, his battalions marched and fought and conquered by the vigor of a discipline which had gone on for a quarter of a century. When the troops of the German Empire set out for the campaign of Sadowa, a lifetime devoted to the exercises of war had made of them a machine fit to execute the will of despotic power. Not thus your march. Out of the midst of your fellow citizens you stepped. The sight of human blood had never filled your eyes. You went, not as machines, but as men, to execute your own will and the will of the people. And when your work was done, silently, like the subsidence of one of the great forces of nature, you took your places among your fellow men to help produce for them and yourselves the comforts and necessities of life. Upon no grander spectacle has human history ever looked! What you have done and suffered has not gone without its recompense. It is ordained in the providence of God that good deeds contain the germ of their own reward. Another day than this has been consecrated to the memory of the dead; this day is consecrated to the tender companionship and fraternity of the living. What is the best good of life? It is not high station, or high honors. My friend who sits there (Mr. Blaine), who has had them all, will tell you that good-fellowship of friends and hearty comradeship is better than all place and fame. To be interlaced one with another in thoughts and hopes and sympathies is to become part and parcel of that eternal humanity which is so much greater and nobler than any of us poor atoms. Comrades, you have been welded together by the white heat of battle! To have lived together, to have suffered together, to have had great thoughts and to have done great deeds together, what solider foundation of friendship can there be on earth? It must outlast all time, and if it be true that on the other shore we take our characters and friendships where we leave them here, the great possibilities of reward in the future will transcend our highest hopes and our loftiest words.

Lincoln.

His towering figure, sharp and spare,
Was with such nervous tension strung
As if on each strained sinew swung
The burden of a people's care.

His changing face what pen can draw?
Pathetic, kindly, droll, or stern;
And with a glance so quick to learn
The inmost truth of all he saw.

—*Charles G. Halpine.*

Sweet Home.

(An incident of the Civil War.)

The sun had sunk into the distant West;
The cannon ceased to roar, which tells of rest;
Rest from the shedding of a nation's blood,
Rest to lay their comrades 'neath the sod.

'Twas early spring, and calm and still the night,
The moon had risen, casting silvery light;
On either side of stream the armies lay
Waiting for morn to then renew the fray.

The Rappahannock silently flowed on,
Between the hills so fair to look upon;
Whose dancing waters tinged with silvery light,
Vied in their beauty, with the starry night.

But list! from northern hill there steals along,
The softest strain of music and of song—
The "Starry Banner," our nation's glorious air,
To tell to all of gallant flag still there.

Then "Hail Columbia," a thousand voices sing
With all their souls, and make the hill-tops ring.
From fire to fire, from tent to tent, then flew
The welcome words, "Lad, sing the 'Boys in Blue,'"
And well they sang; each heart was filled with joy,
From first in rank to little drummer boy.

Their lusty cheering reached the southern ear,
Men who courted danger knew no fear,
And talking o'er their scanty evening meal,
Each did grasp his trusty blade of steel.

Soon upon the northern ear there fell
The air of "Dixie," which was loved so well
By everyone who wore the coat of gray
And is still revered and cherished to this day.

In "Dixie Land" they swore to live and die,
That was their watchword, that their battlecry;
Then rose on high the wild Confederate yell,
Resounding over every hill and dell.

Cheer after cheer went up that starry night,
From men as brave as ever saw the light;
Now all is still, each side has played his part.
How simple songs can fire a soldier's heart!

But hark! from Rappahannock's stream there floats
Another air; but ah, how changed the notes!
Not those that lash men's passions into foam,
But richest gem of song—'twas "Home, Sweet Home."

Played by a band that touched the very soul;
And down the veteran's cheek the tear-drops stole.
Men who would walk to very cannon's mouth,
Now wept like children, from both North and South.

Beneath those well-worn coats of gray and blue,
Were tender, loving hearts, both brave and true.
The sentry stopped and rested on his gun,
While back to home his thoughts did quickly run
Thinking of loving wife and children there
With no one left to guard them, none to care.

The stripling lad not strong enough to bear
The weight of sabre or the knapsack's wear
Tried to stop with foolish, boyish pride
The starting tear; as well might stop the tide
Of ceaseless, rolling ocean, just as well,
As stop those tears which fast and faster fell.

Then lo! by mutual sympathy there rose
A shout tremendous, forgetting they were foes;
A simultaneous shout which rang from every voice,
And seemed to make the very heavens rejoice!

Sweet music's charm! one chord doth make us wild,
But change the strain we weep as little child;
Touch yet another, men charge the battery gun
And by those martial tones, a victory's won.
It matters not from whence, how far we roam,
No heart so cold that does not love "Sweet Home."

—*Anon.*

As By the Shores at Break of Day.

As by the shore, at break of day,
A vanquished chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands, with broken sword,
  He traced his farewell to the free;
"And there the last unfinished word
  He dying wrote was "Liberty!"

At night a sea-bird shrieked the knell
Of him who thus for freedom fell:
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
  Were covered by the sounding sea;—
So pass away the cause and name
  Of him who dies for liberty!

—*Thomas Moore.*

What the Flag Means.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

From a speech before the Republican State Convention of Massachusetts, March 27, 1896.

No one has a greater admiration than I for the marvelous achievements of the American people in the last century, for the conquest of this mighty continent, for all the material welfare which has sprung up as if by magic from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Our business enterprise, our business intelligence, our business activity, are among the glories of the Republic. I have labored ever since I have been in public life to advance by every means in my power every measure that makes for the business interests of the country. No one values their importance more highly than I.

But, gentlemen, I have seen it constantly stated, and this is the point I wish to make—that we must not deal with anything but business questions.

Now, there is a great deal more than that in the life of every great nation. There are patriotism, love of country, pride of race, courage, manliness, the things which money cannot make and which money cannot buy.

When we look at that flag, what is it that makes our hearts throb? If you see it in a foreign land, after months of separation, what is it that makes your throat choke and your eyes get damp? Is it because a great many men have made money under it? I believe that that flag is a great deal more than the sign of a successful national shop, never to be unfurled for fear that the trader on the opposite side of the way may have his feelings ruffled; I think it is a great deal more than that. And when I look at it, I do not see and you do not see there the graven image of the dollar; you do not read there the motto of the epicure, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." No; you read on that flag the old Latin motto, *"Per aspera ad astra."* Through toil and conflict to the stars.

You do not see the dollar on it. But when you look, and your heart swells within you as you look, the memories that come are very different. If you see any faces there, they are the faces of Washington and his Continentals behind him, marching from defeat at Long Island to victory at Trenton, to misery at Valley Forge, to final triumph at Yorktown. Look again and we all see the face of Lincoln. The mighty hosts are there of the men who have lived for their country and given their lives for their country and labored for it, each in his separate way, and believed in it and loved it. They are all there, from the great chiefs to the boys who fell in Baltimore. That is what I see, that is what you see. That is why we love it, because it means this great country and all the people. It means all the struggles and sufferings we have gone through, all our hopes, all our aspirations. It means that we are a great nation and intend to take a nation's part in the family of nations. It means that we are the guardians of this Western Hemisphere and will not have it rashly invaded. It means the one successful experiment of representative democracy. It means victorious democracy. That is what it means, and that is what I see there and that is what you see there. And, as much as I care for business and economic questions, I never will admit that they are all or that the duty of a public man ceases with them. There are other questions that must be dealt with also. I never will admit that that beloved flag is to me merely the symbol of a land where I can live in rich content and make money. No; I see it as the American poet saw it:

"And fixed as yonder orb divine
  That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine
  The guard and glory of the world."

Victory.

See, in the crowded mart,
Eager, with lips apart,
How a great Nation's heart
    Hails a Victory;
Hear the loud cheers that swell
The sound of the clanging bell,
And with the booming cannon tell
    This is Victory!
While starry flags are streaming,
Where golden lights are gleaming,
    Victory! Victory!

See in the Soldier's home,
Breathless, with white lips dumb,
How the hearts with anguish wrung,
    Hail a Victory:
Hear the solemn tolling bell,
Wailing forth a funeral knell,
And the muffled drums that tell,
    This is Victory!
While bugles softly blow "taps,"
For a brave laid low,
    Victory! Victory!

See, how at Eden's door,
When the earthly conflict's o'er,
Angels on the farther shore,
    Hail a Victory;
See them bear the sleeping brave
Beyond the terrors of the grave,
In streams of Paradise to lave,
    This is Victory!
Triumphant over death and sin,
"Thou good and faithful enter in,"
    Victory! Victory!

—*Mrs. Geo. C. Ginty.*

Abraham Lincoln.

Joseph H. Choate.

Never was a ruler in a more desperate plight than Lincoln when he entered office on the 4th of March, 1861, four months after his election, and took his oath to support the Constitution and the Union. The intervening time had been busily employed by the southern states in carrying out their threat of disunion in the event of his election. As soon as that fact was ascertained, seven of them had seceded and had seized upon the forts, arsenals, navy yards and other property of the United States within their boundaries, and were making every preparation for war. In the meantime the retiring president, who had been elected by the slave power, and who thought the seceding states could not lawfully be coerced, had done absolutely nothing. Lincoln found himself, by Constitution, commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, but with only a remnant of either at hand. Each was to be created on a great scale out of the unknown resources of a nation untried in war.

In his mild and conciliatory inaugural address, while appealing to the seceding states to return to their allegiance, he avowed his purpose to keep the solemn oath he had taken that day, to see that the laws of the Union were faithfully executed, and to use the troops to recover the forts, navy yards and other property belonging to the government. It is probable, however, that neither side actually realized that war was inevitable, and that the other was determined to fight, until the assault on Fort Sumter presented the South as the first aggressor and aroused the North to use every possible resource to maintain the government and the imperiled Union, and to vindicate the supremacy of the flag over every inch of the territory of the United States. The fact that Lincoln's first proclamation called for only 75,000 troops, to serve for three months, showed how inadequate was even his idea of what the future had in store. But from that moment Lincoln and his loyal supporters never faltered in their purpose. They knew they could win, that it was their duty to win, and that for America the whole hope of the future depended upon their winning, for now by the acts of the seceding states the issue of election—to secure or prevent the extension of slavery—stood transformed into a struggle to preserve or to destroy the Union.

In his first inaugural address, when as yet not a drop of precious blood had been shed, and while he held out to them the olive branch in one hand, in the other he presented the guarantees of the constitution, and after reciting the emphatic resolution of the convention that nominated him, that the maintenance inviolate of the "rights of the state, and especially the right of each state to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend," he reiterated this sentiment and declared with no mental reservation "that all the protection which, consistently with the constitution and the laws, can be given to all the states when lawfully demanded for whatever cause, as cheerfully to one section as to another."

When, however, these magnanimous offerings for peace and reunion were rejected; when the seceding states defied the constitution and every clause and principle of it; when they persisted in staying out of the Union from which they had seceded, and proceeded to carve out of its territory a new and hostile empire based on slavery; when they flew at the throat of the nation and plunged it into the bloodiest war of the nineteenth century, the tables were turned and the belief gradually came to the mind of the President that if the rebellion was not soon subdued by force of arms, if the war must be fought out to the bitter end, then to reach that end the salvation of the nation itself might require the destruction of slavery wherever it existed; that if the war was to continue on one side for disunion, for no other purpose than to preserve slavery, it must continue on the other side for the Union, to destroy slavery.

As he said: "Events control me; I can not control events," and as the dreadful war progressed, and became more deadly and dangerous, the unalterable conviction was forced upon him that in order that the frightful sacrifice of life and treasure on both sides might not be all in vain, it had become his duty as commander-in-chief of the army, as a representative war measure, to strike a blow at the rebellion which, all others failing, would inevitably lead to its annihilation by annihilating the very thing for which it was contending.

And so, at last, when in his judgment the indispensable necessity had come, he struck the fatal blow, and signed the proclamation which has made his name immortal. By it the President as commander-in-chief in time of armed rebellion, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing the rebellion, proclaimed all persons held as slaves in the states and parts of states then in rebellion to be thenceforward free, and declared that the executive, with the army and navy, would recognize and maintain their freedom.

The growth and development of Lincoln's mental power and moral force of his intense and magnetic personality, after the vast responsibilities of government were thrown upon him at the age of 52, furnish a rare and striking illustration of the marvelous capacity and adaptability of the human intellect of the sound mind in the sound body. He came to the discharge of the great duties of the presidency with absolutely no experience in the administration of government or of the varied and complicated questions of foreign and domestic policy which immediately arose and continued to press upon him during the rest of his life; but he mastered each as it came, apparently with the facility of a trained and experienced ruler. As Clarendon said of Cromwell, "His parts seemed to be raised by the demands of great station." His life through it all was one of great labor, anxiety and distress, without one hour of peaceful repose from first to last. But he rose to every occasion. He led public opinion, but he did not march so far in advance of it as to fail of its effective support in every great emergency. He knew the heart and thought of the people as no man not in constant and absolute sympathy with them could have known it, and so, holding their confidence, he triumphed through and with them. Not only was there this steady growth of intellect, but the infinite delicacy of his nature and its capacity for refinement developed also, as exhibited in the purity and perfection of his language and style of speech. The rough backwoodsman, who had never seen the inside of a university, became in the end, by self-training and the exercise of his own powers of mind, heart and soul, a master of style, and some of his utterances will rank with the best, the most perfectly adapted to the occasion which produced them.

In all the grandeur of the vast power that he yielded, he never ceased to be one of the plain people as he always called them; never lost or impaired his perfect sympathy with them; was always in perfect touch with them, and open to their appeals; and here lay the very secret of his personality and of his power, for the people in turn gave him their absolute confidence. His courage, his fortitude, his patience, his hopefulness, were sorely tried, but never exhausted.

He lived to see his work indorsed by an overwhelming majority of his countrymen. In his second inaugural address, pronounced just 40 days before his death, there is a single passage which well displays his indomitable will and at the same time his deep religious feeling, his sublime charity to the enemies of his country and his broad and catholic humanity:

"If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through the appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both north and south this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondmen's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword, as was said 3,000 years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

With malice toward none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

His prayer was answered. The 40 days of life that remained to him were crowded with great historic events. He lived to see his proclamation of emancipation embodied in an amendment to the Constitution, adopted by Congress and submitted to the states for ratification. The mighty scourge of war did speedily pass away, for it was given him to witness the surrender of the rebel army and the fall of their capital, and the starry flag that he loved waving in triumph over the national soil. When he died by the madman's hand in the supreme hour of victory the vanquished lost their best friend and the human race one of its noblest examples, and all the friends of freedom and justice, in whose cause he lived and died, joined hands as mourners at his grave.

My Country.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven, o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter sons dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar race,
The heritage of nature's noblest grace,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend,
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life:
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel-guard of love and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?"
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!
* * * * * * *
Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

—*James Montgomery.*

Union.

The blood that flowed at Lexington, and crimsoned bright Champlain,
Streams still along the Southern Gulf, and by the lakes of Maine;
It flows in veins that swell above Pacific's golden sand
And throbs in hearts that love and grieve by the dark Atlantic's strand.

It binds in one vast brotherhood the trapper of the West,
With men whose cities glass themselves in Erie's classic breast;
And those to whom September brings the fireside's social hours,
With those who see December's brow enwreathed with gorgeous flowers!

From where Columbia laughs to meet the smiling western wave
To where Potomac sighs beside the patriot hero's grave;
And from the streaming everglades to Huron's lordly flood,
The glory of a nation's past thrills through a kindred blood!

Say, can the South sell out her share in Bunker's gory height,
Or can the North give up her boast of Yorktown's closing fight?
Can ye divide with equal hand a heritage of graves,
Or rend in twain the starry flag that o'er them proudly waves?

Can ye cast lots for Vernon's soil, or chaffer 'mid the gloom
That hangs its solemn folds about your common Father's tomb?
Or could you meet around his grave as fratricidal foes,
And wake your burning curses o'er his pure and calm repose?

YE DARE NOT! is the Alleghanian thunder-toned decree:
'Tis echoed where Nevada guards the blue and tranquil sea;
Where tropic waves delighted clasp our flowery Southern shore,
And where, through frowning mountain gates, Nebraska's water's roar!

—*Anon.*

"For Grandpa's Sake."

My grandpa went to war long years ago,—
I never saw him, but they told me so,
And how after a battle, sad news came,
Among the "missing" was my grandpa's name.

They never heard of him again, they said,
And so we know that grandpa must be dead;
And when I think of him so good and brave,
I wish we knew just where he found a grave.

When Decoration Day comes, every year,
I feel so sad and sometimes shed a tear,
To see the soldiers' graves all spread with flowers,
While grandpa's cannot have one rose of ours.

So if some little Southern girl should know
A nameless grave where never blossoms grow,
I'd love her so, if there some flowers she'd lay,
For grandpa's sake, this Decoration Day.

—*The Youth's Companion.*

The Old Grand Army Boys.

You may talk about the Masons,
And the Odd Fellows, and such;
You may call them so fraternal
As to fairly beat the Dutch;
You may praise them if you choose to,
With their mystic rites and noise,
But they cannot hold a candle
To the old Grand Army boys.

For a man that has a memory
Can learn about the craft;
He can get degrees and passwords
That can make a funeral laugh,
And be loaded down with symbols;
But for true fraternal joys,
They cannot hold a candle
To the old Grand Army boys.

You may talk about your badges,
But the one that has the call
Is the *star*, *flag* and *eagle*
That is far above them all.
It was won when cannon thundered
'Mid the battle's smoke and noise;
So there's nothing holds a candle
To the old Grand Army boys.

Why, they fought and bled together,
And they shared the prison pen,
And they faced the front in battle
With the touch of men.
Then the compact was cemented
'Mid the conflict's crash and noise,
So there's nothing holds a candle
To the old Grand Army boys.

They fraternal? Well, I reckon;
And their charity's all right.
Are they loyal? They have proved it,
For they left their homes to fight.
And the nation owes them homage
For the peace it now enjoys;
For there's nothing holds a candle
To the old Grand Army boys.

—*Selected.*

Old Uncle Joe.

We were laden with flowers, Star and I,
For the soldiers' graves, Memorial Day,
When we passed Uncle Joe's small cottage by,
Uncle Joe on the doorstep, wrinkled and gray.

"Shall I carry him these?" Star whispered low,
And ere I could answer, away she flew,
And the black, withered hands of old Uncle Joe
Held the choicest blooms that my garden knew.

"You should keep them all for the soldiers, Star,"
I said in reproof as the child came back;
"But he was a soldier, too, mamma,
And he is so old and lame and black!"

"But these were to put on the graves, you see;"
She drooped for a moment her golden head,
Then her eyes grew bright: "It seems to me
He will like them as well as if he were dead."

—*Emma C. Dowd in Youth's Companion.*

The Mother of a Soldier.

The mother of a soldier—hats off to her I say!
The mother of a soldier who has gone to face the fray;
She gave him to her country with a blessing on his head—
She found his name this morning in the long list of the dead:
"Killed—Sergeant Thomas Watkins, while leading on the rest,
A Bible in his pocket and a portrait on his breast!"

The mother of a soldier—she gave him to her land;
She saw him on the transport as he waved his sunbrowned hand;
She kissed him through the teardrops and she told him to be brave;
Her prayers went night and morning with her boy upon the wave.

The mother of a soldier—her comfort and her joy,
She gave her dearest treasure when she gave her only boy;
She saw the banners waving, she heard the people cheer;
She clasped her hands and bravely looked away to hide a tear.

The mother of a soldier—Ah! cheer the hero deed
And cheer the brave who battle 'neath the banner of their creed;
But don't forget the mothers, through all the lonely years,
That fight the bravest battles on the sunless field of tears.

Nay, don't forget the mothers—the mothers of our men,
Who see them go and never know that they'll come back again;
That give them to their country to battle and to die,
Because the bugles call them and the starry banners fly.

The mother of a soldier—hats off to her I say!
Whose head is bowed in sorrow with its tender locks of gray.
She gave without regretting, though her old heart sorely bled
When she found his name this morning in the long list of the dead.
'Killed—Sergeant Thomas Watkins, while leading on the rest,
His dear old mother's portrait clasped upon his hero breast!"

—*Folger McKinsey, in Baltimore News.*

*Kearny at Seven Pines.**

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,—
  That story of Kearny who knew not to yield!
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and Birney,
  Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
  Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine,
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest,—
  No charge like Phil Kearny's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
  Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column,
  And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a bound;
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder,—
  His sword waved us on and we answered the sign:
Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder,
  "There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten
  In the one hand still left,—and the reins in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
  But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,
  Asking where to go in, through the clearing or pine?
"O, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel:
  You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

O, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
  That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
  The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!
Yet we dream that he still,—in that shadowy region
  Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign,—
Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,
  And the word still is Forward! along the whole line.

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

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*Major-General Philip Kearny, killed at the battle of Chantilly, Sept. 1, 1862.
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For the Honor of the Flag.

The flag, born of woman and presented by her for approval, to George Washington, George Ross and Robert Morris, in that little room of the upholder's shop, in Philadelphia, June 14th, 1777, has been growing in beauty, power, and glory all down the long line of years. Betsy Ross builded better than she knew. The little wreath of thirteen stars, sanctified by the heroic sacrifice of our ancestors and sent forth by Betsy Ross, has broadened out into a field of stars, placed in the blue, and kept a-field by the heroism, courage and sacred baptism of blood, offered by the men and women of this great Republic.

WHY SHOULD WE HONOR THE FLAG?

Let us draw near to reflection, "that strange old woman, who sits always with one elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand, and who steals light out of the past, to shed it on the future."

Let us draw near to reflection, and hold with her a camp-fire, that she may tell us why we should honor the flag.

Some good writer in his Memorial address said, "entrance upon the life of a soldier separates a man from all his past relationships. The whole order of his life is changed. All duties and ambitions must be considered from a new standpoint, the man himself re-adjusted to his position." This is literally true, he is sealed to the flag, and he goes forth to follow where it leads, it becomes part of his being, bidding farewell to his family and friends, as one who answers the last summons, he takes his life in his hands and turns his face towards death.

For every man of the immense army who has gone forth to face death, we honor the flag. I have seen the flag come back to us from the battle's front, floating out to the breezes under sunny skies, every ripple of its beautiful folds waved jubilee and glory, amid the booming of cannons and blaze of trumpets, on comes the flag that has never known defeat. The stirring notes of the bugle and deep voiced drums send forth pæans of victory, heroism and gladness. All the horrors of war are lost in songs of triumph.

Behind the blue field I see a phantom procession. On they come! Washington, Jackson, Taylor, Scott, Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan and scores of others; Honor the flag! Lexington, Bunker Hill, New Orleans, Blackhawk, Lundy's Lane, Buena Vista, Gettysburg, Missionary Ridge, San Juan Hill, and the voice of the multitude shouts: This the glory, Honor the flag!

I have seen the flag when days were dark, soaked by the rains of heaven sobbing against the staff, weary women stood near, waiting for news from the front. Once more a phantom procession passes in review behind the blue field; a long line of weeping mothers, bowed low in grief for the husbands and sons they gave for the honor of the flag. The pale faces of "the boys" look up from those awful trenches. The bent figures of the martyrs from Andersonville and Belle Isle; the sad, heroic features of the sainted Lincoln; the bloody sacrifice of youth up San Juan Hill; and the low sweet voice of a mother whispers softly, "This the sacrifice; Honor the flag!"

Aye, honor the flag; and teach your children and your children's children to halt in life's great war-fare and join the loud acclaim, Hats off! The flag is passing by! For the glory, and for the sacrifice, Honor the flag!

Mrs. Geo. C. Ginty.

Life's Mirror.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
  There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
  And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
  And strength in your utmost needs;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
  Their faith in your work and deeds.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind,
  And a song, a song will meet;
And the smile which is sweet will surely find
  A smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn,
  You will gather in flowers again,
The scattered seeds from your thought outborne,
  Though the sowing seemed in vain.

Memorial Day.

Blossoms and buds of blossoms to be,
Wreathed boughs of the laurel tree,
Spires of green and discs of red,—
Floral argosies zephyr tossed,
Wrecked on the graves our flag has cost,
Stranded above our immortal dead.

Ah, but the garlands our hands have made,
Bud and blossom shall wither and fade.
What have they left for the life blood shed?
Marble will crumble and iron will rust,
Granite is only a firmer dust;
Little at most do we honor our dead.

Fathers and mothers of sons in the grave,
Brothers and sons of the battle-slain brave,
Knowing what price it will cost in pain,
Still to the boy with his drum at the knee,
Teach the brave lesson of how to be free,
Counting for freedom all loss greater gain.

Golden-mouthed orators bravely and well,
Vie with all graces of speech to tell
Fitly the tale till their battle-wrought deeds,
Tongued and enlanguaged with flame and roar,
Speak and we see in our dead once more
Men of the elder heroic breeds.

Poets divinely inspired arise
Chanting their praise to the wondering skies,
Singing their glory from girdle to pole;
Pean, or ode, or epic or song,
Passion-full, sorrowful, jubilant, strong,
Died for their country—life's still unmatched role.

—*S. S. Rockwood.*

Uncle Sam's Young Army.

We are Uncle Sam's young army—
  And we're twenty million strong—
All together we are marching,
  Marching, marching right along!
Not one coward is among us,
  Every heart is staunch and true;
And although we are but children,
  Yet there's something we can do—
We can guard our country's colors,
  Raise them high with cheer and song!
For we're Uncle Sam's young army,
  And we're twenty million strong.

Well we know the splendid stories
  Of the brave deeds of the past,
And our country we have promised
  That such bravery shall last.
Loyal we will be and love her
  True in every word and deed,
That we may be worthy of her
  When it comes our turn to lead.
Now we can but guard her colors,
  Proud that to us they belong—
For we're Uncle Sam's young army,
  And we're twenty million strong.

And although the smoke of battle
  Shadows our dear land today,
Still we little color-bearers
  With the flag can light the way!
See, how glad are all to cheer it!
  Praises come from every mouth,
One great nation kneels to bless it
  East and West and North and South,
All together we are marching,
  Marching, marching right along—
For we're Uncle Sam's young army,
  And we're twenty million strong.

—*Lilla Thomas Elder.*
In "Little Folks."

Our National Flag.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Clergyman, Editor, Author; Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1847–87. Born in Litchfield, Conn., 1813; died in Brooklyn, 1887.

From a sermon delivered to two companies of the "Brooklyn Fourteenth," many of them members of the Plymouth Church.

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself. And whatever may be its symbol, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, that belong to the nation that sets it forth. When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three-colored Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long buried, but never dead, principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth the banner of old England, we see not the cloth merely: there rises up before the mind the idea of that great monarchy.

This nation has a banner, too. Not another flag on the globe has such an errand, or goes forth upon the sea carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope to the captive, and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the bright morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light. As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together, and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever this flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no rampant lion, and no fierce eagle; no embattled castles, or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of dawn. It means *Liberty;* and the galley-slave, the poor, oppressed conscript, the trodden-down creature of foreign despotism, sees in the American flag that very promise and prediction of God,—"The people which sat in the darkness saw a great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up."

If one, then, asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him, it means just what Concord and Lexington meant, what Bunker Hill meant; it means the whole glorious Revolutionary War, which was, in short, the rising up of a valiant young people against an old tyranny, to establish the most momentous doctrine that the world had ever known, or has since known—the right of men to their own selves and to their liberties.

Our flag means, then, all that our fathers meant in the Revolutionary War; it means all that the Declaration of Independence meant; it means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant. Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies, and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: Divine right of liberty in man. Every color means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty; not lawlessness, not license; but organized, institutional liberty—liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

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Salute to the Flag.

Issued by the Grand Army of the Republic. 'Adopted by the Woman's Relief Corps.

At the given hour in the morning the pupils are assembled and in their places in the school. A signal is given by the principal of the school. Every student or pupil rises in his place. The flag is brought forward to the principal or teacher. While it is being brought forward from the door to the stand of the principal or teacher, every pupil gives the flag the military salute, which is as follows:

The right hand uplifted, palm upward, to a line with the forehead, close to it. While thus standing with the palm upward and in the attitude of salute, all the pupils repeat together slowly and distinctly the following pledge:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands: One Nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."

At the words "to my flag," each one extends the right hand gracefully, palm upward, toward the flag until the end of the pledge of affirmation. Then all hands drop to the side. The pupils, still standing, all sing together in unison the song "America"—"My Country 'tis of Thee."

In the primary departments where the children are very small they are taught and repeat this instead of the pledge as given for the older pupils:

"I give my head and my heart to God and my country. One country, one language, one flag."

In some schools the salute is given in silence, as an act of reverence, unaccompanied by any pledge. At a signal, as the flag reaches its station, the right hand is raised, palm downward, to a horizontal position against the forehead, and held there until the flag is dipped and returned to a vertical position. Then at a second signal, the hand is dropped to the side, and the pupil takes his seat. The silent salute conforms very closely to the military and naval salute to the flag.

Compiled by Allan C. Bakewell, National Chief Aide G. A. R. in charge of Patriotic Education in Public Schools.

Barbara Frietchie.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gap's sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of freedom and union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above looked down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

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The Battle of Manila.

By Cavité on the bay
'Twas the Spanish squadron lay;
And the red dawn was creeping
O'er the city that lay sleeping
To the east, like a bride, in the May.
There was peace at Manila,
In the May morn at Manila,—
When ho, the Spanish admiral
Awoke to find our line
Had passed by gray Corregidor,
Had laughed at shoal and mine,
And flung to the sky its banners
With "Remember" for the sign!

With the ships of Spain before
In the shelter of the shore,
And the forts on the right,
They drew forward to the fight,
And the first was the gallant Commodore;
In the bay of Manila,
In the doomed bay of Manila—
With succor half the world away,
No port beneath that sky,
With nothing but their ships and guns
And Yankee pluck to try,
They had left retreat behind them,
They had come to win or die!

For we spoke at Manila,
We said it at Manila,
Oh, be ye brave, or be ye strong,
Ye build your ships in vain;
The children of the sea queen's brood
Will not give up the main;
We hold the sea against the world
As we held it against Spain.

Be warned by Manila,
Take warning by Manila,
Ye may trade by land, ye may fight by land,
Ye may hold the land in fee;
But not go down to the sea in ships
To battle with the free;
For England and America
Will keep and hold the sea!

—*Richard Hovey.*

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The Blue and the Gray.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

Lawyer, Editor, Author; Member of Congress from Massachusetts, 1886–93; Senator, 1893—. Born in Boston, Mass., 1850.

I do not stand up in this presence to indulge in any mock sentimentality. You brave men who wore the gray would be the first to hold me or any other son of the North in just contempt if I should say that, now it was all over, I thought the North was wrong and the result of the war a mistake, and that I was prepared to suppress my political opinions. I believe most profoundly that the war on our side was eternally right, that our victory was the salvation of the country, and that the results of the war were of infinite benefit to both North and South. But, however we differed, or still differ, as to the causes for which we fought then, we accept them as settled, commit them to history, and fight over them no more. To the men who fought the battles of the Confederacy we hold out our hands freely, frankly and gladly. To courage and faith wherever shown we bow in homage with uncovered heads. We respect and honor the gallantry and valor of the brave men who fought against us, and who gave their lives and shed their blood in defense of what they believed to be right. We rejoice that the famous general whose name is borne upon your banner was one of the greatest soldiers of modern times, because he, too, was an American. We have no bitter memories to revive, no reproaches to utter. Reconciliation is not to be sought, because it exists already. Differ in politics and in a thousand other ways we must and shall in all good-nature, but let us never differ with each other on sectional or state lines, by race or creed.

We welcome you, soldiers of Virginia, as others more eloquent than I have said, to New England. We welcome you to old Massachusetts. We welcome you to Boston and to Faneuil Hall. In your presence here, and at the sound of your voices beneath this historic roof, the years roll back and we see the figure and hear again the ringing tones of your great orator, Patrick Henry, declaring to the first Continental Congress, "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American." A distinguished Frenchman, as he stood among the graves at Arlington, said: "Only a great people is capable of a great civil war." Let us add with thankful hearts that only a great people is capable of a great reconciliation. Side by side, Virginia and Massachusetts led the colonies into the war for independence. Side by side they founded the government of the United States. Morgan and Greene, Lee and Knox, Moutrie and Prescott, men of the South and men of the North, fought shoulder to shoulder, and wore the same uniform of buff and blue,—the uniform of Washington.

Your presence here brings back their noble memories, it breathes the spirit of concord, and unites with so many other voices in the irrevocable message of union and good will. Mere sentiment all this, some may say. But it is sentiment, true sentiment, that has moved the world. Sentiment fought the war, and sentiment has reunited us. When the war closed, it was proposed in the newspapers and elsewhere to give Governor Andrew, who had sacrificed health and strength and property in his public duties, some immediately lucrative office, like the collectorship of the port of Boston. A friend asked him if he would take such a place. "No," said he; "I have stood as high priest between the horns of the altar, and I have poured out upon it the best blood of Massachusetts, and I cannot take money for that." Mere sentiment truly, but the sentiment which ennobles and uplifts mankind. It is sentiment which so hallows a bit of torn, stained bunting, that men go gladly to their deaths to save it. So I say that the sentiment manifested by your presence here, brethren of Virginia, sitting side by side with those who wore the blue, has a far-reaching and gracious influence, of more value than many practical things. It tells us that these two grand old Commonwealths, parted in the shock of the Civil War, are once more side by side as in the days of the Revolution, never to part again. It tells us that the sons of Virginia and Massachusetts, if war should break again upon the country, will, as in the olden days, stand once more shoulder to shoulder, with no distinction in the colors that they wear. It is fraught with tidings of peace on earth, and you may read its meaning in the words on yonder picture, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

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Decoration Day.

Do you know what it means, you boys and girls
Who hail from the North and South?
Do you know what it means—
This twining of greens
Round the silent cannon's mouth?
This strewing with flowers the grassgrown grave;
This decking with garlands the statues brave;
This flaunting of flags,
All in tatters and rags;
This marching and singing,
Those bells all a-ringing;
Those faces grave and these faces gay;
This talk of the Blue and this talk of the Gray,
In the North and the South—Decoration Day?

Not simply a show-time, boys and girls,
Is this day of falling flowers;
Not a pageant, a play,
Nor a holiday
Of flags and floral bowers;
It is something more than the day that starts
War memories a-throb in veteran hearts;
For across the years
To the hopes and the fears,
To the days of battle,
Of roar and of rattle—
To the past that now seems so far away,
Do the sons of the Blue and the sons of the Gray
Gaze—hand clasping hand—Decoration Day.

For the wreck and the wrong of it, boys and girls,
For the terror and loss, as well,
Our hearts must hold
A regret untold,
As we think of those who fell;
But their blood on whichever side they fought,
Remade the Nation, and Progress bought!
We forget the woe;
For we live, and know
That the fighting and sighing,
The falling and dying,
Were but the steps toward the Future—the martyr's way!
Adown with the sons of the Blue and the Gray
Look with love and with pride—Decoration Day.

—*Epworth Herald.*

The Picket-Guard.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost,—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac tonight,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard,—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And he thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother,—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips,—when low, murmured vows
Were pledgéd to be ever unbroken;
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle: "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac tonight,—
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,—
The picket's off duty forever.

—*Ethelin Eliot Beers.*

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"Picciola."

It was a Sergeant old and gray,
  Well singed and bronzed from siege and pillage,
Went tramping in an army's wake
  Along the turnpike of the village.

For days and nights the winding host
  Had through the little place been marching,
And ever loud the rustics cheered,
  Till every throat was hoarse and parching.

The Squire and Farmer, maid and dame,
  All took the sight's electric stirring,
And hats were waved and staves were sung,
  And kerchiefs white were countless whirring.

They only saw a gallant show
  Of heroes stalwart under banners,
And, in the fierce heroic glow,
  'Twas theirs to yield but wild hosannas.

The Sergeant heard the shrill hurrahs.
  Where he behind in step was keeping;
But glancing down beside the road
  He saw a little maid sit weeping.

"And how is this?" he gruffly said,
  A moment pausing to regard her;—
"Why weepest thou, my little chit?"
  And then she only cried the harder.

"And how is this, my little chit?"
  The sturdy trooper straight repeated,
"When all the village cheers us on,
  That you, in tears, apart are seated?

"We march two hundred thousand strong,
  And that's a sight, my baby beauty,
To quicken silence into song
  And glorify the soldier's duty."

"It's very, very grand, I know,"
  The little maid gave soft replying;
"And Father, Mother, Brother, too,
All say 'Hurrah' while I am crying;

"But think,—O Mr. Soldier, think,—
  How many little sisters' brothers
Are going all away to fight
  And may be *killed*, as well as others!"

"Why, bless thee, child," the Sergeant said,
His brawny hand her curls caressing,
"'Tis left for little ones like thee
To find that war's not all a blessing."

And "Bless thee!" once again he cried;
Then cleared his throat and looked indignant,
And marched away with wrinkled brow
To stop the struggling tear benignant.

And still the ringing shouts went up
From doorway, thatch, and fields of tillage;
The pall behind the standard seen
By one alone of all the village.

The oak and cedar bend and writhe
When roars the wind through gap and braken;
But 'tis the tenderest reed of all
That trembles first when Earth is shaken.
—*Robert Henry Newell.*

The Last Grand Review.

T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

Never was there a more tremendous spectacle than when, at the close of the war, our armies came back and marched in review before the President's stand at Washington. It made no difference whether a man was a Republican or a Democrat, a Northern man or a Southern man, if he had any emotion of nature, he could not look upon that spectacle without weeping. God knew that the day was stupendous, and He cleared the heaven of cloud and mist and chill, and spread the blue sky as a triumphal arch for the returning warriors to pass under. From Arlington Heights, the spring foliage shook out its welcome, as the hosts came over the hills, and the sparkling waters of the Potomac tossed their gold to the feet of the battalions, as they came to the Long Bridge, and, in almost interminable line, passed over.

The Capitol never seemed so majestic as that morning, snowy white, looking down upon the tides of men that came surging down, billow after billow. They passed in silence, yet we heard in every step the thunder of conflicts through which they had waded, and seemed to see dripping from their smoke-blackened flags the blood of our country's martyrs. For the best part of two days we stood and watched the filing on of what seemed endless battalions: brigade after brigade, division after division, host after host, rank beyond rank; ever moving, ever passing; marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp—thousands after thousands, battery front, columns solid, shoulder to shoulder, wheel to wheel, charger to charger.

Commanders on horses with their names entwined with roses, and necks enchained with garlands, fractious at the shouts that rang along the line, increasing from the clapping of children clothed in white, standing on the steps of the Capitol, to the tumultuous vociferation of hundreds of thousands of enraptured multitudes. Gleaming muskets, thundering parks of artillery, rumbling pontoon wagons, ambulances from whose wheels seemed to sound out the groans of the crushed and the dying that they had carried.

These men came from balmy Minnesota; those, from Illinois prairies; these were often hummed to sleep by the pines of Oregon; those were New England lumbermen; those came out of the coal shafts of Pennsylvania. Side by side in one great cause, consecrated through fire and storm and darkness, brothers in peril, on their way home from Chancellorsville and Kenesaw Mountain and Fredericksburg, in lines that seemed infinite they passed on.

We gazed and wept and wondered, lifting up our heads to see if the end had come. But no! looking from one end of that long avenue to the other, we saw them yet in solid column, battery front, host beyond host, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, coming as it were from under the Capitol. Their bayonets caught in the sun, glimmered and flashed and blazed, till they seemed like one long river of silver that ever and anon changed into a river of fire. No end to the procession: no rest for the eyes.

We turn our heads from the scene, unable longer to look. We felt disposed to stop our ears; but still we heard it, marching, marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp. But hush! Uncover every head! Here they pass, the remnant of ten men of a once full regiment! Silence! Widowhood and orphanage look on and wring their hands. But wheel into line, all ye people! North, South, East, West,—all decades, all centuries, all milleniums! Forward the whole line!

*The Year of Jubilee.**

Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa,
  Wid de muffstash on he face,
Go long de road some time dis mornin'
  Like he gwine to leabe de place?
He see de smoke way up de ribber
  Whar de Lincum gunboats lay:
He took he hat an' leff berry sudden,
  And I spose he's runned away.
      De massa run, ha, ha!
      De darkey stay, ho, ho!
      It mus' be now de kingdum comin'
      An' de yar ob jubilo.

He six foot one way an' two foot todder,
  An' he weigh six hundred poun';
His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor,
  An' it won't reach half way roun';
He drill so much dey calls him cap'n,
  An' he git so mighty tanned,
I spec he'll try to fool dem Yankees,
  For to tink he contraband.
      De massa run, ha, ha!
      De darkey stay, ho, ho!
      It mus' be now de kingdum comin'
      An' de yar ob jubilo.

De darkeys got so lonesome libb'n
  In de log hut on de lawn,
Dey moved dere tings into massa's parlor
  For to keep it while he gone.
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,
  An' de darkeys dey hab some,
I spec it will be all fiscated,
  When de Lincum sojers come.
      De massa run, ha, ha!
      De darkey stay, ho, ho!
      It mus' be now de kingdum comin'
      An' de yar ob jubilo.

De oberseer he makes us trubble,
  An' he dribes us roun' a spell,
We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,
  Wid de key flung in de well.
De whip am lost, de han'-cuff broke,
  But de massy hab his pay;
He big an' ole enough for to know better
  Dan to went an' run away.
      De massa run, ha, ha!
      De darkey stay, ho, ho!
      It mus' be now de kingdum comin'
      An' de yar ob jubilo.

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*Sung by negro troops when entering Richmond. George Cary Eggleston, in his collection of "American War Ballads," says that it soon found favor among the people and "was sung with applause by young men and maidens in well-nigh every house in Virginia."

How General Washburne Stopped Bushwhacking.

One of the peculiar and yet very successful efforts put forth during the war to prevent the harassing of our troops by guerrillas came under our observation and may be interesting to the readers of the Memorial day circular. It was in the summer of 1864 that the regiment to which the writer belonged was camped at Memphis, Tenn. It was about the time that General Ned Forrest was menacing the city with a view of liberating the prisoners confined in what was known as the "Irving Block." The city was then under the control of General Washburne, and General A. J. Smith, with quite a large force of infantry and cavalry, was camped at Fort Pickering. At intervals he would go after Forrest, who seemed to be operating between Memphis and Lagrange, Miss., and it was the duty of detachments of my regiment to act as an escort on the train which furnished Smith with provisions and ammunition via the Memphis and Charleston railroad. We had invariably been fired upon while en route by bushwhackers, especially from a high embankment near White Hall station. This had been going on for a long time and became a source of great annoyance. General Washburne finally inferred that notice was conveyed to these bushwhackers as to the time the trains would leave Memphis and he decided to test the validity of his suspicions in a very unique and what proved to be an effective manner. He ordered the mayor and city council of Memphis to board the top of the freight cars with our detachment of guards and instructed the first lieutenant, who was in charge of the squad, to make them remain there during the trip and take their medicine with us boys. Of course we were ignorant as to the whys and wherefores of the presence of our distinguished guests and with a sly wink at each other the whisper went around among the guards, "How these high monkey-monks will dodge the Johnnie's bullets when we get to the White Hall cut."

But they did not dodge, neither did we, for not a bullet was fired nor did a bushwhacker make his appearance. The word, "don't fire today," had preceded the train and the mystery was solved. After that some of the high dignitaries of the city were forced to keep company with the "Yanks" on their perilous trips over the Memphis & Charleston road. Of course these southern sympathizers always had a commissary car attached to their train and the writer regaled his appetite with such delicacies as ice cream, cake and sandwiches, all of which astonished the average soldier's stomach, and made life pleasant for the time being.

W. W. LOWIS,
Co. A, Fortieth Wisconsin.

Illinois Memorial Day Annual.

Captain Allyn Capron of the Rough Riders.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Captain Allyn Capron was on the whole the best soldier in the regiment of the Rough Riders. He was the ideal of what an American regular army officer should be. He was the fifth in descent from father to son who had served in the army of the United States, and in body and mind alike he was fitted to play his part to perfection. Tall and lithe, a remarkable boxer and walker, a first-class rider and shot, with yellow hair and piercing blue eyes, he looked what he was, the archetype of the fighting man. He had under him one of the two companies from the Indian Territory; and he so soon impressed himself upon the wild spirit of his followers that he got them ahead in discipline faster than any other troop in the regiment. His ceaseless effort was so to train them, care for them, and inspire them as to bring their fighting efficiency to the highest possible pitch. He required instant obedience, and tolerated not the slightest evasion of duty; but his mastery of his art was so thorough, and his performance of his own duty so rigid, that he won at once not merely their admiration but that soldierly affection so readily given by the man in the ranks to the superior who cares for his men and leads them fearlessly in battle. At the very outset of active service Captain Capron, leading the advance guard in person, displaying equal coolness and courage in the way that he handled them, was struck, and died a few minutes afterwards, as gallant a man as ever wore a uniform.

From "The Rough Riders." Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Danger to Our Republic.

HENRY CLAY.

Recall to your recollection the free nations which have gone before us. Where are they now?

Gone glimmering through the mist of things that were,
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour.

And how lost they their liberties? If we could transport ourselves to the ages when Greece and Rome flourished in their greatest prosperity, and mingling in the throng should ask a Grecian if he did not fear that some daring military chieftain covered with glory—some Philip or Alexander—would one day overthrow the liberties of his country, the confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim: "No! no! we have nothing to fear from our heroes; our liberties will be eternal." If a Roman citizen had been asked if he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece fell; and Caesar passed the Rubicon.

We are fighting a great moral battle, for the benefit not only of our country, but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest, portion of it is gazing with contempt, with jealousy, and with envy; the other portion, with hope, with confidence, and with affection. Everywhere, the black cloud of Legitimacy is suspended over the world, save only one bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the West, to enlighten, and animate, and gladden the human heart.

Observe that, by the downfall of liberty here, all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness. To us belongs the high privilege of transmitting, unimpaired, to posterity, the fair character, the liberty of our country. Do we expect to execute this high trust by tramping down the law, justice, the Constitution, and the rights of the people? by exhibiting examples of inhumanity, and cruelty, and ambition?

Let us beware, then, how we give our fatal sanction to military insubordination. Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Caesar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte, and we must avoid the mistakes which these nations made, if we would escape the rock on which they met their doom.

The American Flag.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
  When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
  To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
  The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
  And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
  That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back

Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free-heart's hope and home,
  By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy dues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
  Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

—*Joseph Rodman Drake.*

Music in Camp.

Two armies covered hill and plain,
  Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
  Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
  In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
  Slept in its high embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
  No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
  Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down
  With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
  The golden sunset slanted;

When on the fervid air there came
  A strain, now rich, now tender,
The music seemed itself aflame
  With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
  Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
  And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
  Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
  And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band
  With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
  Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles—
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles:
All silent now the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him:
Seen through the tear mist in his eyes
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart—
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright celestial creature,
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of nature.

—*John R. Thompson.*

The Countersign.

Alas! the weary hours pass slow,
  The night is very dark and still,
And in the marshes far below
  I hear the bearded whippoorwill.
I scarce can see a yard ahead;
  My ears are strained to catch each sound;
I hear the leaves about me shed,
  And the spring's bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
  Where white rags mark my sentry's track;
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
  The foeman's form, with bending back;
I think I see him crouching low—
  I stop and list— I stoop and peer,
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
  To groups of soldiers far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
  Until my eyes, familiar grown,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
  And turn guerrillas into stone;
And then amid the lonely gloom,
  Beneath the tall old chestnut trees,
My silent marches I resume,
  And think of other times than these.

"Halt! who goes there?" my challenge cry,
  It rings along the watchful line;
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply—
  "Advance, and give the countersign!"
With bayonet at the charge I wait—
  The corporal gives the mystic spell;
With arms aport I charge my mate,
  Then onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night awake,
  I ask, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make,
  When the angelic sentries call?
And pray that Heaven may so ordain,
  Where'er I go, what fate be mine,
Whether in pleasure or in pain,
  I still may have the countersign.

Why We Keep Memorial Day.

With quiet peace our land was blessed,
  And busy men were at their toil
In office, shop and market place,
  Or turning up the fertile soil.
With peace and rest,—yet mutt'ring low
  Gave warning of a gath'ring storm;
Prophetic ears caught distant sound
  And portent of dread war's alarm.

One April morn the storm-cloud burst
  In fury over all our land!
Men ceased their labor—stood stock still,
  As if they could not understand,
Then came the truth: our own free flag
  By traitor hands had been assailed,
Been fired upon with shot and shell,—
  With taunts and sneers its glory hailed.

Quick came the call for loyal men,
  Brave men and valiant, good and true,
To serve that flag with strong right arm,
  And, if need be, with life-blood, too,
And quick came boys from farm and school,
  Enrolled their names with right good will;
Sworn to defend their country's flag,
  They shouldered arms and learned to drill.

They bade good-bye to home and friends,
  And, tho their hearts with grief were wrung,
They marched away with fearless step
  To where low clouds of battle hung
They joined the conflict—did their best
  In camp, on march and battle-ground;
No hardship shunned, no danger feared,—
  Where duty called, there they were found.

Where bullets hissed and bursting shell
  Sent deadly missiles thru the air,
Wisconsin soldiers faced the foe
  And played the part of heroes there.
And there before the battle storm
  Full many a Badger-boy went down,—
Fell fighting for his country's flag,
  His country's honor and renown.

At Shiloh and at Gettysburg,
  Atlanta, Gainesville, Malvern Hill,
Antietam, Vicksburg, Prairie Grove,
  The Wilderness and Chancellorsville;
On Chickamauga's bloody field,
  And "From Atlanta to the Sea,"
Wisconsin soldiers gave their lives
  For Union and for Liberty.

But deadlier still than sword and gun
  Were foul disease and prison pen;
They filled a thousand graves a day
  With loyal, brave, true-hearted men.
And every soldier laid to rest
  In cold embrace of Mother Earth
Left in some far-off sorrowing home
  A vacant chair beside the hearth.

So as the fearful strife went on,
  And broken ranks appealed for men,
The call went forth for volunteers
  To fill those broken ranks again.
Tho life and home and friends were dear,
  Brave boys came singing o'er and o'er,
"We're coming Father Abraham
  Three hundred thousand more!"

Four years of fighting for the flag,
  Four years of conflict, stubborn, fierce;
Four years' heroic sacrifice,
  Four years of sorrow and distress.
Vast sums of treasure, streams of blood,
  Poured out for justice and for right;
Unnumbered brave young lives laid down
  To teach the world that right makes might.

Peace came at last, and vict'ry, too,—
  Our cause well won, our Union saved;
O'er all our re-united land
  The stars and stripes in triumph waved,
The boys who marched away to war
  Came home as bronzed and bearded men;
Soon on the farm, in shop and store
  They busy were at toil again.

Ten thousand glad Wisconsin homes,
  Ten thousand mothers, sisters, wives,
Sent up to heaven their grateful praise
  That God had spared their dear ones' lives.
Ten thousand church bells pealed for joy,
  Ten thousand banners waved on high;
In songs and cheers, in loud hurrahs,
  Ten thousand voices rent the sky.

Yet, while the bells rang out for joy,
  Sad hearts in many a household mourned
For brave and gallant boys in blue
  Who marched away but ne'er returned.
The many, many vacant chairs,
  The crutches and the empty sleeves—
Tho joy went wild that peace had come,
  All hearts were pained at sights like these.

To show their gratitude and love,
  Men set apart a day in May
In honor of our soldier dead,
  And it was called Memorial Day.

And children searched thru fields and woods
  For blossoms red and white and blue
To strew above the low green mounds
  Where sleep our heroes brave and true.

And so we come with flowers today
  In mem'ry of our honored dead,
Who gave their lives for Freedom's flag
  And kept it waving overhead.
Each fragrant garland that we bring
  With loving gratitude is given
In honor of the gallant deeds
  Of heroes resting now in heaven.

—*H. W. Rood.*

*The Present Crisis.**

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet the scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

Then to side with truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

For humanity sweeps onward: where today the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast with Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

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*Abridged.

Sheridan's Ride.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway, leading down;
And there, through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell,—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating, like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace iro,
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire;
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troups;
What was done,—what to do,—a glance told him both,
And, striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line mid a storm of huzzas,

And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and his nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,—
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,—
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester,—twenty miles away!"

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

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Patriotism and Freedom.

Insensible to high heroic deeds
Is there a spirit clothed in mortal weeds,
  Who at the patriot's moving story,
Devoted to his country's good,
  Devoted to his country's glory,
Shedding for freeman's rights his generous blood—
  Listeneth not with deep-heaved sigh,
  Quivering nerve and glistening eye,
Feeling within a spark of heavenly flame,
That with the hero's worth may humble kindred claim?
  If such there be, still let him plod
On the dull, foggy paths of care,
  Nor raise his eyes from the dank sod
To view creation fair:
  What boots to him the wondrous works of God;
His soul with brutal things hath ta'en its earthly lair.

—*Joanna Baillie.*

The Roll Call.

"Corporal Green," the orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of the soldier standing near,
And "Here" was the answer the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call;
Only the rear man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-side was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew
Were redder stains than the poppies knew.
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

"Herbert Kline!" At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice said "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two, the sad winds sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!" then a soldier spoke;
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said;
"Where our ensign was shot, I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke."

"Close by the roadside his body lies;
I paused for a moment and gave him a drink,
He murmured his mother's name I think,
And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory; yes, but it cost us dear—
For that company's roll when called that night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "Here!"

—*Shepherd.*

Columbia.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm; for a world be thy laws
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On Freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the East see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards and new sages unrivalled shall soar
To fame unextinguished when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire;
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image, enstamped on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile on the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the East and the South yield their spices and gold.
As the dayspring unbounded thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed,—
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired;
The wind ceased to murmur, the thunders expired;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung;
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!"

—*Timothy Dwight.*

Selections for Roll Call on Memorial Day.

Our Federal Union; it must be preserved.—*Andrew Jackson.*

He serves his party best who serves his country best.—*R. B. Hayes.*

I have never advocated war except as a means of peace.—*U. S. Grant.*

I pledge myself to stand by the flag that stands for loyalty, liberty and law.

God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives.—*J. A. Garfield.*

Whether in chains or in laurels, liberty knows nothing but victories. —*Milton.*

I only regret that I have but one life to live for my country.—*Nathan Hale.*

The best son of his country is he who gives the best manhood to his country.—*Anon.*

Slow are the steps of freedom, but her steps never turn backward.—*James Russell Lowell.*

We are Americans, we will live Americans and we will die Americans.—*Daniel Webster.*

I know no North, no South, no East, no West, to which I owe any allegiance.—*Henry Clay.*

I believe that this government can not endure half slave and half free.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it.—*Daniel Webster.*

A veteran of the war is dearer and nearer even than the flag. He is a living flag, starred and scarred.—*O'Reilly.*

If our sense of duty forbid slavery, then let us stand by our duty, fearlessly and effectively.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Every good citizen makes his country's honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious but as sacred.—*Andrew Jackson.*

A complete and generous education fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices of peace and war.—*Milton.*

Without Union our independence and liberty would never have been achieved; without Union they cannot be maintained.—*Andrew Jackson.*

We are all one, and we will maintain our nation as it was handed down to us, the most priceless heritage that ever sons inherited.—*Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A.*

We are all one, and we will maintain our nation as it was handed down to us, the most priceless heritage that ever sons inherited—*Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A.*

If this country can not be saved without giving up the principle of Liberty, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than to surrender it.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Remember! we are one country now. Dismiss from your minds all sectional feeling, and bring up your children to be, above all, Americans.—*Gen. Robert E. Lee.*

Don't think I regret the loss of this, my strong right arm; it has been torn from my body that not one State shall be torn from the glorious union.—*A Union Soldier.*

We do not teach our children sufficiently what is due the "old flag"—what it stands for. It is to our institutions what the cross is to the Christian religion.—*Colonel Hepburn.*

We cannot more effectually labor for the good of all men, than by pledging heart, brain and hands to the service of our country true to its mission, obedient to its idea.—*Thomas Starr King.*

We want it distinctly understood that there is but one nation here, and that the American nation. Only the man who can distinguish between liberty and license is welcome here.—*Rev. Father Dalton.*

The worth of valor, the beauty of endurance, the grandeur of self-denial and the sacredness of honor—for all of these our flag is the symbol, our Union the flower, our Nation the synonym.—*Elbridge S. Brooks.*

Let us, on every Memorial Day, aim to teach lessons of a pure and holy patriotism, and a love for our nation's honor, so deep that a repetition of the woes of our civil strife can never again occur in our land. —*J. F. Grawe.*

He who plows and plants that others may reap is of noble blood; but he who dies that a nation may live is made of the stern stuff that justifies the songs that sing his deeds and the wreathed marble that marks the sacred spot where his ashes sleep.—*Selected,* I am not accustomed to the language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say, that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of woman was applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during the war.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Strew the fair garlands where slumber the dead,
  Ring out the strains like the swell of the sea,—
Heartfelt the tribute we lay on each bed—
  Sound o'er the brave the refrain of the free.

—*Selected.*

We'll honor the graves of our soldier dead,
  Who heard their country's cry,
Who left their homes, and fought and bled
  And died for liberty.

We'll bring them today the violets blue,
  And roses red and white,
Those colors bright they bore so true,
  For God and home and right.

—*Ada Simpson Sherwood.*

We know no North, nor South, nor West;
  One Union binds us all;
Its stars and stripes are o'er us flung—
  'Neath them we'll stand or fall.

—*Anon.*

Land of the West—beneath the heaven
There's not a fairer, lovelier clime;
Nor one to which was ever given
A destiny more high, sublime.

—*W. D. Gallagher.*

How they went forth to die!
Pale, earnest thousands, from the busy mills,
And sun-browned thousands from the harvest hills,
Quick, eager thousands from the busy streets,
And storm tossed thousands from the fishers' fleets,
How they went forth to die!

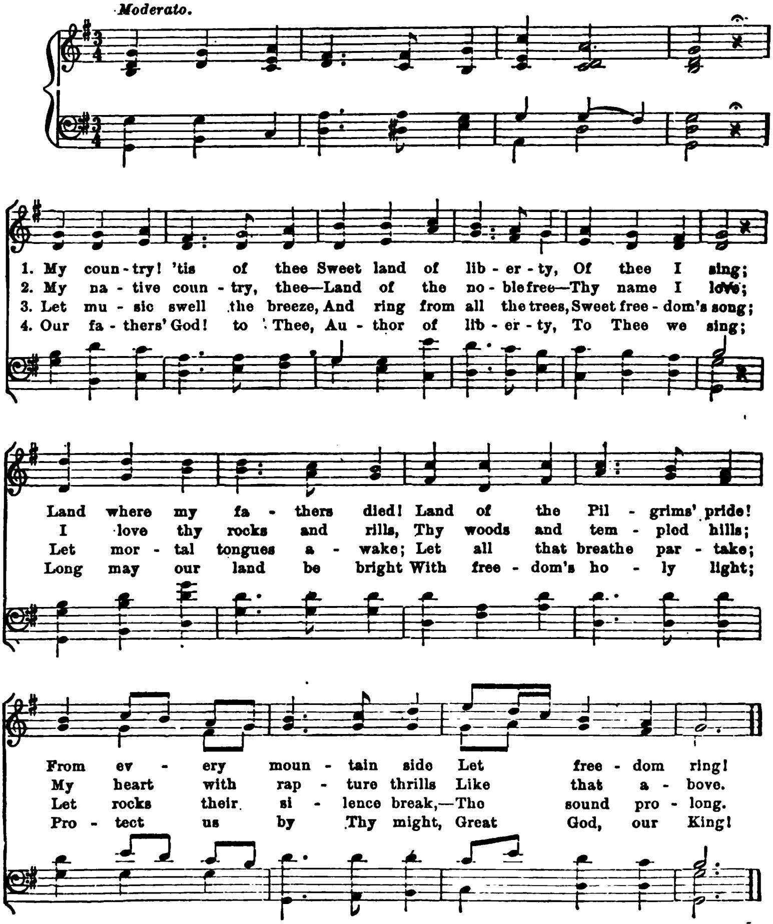
—*Selected.*

AMERICA

Words by **Samuel Francis Smith, D. D.**

Henry Carey, (?)
Newly arr. by **John W. Tufts.**

Moderato.


1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing;
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee—Land of the no - ble free—Thy name I love;
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet free - dom's song;
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing;
Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the Pil - grims' pride!
I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that breathe par - take;
Long may our land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light;
From ev - ery moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
Let rocks their si - lence break,—The sound pro - long.
Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

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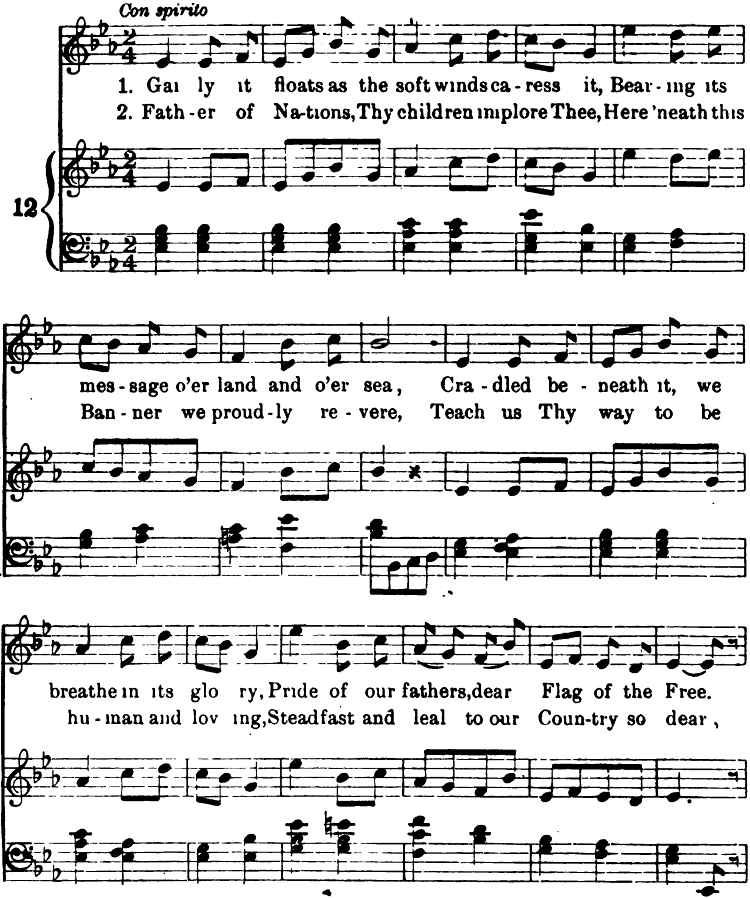
FLAG SONG*


Con spirito
12
1. Gai - ly it floats as the soft winds ca - ress it, Bear - ing its mes - sage o'er land and o'er sea, Cra - dled be - neath it, we breathe in its glo - ry, Pride of our fathers, dear Flag of the Free.
2. Fath - er of Na-tions, Thy children implore Thee, Here 'neath this Ban - ner we proud - ly re - vere, Teach us Thy way to be hu - man and lov - ing, Steadfast and leal to our Coun-try so dear,

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* To be sung in yard with flag floating from schoolhouse, or in classroom with flag on wall. To be sung standing.

FLAG SONG

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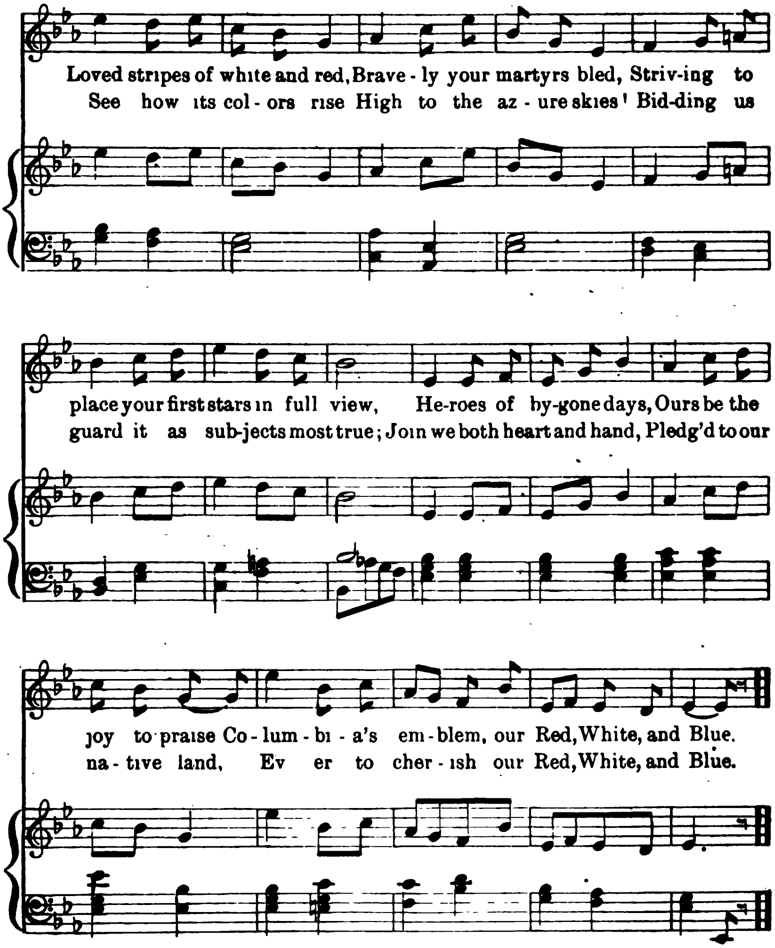
Loved stripes of white and red, Brave - ly your martyrs bled, Striv-ing to
See how its col - ors rise High to the az - ure skies! Bid-ding us
place your first stars in full view, He-roes of by-gone days, Ours be the
guard it as sub-jects most true; Join we both heart and hand, Pledg'd to our
joy to praise Co - lum - bi - a's em - blem, our Red, White, and Blue.
na - tive land, Ev er to cher - ish our Red, White, and Blue.

From Twelve Songs, published by Ginn & Co.
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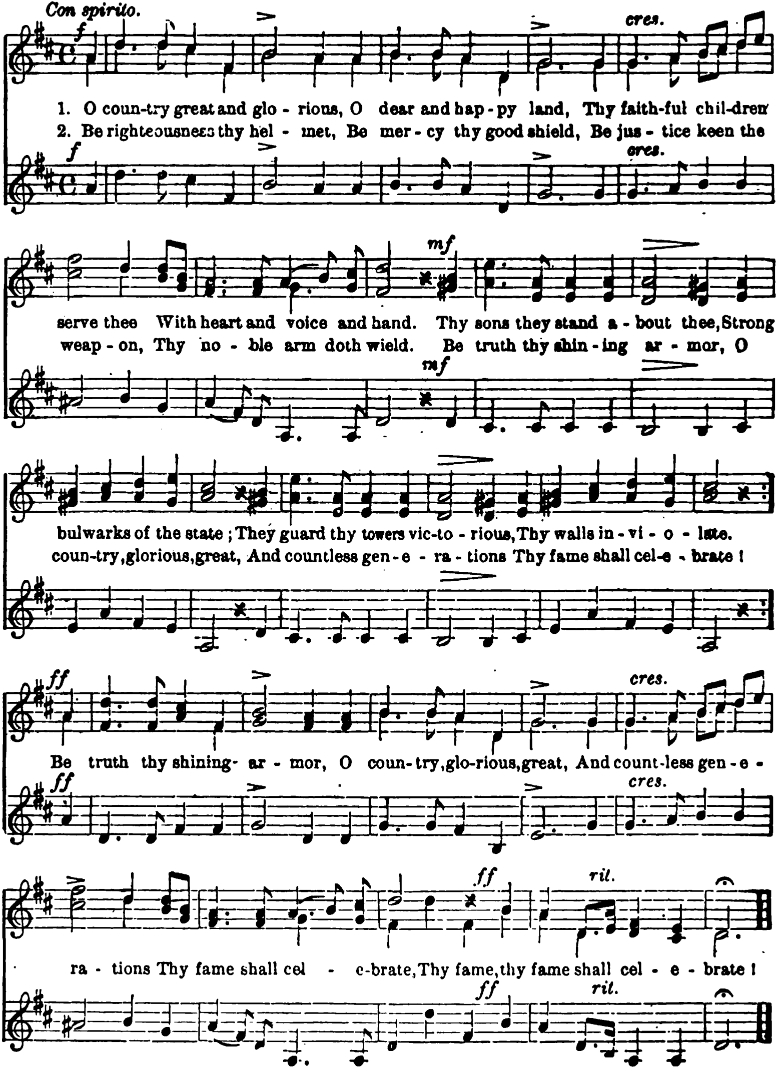
O Country Great and Glorious. 45

Schumann.


Con spirito.
f
cres.
1. O coun-try great and glo - rious, O dear and hap - py land, Thy faith-ful chil-dren
2. Be righteousness thy hel - met, Be mer - cy thy good shield, Be jus - tice keen the
serve thee With heart and voice and hand. Thy sons they stand a - bout thee, Strong
weap - on, Thy no - ble arm doth wield. Be truth thy shin - ing ar - mor, O
mf
bulwarks of the state ; They guard thy towers vic-to - rious, Thy walls in - vi - o - late.
coun-try, glorious, great, And countless gen - e - ra - tions Thy fame shall cel-e - brate !
ff
Be truth thy shining- ar - mor, O coun- try, glo-rious, great, And count-less gen - e -
ra - tions Thy fame shall cel - e-brate, Thy fame, thy fame shall cel - e - brate !
rit.

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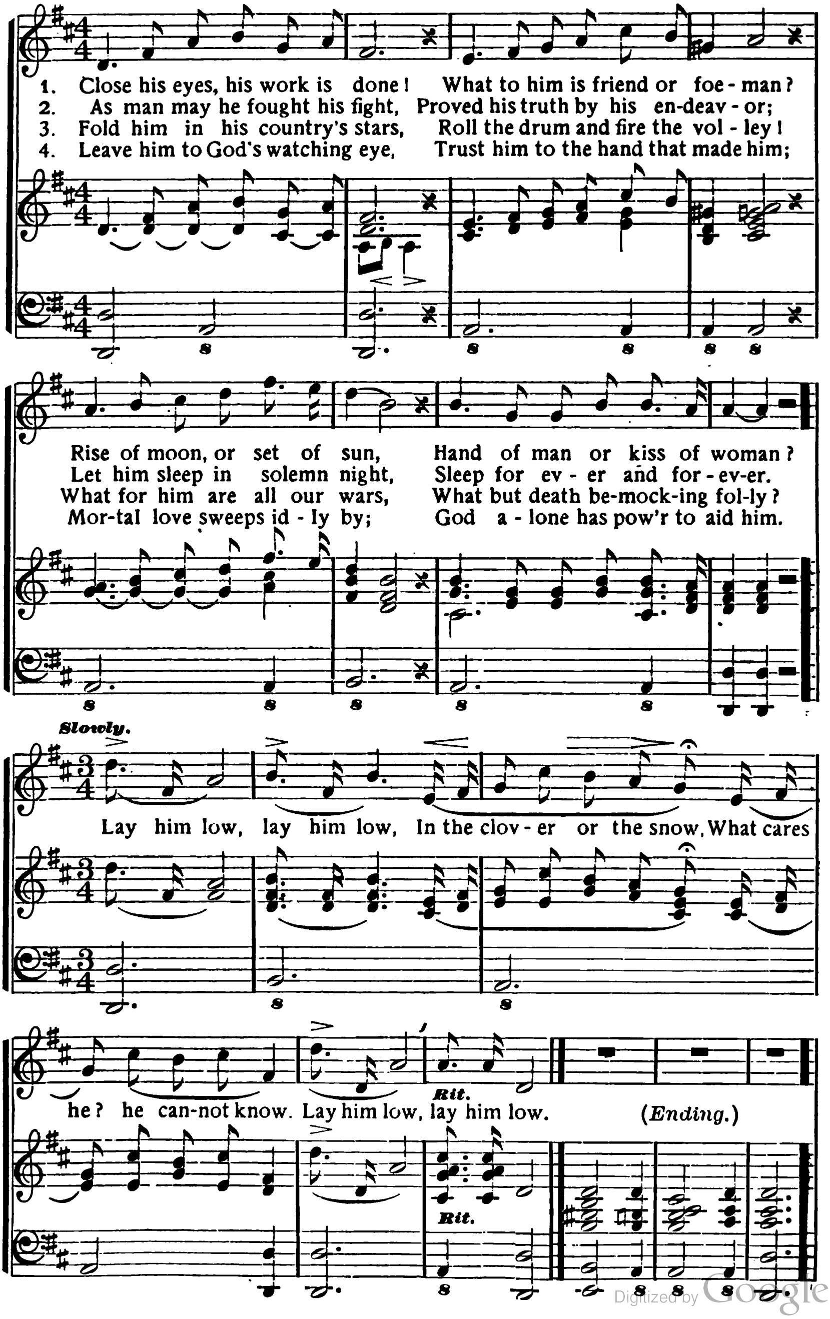
DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER. **ALICE BORDEN.**


1. Close his eyes, his work is done! What to him is friend or foe-man?
2. As man may he fought his fight, Proved his truth by his en-deav-or;
3. Fold him in his country's stars, Roll the drum and fire the vol-ley!
4. Leave him to God's watching eye, Trust him to the hand that made him;
Rise of moon, or set of sun, Hand of man or kiss of woman?
Let him sleep in solemn night, Sleep for ev-er and for-ev-er.
What for him are all our wars, What but death be-mock-ing fol-ly?
Mor-tal love sweeps id-ly by; God a-lone has pow'r to aid him.
Slowly.
Lay him low, lay him low, In the clov-er or the snow, What cares he? he can-not know. Lay him low, lay him low.
Rit.
(Ending.)

3
APR 20 1909

Memorial Day Annual

WISCONSIN

MAY 30, 1907

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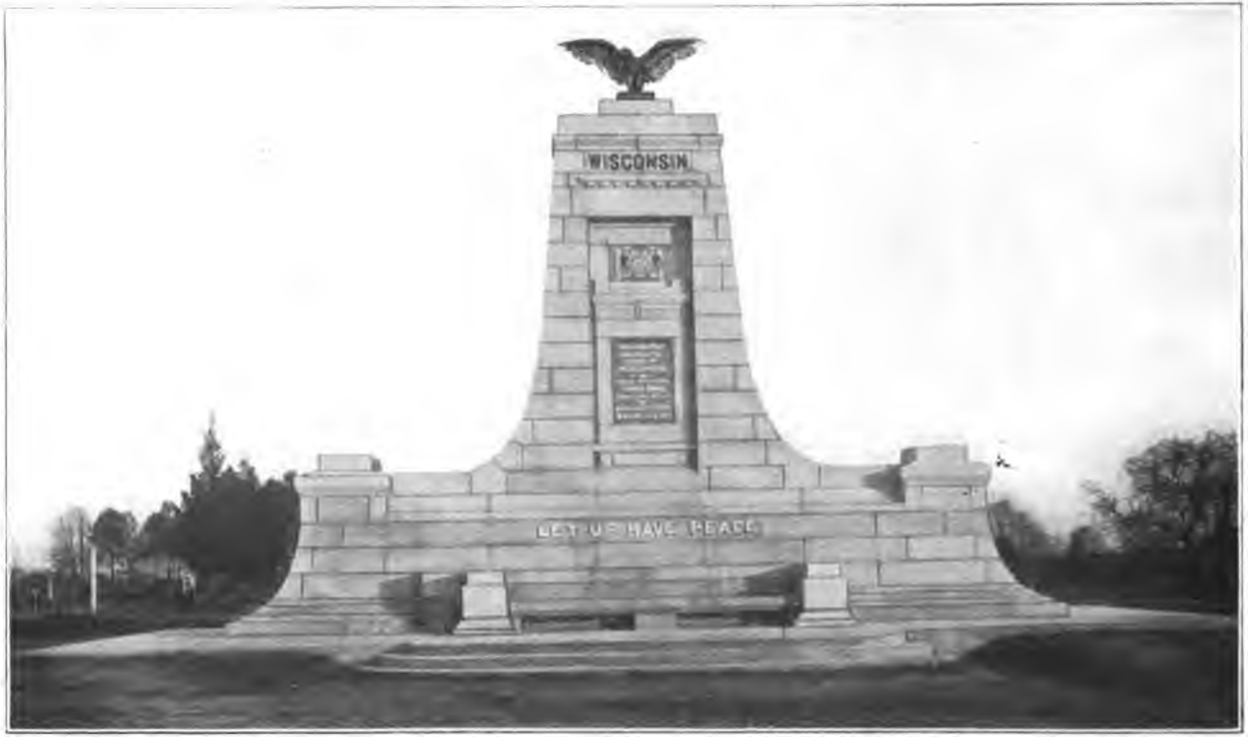
WISCONSIN
LET US HAVE PEACE

WISCONSIN MEMORIAL MONUMENT AT ANDERSONVILLE, GEORGIA.
Will be Dedicated about Oct. 15, 1907.

WISCONSIN

MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL

1907

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1909

Much has been said and more has been written of the observance and purpose of Memorial Day. It is needless to reiterate here what has already been many times repeated.

However, to the schools of this state and nation the observance of this day, consecrated to the memory of our soldier dead, has a peculiar meaning and should subserve an increasing purpose. It is for the schools to instill into the minds of American children that love of home and that loyalty to country which know no limitations; it is for the schools so to implant the glory of the stars of the flag in the hearts of the youth that it shall remain there for all time, the safeguard of our country's honor.

As a step toward the attainment of this end it is suggested that before May 30, 1907, every child in the public schools of Wisconsin should know *America* and *The Star-spangled Banner,* words and music, and that every pupil in seventh grade and above should be able to recite Lincoln's address at Gettysburg.

No man, who in his childhood days learned these songs and felt the inspiration which they give, or the words of Lincoln and conceived from them the mission of this republic, will ever be disloyal to the flag, will ever fail to "keep step to the music of the Union."

M. B.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to

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Till the mountains are worn out and the rivers forget to flow—till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honor, which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance!

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old,—
  Lord of our far-flung battle line,—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine,—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
  The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,—
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
  On dune and headland sinks the fire.
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
  Or lesser breeds without the law,—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not thee to guard,
For frantic boasts and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!
Amen.

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

(Every pupil in our schools should memorize this address.)

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

The first real *American* flag had its origin in the following resolution adopted by the American Congress, June 14, 1777:

"*Resolved,* That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

But the flag thus resolved upon could not make *itself.* So a committee of Congress, accompanied by Washington, sought out the home and services of Mrs. Elizabeth Ross of Philadelphia—better known as "Betsy Ross"—to aid them in the flag-making, and gave to this country that red, white, and blue banner which is the admiration of all nations and the unfailing joy of every true American.—*New York Manual of Patriotism.*

AN ACT TO ESTABLISH THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES.

Section 1. Be it enacted, etc., that from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union have twenty stars, white in a blue field.

Section 2. And it is further enacted, that on the admission of every new state into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth of July next succeeding such admission.

Approved, April 4, 1818.

(The flag adopted in 1777, consisted of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; the union was represented by thirteen white stars arranged in a circle in a blue field.)

THE MEANING OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

The American flag means, then, all that the fathers meant in the Revolutionary War; it means all that the Declaration of Independence meant; it means all that the Constitution of a people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant.

The American flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings.

Beginning with the colonies and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *DIVINE RIGHT OF LIBERTY IN MAN.*

Every color means liberty, every thread means liberty, every form of star and beam of light means liberty—***liberty through law, and laws for liberty.*** Accept it, then, in all its fullness of meaning. It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the Government. It is the emblem of the sovereignty of the people. It is the Nation.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

WISCONSIN BATTLE FLAGS.

BY H. W. ROOD.

The flag carried to war by the 1st Wisconsin (three months) Infantry was presented to the regiment at Camp Scott, Milwaukee, May 8, 1861, by Mrs. George H. Walker of that city in behalf of the ladies of Milwaukee. When the regiment, in the following August, returned to the state, the flag was kept by the Colonel, later General, John C. Starkweather.

Troops, after this, were enlisted for three years, and the state furnished every regiment with a stand of colors consisting of two silk flags,—one, the stars and stripes; the other, a state flag or banner. The following joint resolution of the legislature, approved March 25, 1863, made this state banner the official Wisconsin flag:

"*Resolved* by the Senate, the Assembly concurring, That the following be and is hereby adopted as the design for a State Flag for the State of Wisconsin:—

"State flag to be of dark blue silk, with the arms of the State of Wisconsin painted, or embroidered in silk, on the obverse side, and the arms of the United States, as prescribed in paragraph 1435 of the New Army Regulations, painted, or embroidered in silk, on the reverse side; the name of the regiment, when used as a regimental flag, to be in a scroll beneath the state arms.

"The size of the regimental colors to be six feet six inches fly, and six feet deep on the pike; the length of the pike for said colors, including spear and ferule, to be nine feet ten inches; the fringe, yellow; cords and tassels, blue and white intermixed.

"Approved March 25, 1863."

The colors of regiments seeing long and hard service, especially of those re-enlisting as veterans, so suffered by exposure to shot and shell and all kinds of weather that they were taken up by the state and new ones put in their places. When the troops came home from the war all their flags were turned over to the state to be preserved as most sacred relics of the struggle for the preservation of our Union. They were kept in the capitol until the Historical Library near the university was built, when Governor Scofield directed that they be taken there; but, by act of the legislature of 1901, (chapter 125, section 6), they were brought back to the capitol rotunda, there to remain in hermetically sealed glass cases. But at the time of the capitol fire, February 27, 1904, they were hurriedly removed and taken back to the historical building, where they are at this time—March 12, 1907. Plans for the new capitol will provide a permanent and safe place for them there.

The most of these old flags are now so frail that they are necessarily covered with muslin gauze in order to keep them from falling to pieces.

THE FLAG GOES BY.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

—*Henry Holcomb Bennett.*

STAND BY THE FLAG!

Stand by the Flag! Its stars, like meteors gleaming,
Have lighted Arctic icebergs, southern seas,
And shone responsive to the stormy beaming
Of old Arcturus and the Pleiades.

Stand by the Flag! Its stripes have streamed in glory,
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe,
And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story
Of Freedom's triumphs over all the globe.

Stand by the Flag! On land and ocean billow
By it your fathers stood unmoved and true,
Living, defended; dying, from their pillow,
With their last blessing, passed it on to you.

Stand by the Flag! Immortal heroes bore it
Through sulphurous smoke, deep moat and armed defence;
And their imperial Shades still hover o'er it,
A guard celestial from Omnipotence.

—*John Nichols Wilder.*

CROWN WITH FLOWERS.

Children, you were spared the sorrow
That was brought with war and strife;
O'er this land sweet Peace has brooded
All your young and happy life.

But to you is given this duty;
To remember the dead brave,
And to crown with fairest flowers
Every noble soldier's grave.

—*Lizbeth B. Comins.*

LETTER FROM LIEUT. GEN. ARTHUR MACARTHUR, COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE U. S. ARMY.

HEADQUARTERS PACIFIC DIVISION, SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA.
2440 Pacific Avenue,

Jan. 29, 1907.

Dear Mr. Cary:—

Your agreeable note of Jan. 4 inst., directed to Washington, has only recently reached me at my station in San Francisco.

I was not aware that it was a custom of your office to prepare a pamphlet to be read on Memorial Day to the children of the state; but such a practice appeals to me very forcibly, because it affords such a splendid medium through which to commemorate the great names and heroic events of the past, and at the same time to stimulate and strengthen the patriotic impulses of our children in behalf of the future.

As I look back over my own experience, it seems to me now, that I derived the best and most lasting conceptions of the nature and value of the Union, from remarks made by teachers in the public schools of Milwaukee, in connection with the fierce debates that agitated the public mind in 1859 and 1860.

In the present, as in the past, the great work of maintaining our civilization on the same plane as our institutions, and thus safe-guarding the Nation against the perils which must inevitably arise from its own prosperity, is largely in the hands of the school teachers. In the school must be moulded the self-reliant, uncompromising courage, character and conscience essential to useful citizenship in a self-governing country. The good men and women, therefore, who are employed in school work have done, and are now doing a public service impossible to measure or reward; they deserve well of the Republic.

Well regulated and robust manhood constitutes the real strength of nations; in the light of which sentiment I suggest to the children, that they resolve to so govern their lives that in all transactions, they may contribute day by day, something to the prosperity of the Nation, and to the glory of the dear old flag.

I remain with esteem,
Very sincerely,
ARTHUR MacARTHUR.

Hon. C. P. CARY,
Madison, Wis.

ALL.

There hangs a sabre, and there a rein,
With a rusty buckle and green curb chain;
A pair of spurs on the old gray wall,
And a mouldy saddle—well, that is all.

Come out to the stable—it is not far;
The moss grown door is hanging ajar.
Look within! There's an empty stall,
Where once stood a charger, and that is all.

The good black horse came riderless home,
Flecked with blood drops as well as foam;
See yonder hillock where dead leaves fall;
The good black horse pined to death—that's all.

All? O, God! it is all I can speak.
Question me not—I am old and weak;
His sabre and his saddle hang on the wall,
And his horse pined to death—I have told you all.

—*Francis Alexander Durivage.*

MEMORIAL DAY.

By Gov. James O. Davidson.

Memorial Day was established and set apart from the other days of the year, that we might, by appropriate exercises on the 30th of May, keep fresh in memory one of the greatest events in the history of the world,—the preservation of the American Union. It is fitting, indeed, that on this day we decorate the graves of the heroic dead, whose unselfish devotion and dauntless courage, during four years of bloody strife, preserved to us and to future generations the rights of liberty which our Revolutionary Fathers purchased with their blood. This day revives our love of country. It reminds us of the fact that the blessings which we enjoy in such large abundance cost a great price in blood and treasure, and we should never forget the trials and the sufferings of the men and women who made it possible, in this year of 1907, for more than eighty millions of people to stand united under one flag and constitute one nation which is acknowledged to be the freest and greatest of all the nations of the world.

No people can ever rise higher than their ideals. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance that we learn to love truth and justice, that we teach and preach and practice the doctrine of the equal rights of men; that special privilege belongs to no man as a matter of right, and if conferred at all, that it is only a trust for the common and equal benefit of all. We should study the lives of the great men of our country, whose wisdom guided us through the storms of the past. Their lives and their fame are an inheritance of which we should ever be proud. There is an irrepressible conflict between patriotism and selfishness, and until patriotism triumphs there will be work, and plenty of it, for the boys and girls of our land to save the sacred institutions for which so many gave their lives.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain;
These constitute a State;
And sovereign law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

* * * * * * *

—*Sir William Jones.*

OUR TRIBUTE.

It is little we can do
To show our love for you,
O warriors blest!
But our fairest, choicest flowers
Shall fall in fragrant showers
Where you rest.

THE LAST OLD SOLDIER.

Say, boys, have you heard what the newspapers say?—
One hundred and fifty old soldiers a day,
Footsore and weary have dropped out at last,
Back on the road where the column has passed.

Every week—seven days—keep the number in mind,
Another full regiment lagging behind;
We bid them good-bye with a tear and a song,
And the column keeps steadily marching along.

Every three weeks another brigade
Back in the quiet old church-yard is laid;
One look at the spot where they peacefully sleep,
And each at his place in the column must keep.

Sixty days—a division forever at rest,
No pickets thrown out, no foe will molest;
And let it be morning, at noon or at night,
The column moves onward—is soon out of sight.

Every six months a full army corps
Goes into camp on the furthermost shore,
No break in the column,—the evening is damp,
But never mind, boys,*we'll soon be in camp.*

An army each year, and weary, I ween,
Sleeps 'neath the sod with the grass growing green,
An army complete, Fifty Thousand Strong,
And the column is still moving slowly along.

Soon there will be but an invalid corps
Of an army that numbered two millions or more,—
A division, brigade, then a regiment small,
Too feeble to note when a comrade shall fall.

At last but a company, then a platoon,
A few stragglers left; then soon, oh, too soon,
They will read this small item: "The news comes today
That the last old soldier has just passed away."

—*A. H. McGREGOR.*

It is not by the prompting of a common sorrow that we pause one day each year to compose our thoughts, and to direct our steps to the cemetery where the soldier sleeps in his last rest;—that the nation pauses and turns its restless energy into a quiet and orderly observance of rites befitting the dead. It is because those whose graves we decorate gave their lives, or offered their lives, that "the nation might live." From this fact we may never turn away; and such as desire to remove all discord and strife between sections,—all bitterness and malevolence,—can never brush this fact aside. If the war arose through the unnatural alienation of the north and the south;—if the blame in the beginning was not all on one side; if those who wore the gray were as sincere, as they were gallant and brave;—all this does not remove and may never remove the stubborn fact, that our dead died "that the nation might live." Let theirs be the glory! The reward is to all of us. As far as any reasonable men may go, we will go to obliterate past sectional ill will, and to build up concord and unity of feeling. But the past must stand where its transactions have placed it, and the men who fought to defend the flag—the starry banner of the Union—must be considered, under God, to be the men who saved the Union.

—*Gen. B. F. Bryant.*

DE BUGLE ON DE HILL.

I doan like de noise ob de marchin' ob de boys,
An' I 'low doan s'pose I evah will;
Er de trampin' ob de feet to de drum's wild beat,
Er de sound ob de bugle on de hill.
Hit 'minds me ob de day when Gabe marched away
En ole missus stood beside de cabin do';
Somepin' whispahed in my ear 'bout my little volunteer,
An' said he nevah will come back no mo'.

I 'membah now de day jes' how he marched away,
Wid de bright sun er climbin' up de sky,
Marched out en down de street to de drum's wild beat,
Den dey fotched him home to die.
Oh, de sad en moanful way, po' old missus kneeled ter pray,
When Gabe said: "Hit's gittin' might still."
But I rise en jine de boys when I hear de cannon's noise,
Er de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.

Hit 'pears es if I seen de ole plantation green,
En sometimes I sho'ly think I hear
De regiment pars by, en 'low I hear de cry
En de moan ob my little volunteer.
En I see de moanful way po' ole missus kneel to pray,
En sometimes when all aroun' is still,
I kin hear de tread ob feet to de drum's wild beat
En de blowin' ob de bugle on de hill.

—*Ben King.*

Union soldiers, this is your day. We younger men salute you. May God give you all a long life and an old age sweetened by a nation's gratitude and green with the laurels of your youth.

—*Judge Paul D. Carpenter.*

DUTIES SOON TO BE TRANSFERRED.

By Lieut. Col. J. A. Watrous, U. S. Army.

Now, when the armies of the Civil War are swinging along, unsteady of step, forms bent, with frost on heads that summer suns cannot melt—swinging along close to the valley, over the divide—they are giving much time to reviewing the past; to recalling the days when they were boys or young men, clad in uniform, willingly helping to make up the forces, under Lincoln and his commanders, that must be depended upon to stand between the life and the death of the Republic—to bare their breasts to showers of lead and iron, to be tested as Americans were never before tested, and are not likely in the future to be tested—to recalling marches and battles in which they participated; to looking over stories from memory's plates which bring back with a vividness that is almost startling the multitude of beardless boys and young men in the army and navy; the old camps, the long, tedious, wearing marches; nights and days on lonely picket posts, alarms, heroism of class-mates, brothers, friends who fell at our side; victories and defeats, joys and sorrows, great reviews: visits from President Lincoln and his cabinet, or other distinguished officials; holiday events in the war time; ample banquets prepared by the dear ones at home and sent to the South land; loving letters received from patiently waiting fathers and mothers, wives, brothers, sisters, sweethearts, friends.

In other words, the survivors of those glorious armies and days, now old and comparatively few in number, like all others who have witnessed the storms and sunshine of many seasons, are living more in the past than they are in the present and the future.

I wonder if I shall be understood when I say that this fast crumbling army marching toward sundown, now and then indulging in a backward glance over rounded shoulders, pays but little heed to the past aside from the past that takes in the years of their service as soldiers and sailors while helping to save a Nation, to give it a new birth, a broader, firmer, an everlasting foundation—helping Abraham Lincoln, "the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever produced," in an undertaking the like of which never before fell to the lot of a single man and his forces on land and on sea—an undertaking whose success gave not only to our Nation, but to the civilized world such a blessing as has not been known by mankind since the close of that life on Calvary.

All other events in their lives are of little moment compared with that event—their service for country and a better civilization. I feel free to speak for every man who was a good soldier or sailor, in that period of our country's history, that he is prouder that he answered Lincoln's call than of all else that he has been able to accomplish; prouder of it than he would be to say "I was governor, senator, or President." In substance that has been said by governors and senators. Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison and McKinley, comrades in those trying days, great Presidents, said it in substance on various occasions.

Does this convey to the boys and the girls, the young men and the young women of our educational institutions, something of an idea of the estimate these passing soldiers place upon the privilege that was accorded them in their youth to have a part in preventing the lowering of the stars and stripes—to have a part in saving for all time the American Republic? I hope so.

On another point I can and desire to speak for the veterans. For forty years they have had an active part in arranging for Memorial Day exercises. I do not say that they have had the most active part, for I think that the boys and girls, and the young men and young women of our schools and their instructors can justly make that claim. The time has come, however, when the veterans, or most of them, must idly watch the preparations for those invaluable, impressive, patriotic, beautiful ceremonies. To whom, chiefly, do you suppose that they are looking to carry on the work, when the day of final mustering out for them has come? To the millions of school children and students and teachers that go to make up the vast army in all of our educational institutions, from the little district school to the greatest university. And, let me add, we have no misgivings. We know that the responsibility and the work will be willingly assumed and faithfully performed for decades and centuries; and we know why. It will be because of the patriotism, and the genuine love of country that is in the hearts of the boys and girls, the young men and young women, the middle-aged and the aged of this great, progressive Nation, the leader of Nations, the first among the great world's Nations. And the veterans will go to sleep more sweetly and rest better because they know that the good sense, good citizenship, the patriotism and love of country of the many millions make it possible for the Nation to live, progress and prosper—make it impossible for any element or a combination of uneasy, restless elements to even jar its foundation.

OLD ABE AS A MATHEMATICIAN.

"Mr. Lincoln has a very effective way sometimes of dealing with men who trouble him with questions. Somebody asked him how many men the rebels had in the field. He replied very seriously, 'Twelve hundred thousand, according to the best authority.' The interrogator blanched in the face, and ejaculated 'My God!' 'Yes, sir, twelve hundred thousand—no doubt of it. You see, all of our generals, when they get whipped, say the enemy outnumbers them from three or five to one, and I must believe them. We have four hundred thousand men in the field, and three times four makes twelve. Don't you see it?' The inquisitive man looked for his hat soon after 'seeing it.' "

HER PAPA.

My papa's all dressed up to-day,
He never looked so fine,
I thought when I first looked at him,
My papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit—
The old one was so old—
It's blue, with buttons, O, so bright,
I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o' glad and sort
O' sad—I wonder why?
And every time she looks at him
It makes my mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says
That he belongs to him;
But papa's joking, 'cause he knows
My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me
And mamma. And I guess
The folks are blind who cannot see
His buttons, marked U. S.

U. S. spells us. He's ours—and yet
My mamma can't help cry,
And papa tries to smile at me
And can't—I wonder why?

FOR REMEMBRANCE.

There was no other people who sacrificed three million lives and billions of treasure for a principle. There is no memory of a people who in appreciation of a great national service gave in grateful gratuity to the servants billions of treasure a half century afterward. When the United States of America went to war over the question of slavery it assumed the foremost position in the history of humanitarianism, and while the United States continues to pension those who fought in that war it enjoys the highest national honor. Other races and nations have done deeds as notable from a military standpoint; none has displayed the humanity of this.

The common thought today is not that those whose graves the living honor were brave above their fellows but that they gave their lives for others. It is one of those reflections which preserve faith in the race that for principle, pure and without blemish, the most formidable armies in the annals of war went out to battle.

Nor can it be said that of the conquered, a majority fought for the perpetuation of slavery. The noble Lee, resigning his federal commission with sad heart, enrolled his name on the lists of Virginia not because he believed in slavery, for he did not, but because he held the preservation of state rights essential to the preservation of liberty on this continent. There were in the gray ranks who followed him to glory myriads who fought for the same principle. The slave-holding politicians plunged the nation into war and the south, as the north would have done under like circumstances, rose to defend her own. The north, inflamed by exaggeration, held absurd notions of the condition of the negro; the south had been taught, for generations, that the abolitionist meant confiscation. Had an appreciable proportion of either section understood the other, a compromise might have been effected.

At this time, when the enmity is softened and only the remembrance of nobility remains, the generation passing is chiefly notable for the epoch it created in the history of the world. With the holy enthusiasm of the British Puritans, unsullied by fanaticism, a host of a race considering itself superior went calmly to death for the liberation of a race it held inferior. There is nothing analogous to this national spirit. Men who advocate a principle are common, but men who will sacrifice the material for the ideal are rare. More rare are nations which will give blood and money for humane ideals. Nations have fought for religion, through superstition ; they have fought for national aggrandizement; but it remained for the American to exhibit to the race the spectacle of a nation ready to sacrifice itself for principle.

Editorial in the *Butte-Inter-Mountain.*

LETTER WRITTEN BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

It was dated November 21, 1864, and addressed to Mrs. Bixby of Boston.

"Dear Madam:—I have been shown, in the files of the War Department, a statement of the adjutant-general of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

"Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

"Abraham Lincoln.

"To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Massachusetts."

GENERAL McCLELLAN'S SPEECHES ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

General McClellan made several short speeches to the soldiers of his army on the field, after the battle of Williamsburgh. To the men of the Fifth Wisconsin Regiment he said:

"My Lads: I have come to thank you for the bravery and discipline you displayed the other day. On that day you won laurels of which you may ever be proud—not only you, but the army, the state, and the country to which you belong. Through you we won the day; and 'Williamsburgh' shall be inscribed upon your banner. I cannot thank you too much, and I am sure the reputation your gallantry has already received will always be maintained."

WISCONSIN MONUMENTS IN THE SOUTH.

By H. W. Rood.

Almost as old as the human race itself is the custom of placing monuments over the last earthly resting places of the dead. This has in many cases been done merely to preserve the memory of the persons buried there, but memorials are more generally erected to commemorate the character of the deceased or the principles for which they stood in life.

Because of this desire to perpetuate the principles for which men have been willing to die, monuments stand thick where soldiers lie buried. The tender regard and gratitude of our nation toward our heroic dead has led to the taking up of their bodies from some of the great battlefields of the war and the burying of them in beautiful and well kept National Cemeteries.

Among these great burial places under the care of our nation are those at Gettysburg, Arlington, Chickamauga, Shiloh and Vicksburg. He who walks up and down the avenues of these beautiful burial places of our heroic dead, looks upon the many monuments there, reading the touching tributes to the self-sacrificing devotion of those who there gave their lives that the nation might live, and meditates upon the debt of gratitude we owe to those dead, must thereby be taught a most impressive lesson of gratitude.

The following is a list of monuments and markers that have been erected by the state of Wisconsin on the battlefields of Gettysburg and Chickamauga. Markers are tablets upon which are told the stories of matters of special interest connected with the spots upon which they are located.

List of Monuments and Markers at Gettysburg Cemetery.

On Gettysburg battlefield there are seven monuments and four markers erected to Wisconsin troops.

First, Monuments:

Organization.	Brigade.	Corps.	Location.
2nd Regiment Infantry........ . ..	Meredith's........	1st.....	Reynolds Ave.
3rd Regiment Infantry..........	Colgrove's	12th	Colgrove Ave.
5th Regiment Infantry...........	Russell's.........	6th	Wright Ave.
6th Regiment Infantry...........	Meredith's......	1st.....	Reynolds Ave.
7th Regiment Infantry...........	Meredith's.	1st.....	Reynolds Ave.
1st United States Sharp Shooters Company "G"	....	3rd	Sickles Ave.
26th Wisconsin Infantry..........	Krezyzanowski's.	11th ...	Howard Ave.

Second, Markers to Wisconsin troops:

Organization.	Brigade.	Corps.	Location.
2nd Regiment, Company "F"....	Meredith's.......	1st......	Slocum Ave.
6th Regiment	Meredith's.......	1st......	Slocum Ave.
7th Regiment.....................	Meredith's......	1st......	Slocum Ave.
1st U. S. Sharp Shooters	....	3rd	West of Emmettsburg Road.

These markers and monuments are kept in first class condition, as the Commission keeps five guards constantly on duty, and they patrol all parts of the battlefield.

Wisconsin Memorial Monuments Erected in Chickamauga Park, near Chattanooga.

Organization.	Location.
First Regiment Infantry	Glade, Kelly Field.
Tenth Regiment Infantry	Angle, Kelly Field.
Fifteenth Regiment Infantry	LaFayette Road, Viniard's.
Twenty-first Regiment Infantry	Glade, Kelly Field.
Twenty-fourth Regiment Infantry	Lytle Hill, Glenn and Kelly Roads.
First Regiment Cavalry	Glenn Hill.
Third Battery Light Artillery	LaFayette Road, South of Viniard's.
Fifth Battery Light Artillery	Glenn Hill, West of road.
Eighth Battery Light Artillery	Glenn Hill, South of Wilder.
Wisconsin State Memorial	Orchard Knob, South Side.

A List of Markers Erected in Chickamauga Park and Approaches to mark positions of Wisconsin Troops.

Organization.	Location.
First Regiment Infantry	North-west of Baldwin's.
Tenth Regiment Infantry	West of Baldwin's.
Fifteenth Regiment Infantry	West Edge of Brotherton Field.
Twenty-first Regiment Infantry	North-west of Baldwin's.
Third Battery Artillery	Dyer's Hill.

Markers to Wisconsin Troops at Chattanooga and Vicinity.

Organization.	Location.
Fifteenth Regiment Infantry	Missionary Ridge, Crest Road.
Twenty-fourth Regiment Infantry	Missionary Ridge.

At Pittsburg Landing.

On the 6th day of April, 1906, the forty-third anniversary of the battle of Shiloh, a monument was dedicated there to the memory of Wisconsin men who fell in that terrible conflict. Our Fourteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth Wisconsin regiments were in that battle. The monument is so designed as to represent a woman nurse—Mother Bickerdyke being no doubt, the nurse intended—kneeling among the dead and dying and in the act of raising up a wounded soldier. The monument is in itself a work of art, and, with the expression put into the faces of both nurse and soldier, is very impressive.

At Vicksburg.

Ten monuments and seven markers have been made to place in the National Park at Vicksburg to commemorate the part Wisconsin soldiers took in the Siege of Vicksburg. They will be set up there sometime in May or June of this year.

There were seventeen Wisconsin organizations in or near the lines during this historic siege. They are here named:

2nd Cavalry.
8th Infantry.
11th Infantry.
12th Infantry.
14th Infantry.
16th Infantry.
17th Infantry.
18th Infantry
20th Infantry.
23rd Infantry.
25th Infantry.
27th Infantry.
29th Infantry.
33rd Infantry.
1st Battery Light Artillery.
6th Battery Light Artillery.
12th Battery Light Artillery.

It may be well to say here that there is at this time, February, 1907, a bill before the state legislature for the appropriation of $110,000 with which to erect in the National Military Park at Vicksburg a splendid monument to the services of Wisconsin soldiers in the Siege of Vicksburg.

At Andersonville.

From March, 1864 to April, 1865, there were imprisoned in the notable stockade at Andersonville, Georgia, 52,352 Union soldiers. Of these 12,833 died and were buried there, 378 of them being Wisconsin men. In 1905 our state legislature made provision for a monument at Andersonville in memory of these Wisconsin dead. The monument has been completed and will be dedicated about Oct. 15, 1907. It is said to be one of the most beautiful of all the state monuments there. A half-tone made from a photograph of the monument appears on page 2 of this Annual.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE FLAG.

When I am on my way to school
  I always look up high,
To see our flag which looks so bright
  Against the dark blue sky.

As it floats upon the breezes,
  It seems to say to me:
"Where I am, there is *honor* found,
  Where'er I wave, 't is free."

Then, children, let us love this flag
  Which waves o'er us to-day,
The flag for which our fathers fought
  Should honored be alway.

STORY OF THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

In the War of 1812, when an attack was being made upon Fort Henry, Mr. Key and his friend were on board an American vessel just in sight of the enemy's fleet and the flag of Fort Henry. They remained on board all through the night, holding their breath at every shell that went careering over among their countrymen in the fort, and every moment expecting an explosion.

Suddenly the firing ceased, and as they had no connection with the enemy's ships they could not find out whether the fort had been abandoned, or the siege given up. For the remainder of the night, they paced to and fro upon the deck in terrible anxiety, longing for the return of the day, and looking every few moments at their watches to see how long they must wait for it.

Light came at last, and they could see that our flag was still there. At length they were told that the attack had failed and that the British were re-embarking.

The words of the "Star-spangled Banner" were written by Mr. Key, as he walked the deck in the darkness and suspense.

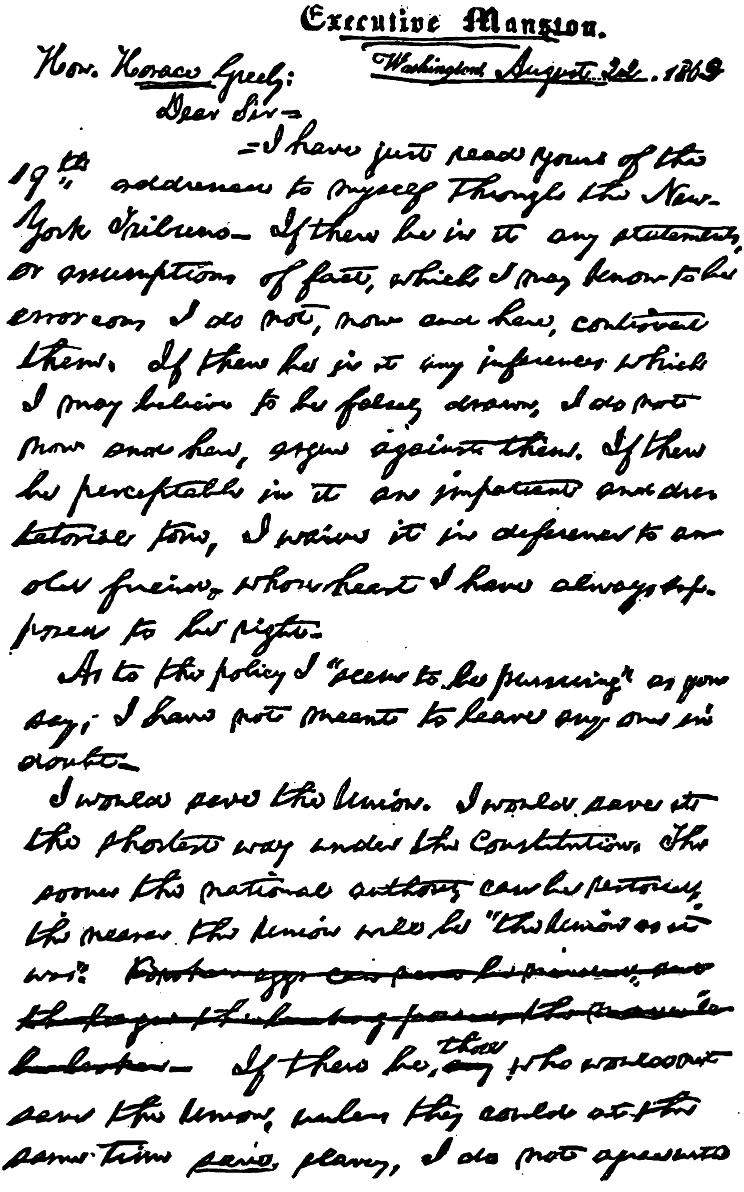
In less than an hour after it went into the printer's hands it was all over town, was hailed with joy, and at once took its place among our national pieces.

Ferdinand Durag, an actor, saw it, and catching up a volume of flute music, he whistled tune after tune; at length, he chanced upon one called "Anacreon in Heaven," and as note after note fell from his lips, he cried, "Boys, I've hit it!" Then, taking up the words, there rang out for the first time the "Song of the Star-spangled Banner." How the men shouted and clapped!

The actor sang it in public. It was caught up in camps, sung around bivouac fires, and whistled in the streets. When peace was declared and the people scattered to their homes, it was sung around thousands of firesides.

THE GREELEY LETTER.

This letter appeared in the *National Intelligencer*, August 23, 1862.



Executive Mansion.

Washington, August 22d. 1862.

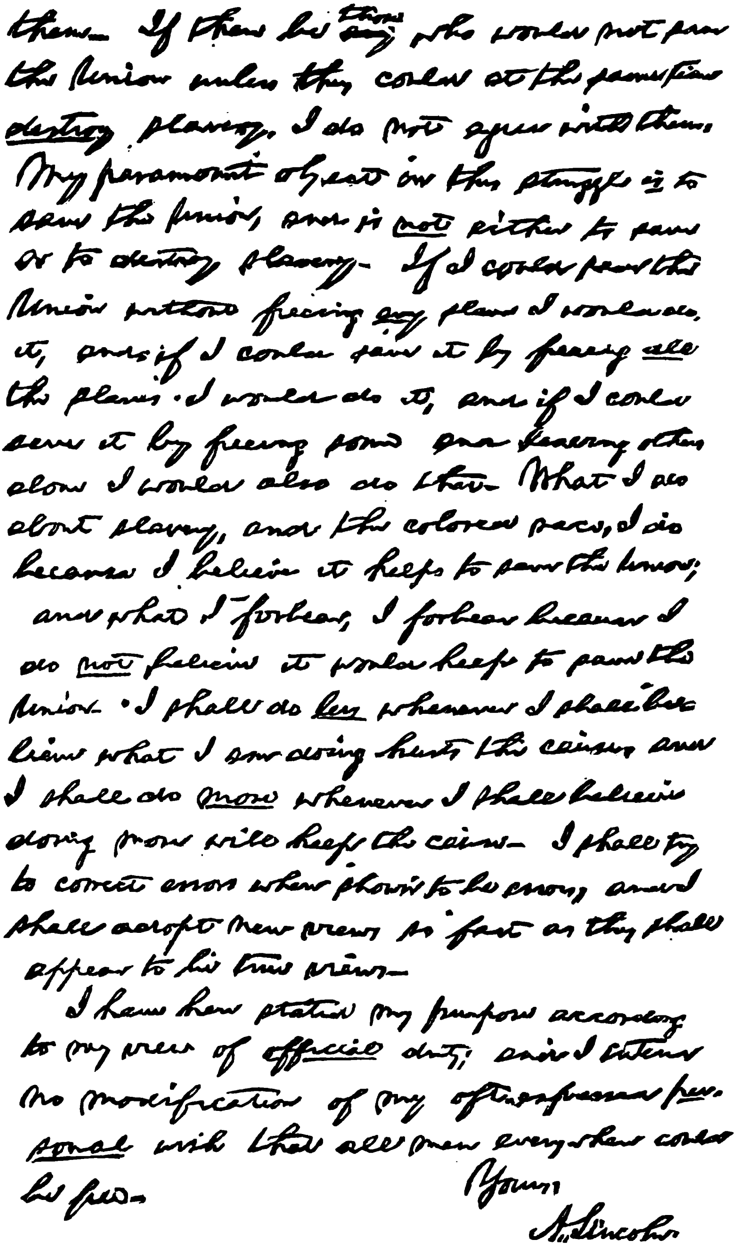
Hon. Horace Greely:

Dear Sir

I have just read yours of the 19th. addressed to myself through the New-York Tribune. If there be in it any statements, or assumptions of fact, which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptable in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend, whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing" as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored; the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." ~~Broken eggs can never be mended, and the longer the breaking proceeds the more will be broken.~~ If there be ~~any~~ those who would not save the Union, unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with



them. If there be ~~any~~ those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time *destroy* slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle *is* to save the Union, and is *not* either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing *any* slave I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing *all* the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that. What I do about slavery, and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do *not* believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do *less* whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do *more* whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors; and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of *official* duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed *personal* wish that all men every where could be free.

Yours,

A. Lincoln

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation, the music of the boisterous drums, the silvery voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men, and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. * * * We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war, marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns and across the prairies down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right. We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood, in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel. We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief. These heroes are dead. They died for liberty. They died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars; they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead: Cheers for the living, and tears for the dead.

—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

THE NATION'S PRAYER.

(1861.)

I.

Before Thy Throne we bow:
O God, our shield be Thou
From Treason's rage!
In faith we look to Thee,
Our strength in Heav'n we see,
Defender of the free,
In ev'ry age.

II.

Our follies we confess:
O God, forgive and bless!
Let Mercy's light
Illumine this dark hour,
When war clouds o'er us lower,
And Thine eternal power
Defend the right!

III.

Our Pilgrim fathers sleep,
The ocean, broad and deep,
Beside their graves.
When Thine archangel cries,
Forbid that they should rise
To crowns in Paradise
From soil of slaves!

IV.

Protect our armies, Lord,
And when they draw the sword
In freedom's name,
Strike Thou for them the blow,
Overwhelm the vaunting foe,
And bury Treason low,
In deathless shame!

V.

Let Liberty arise,
Her glory fill the skies,
The world be free!
Let all adore Thy name,
And children lisp Thy fame—
Let earth and heav'n proclaim
The jubilee!

—*Crammond Kennedy.*

A WOMAN OF THE WAR.

Through the sunken arch of that gateway tower
Where my humblest townsman rides at last,
You may spy the bells of a nodding flower,
On a double mound that is thickly grassed.

And between the spring and the summer time,
Or ever the lilac's bloom is shed,
When they come with banners and wreaths and rhyme,
To deck the tombs of the nation's dead,

They find a little flag in the grass,
And fling a handful of roses down,
And pause a moment before they pass
To the captain's grave with the gilded crown.

But if perchance they seek to recall
What name, what deeds, these honors declare,
They cannot tell, they are silent all
As the noiseless harebell nodding there.

She was tall, with an almost manly grace,
With wisdom strange for one so young,
And fair with more than a woman's face,
With dark, deep eyes, and a mirthful tongue.

The poor and the fatherless knew her smile;
  The friend in sorrow had seen her tears;
She had studied the ways of the rough world's guile,
  And read the romance of historic years.

What she might have been in these times of ours.
  At once it is easy and hard to guess;
For always a riddle are half-used powers,
  And always a power is lovingness.

But her fortune fell upon evil days—
  If days are evil when evil dies—
She was not one who could stand and gaze
  Where the hopes of humanity fall and rise.

Nor could she dance to the viol's tune
  When the drum was throbbing throughout the land,
Or dream in the light of the summer moon
  When Treason was clinching his mailéd hand.

Through the long, gray hospital's corridor
  She journeyed many a mournful league,
And her light foot fell on the oaken floor
  As if it could never know fatigue.

She stood by the grand old surgeon's side,
  And the sufferers smiled as they saw her stand;
She wrote, and the mothers marveled and cried
  At the darling soldier's feminine hand.

She was last in the ward when the light burned low,
  And Sleep called a truce to his foeman Pain;
At the midnight cry she was first to go,
  To bind up the bleeding wound again.

For sometimes the wreck of a man would rise,
  Weird and gaunt in the watch-lamp's gleam,
And tear away bandage and splints and ties,
  Fighting the battle all o'er in his dream.

No wonder the youngest surgeon felt
A charm in the presence of that brave soul,
Through weary weeks as she nightly knelt
With the letter from home or the doctor's dole.

He heard her called, and he heard her blessed,
With many a patriot's parting breath;
And ere his soul to itself confessed,
Love leaped to life in those vigils of death.

"O, fly to your home!" came a whispered dread,
"For now the pestilence walks by night."
"The greater the need for me here," she said,
And bared her arm to the lancet's bite.

Was there death, green death in the atmosphere?
Was the bright steel poisoned? Who can tell?
Her weeping friends gathered beside her bier,
And the clergyman told them all was well.

Well—alas, that it should be so!
When a nation's debt reaches reckoning day—
Well for it to be able, but woe
To the generation that's called to pay!

Down from the long, gray hospital came
Every boy in blue who could walk the floor;
The sick, and the wounded, the blind and the lame,
Formed two long files from her father's door.

There was grief in many a manly breast,
While men's tears fell as the coffin passed;
And thus she went to the world of rest,
Martial and maidenly to the last.

And that youngest surgeon, was he to blame?
He held the lancet—Heaven only knows.
No matter; his heart broke all the same,
And he laid him down, and he never arose.

So death received in his greedy hand,
  Two precious coins of the awful price
That purchased freedom for this dear land—
  For master and bondsman—yea, bought it twice.

Such fates too often such women are for!
  God grant the Republic a large increase
To match the heroes in time of war,
  And mother the children in time of peace.

—*Rossiter Johnson.*

THE HONORED DEAD.

They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there. Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations whose elder brothers, dying nobly for country, left a name that honored and inspired all who bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead, that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead who speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet move upon society and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. He was your son; but now he is the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you; now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. He has died from the family, that he might live to the nation!

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
  What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
  Hand of man or kiss of woman?
    Lay him low, lay him low,
    In the clover or the snow!
    What cares he? he cannot know;
      Lay him low!

As a man may, he fought his fight,
  Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
  Sleep forever and forever.
    Lay him low, lay him low,
    In the clover or the snow!
    What cares he? he cannot know;
      Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
  Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars?
  What but death-bemocking folly?
    Lay him low, lay him low,
    In the clover or the snow!
    What cares he? he cannot know;
      Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye;
  Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by;
  God alone has power to aid him.
    Lay him low, lay him low,
    In the clover or the snow!
    What cares he? he cannot know;
      Lay him low!

—George Henry Boker.

***From* Poems of the war, by George Henry Boker. Used by permission of the publishers, J. B. Lippincott Company.**

THE TRIBUTE.

White for their spotless honor, red for the blood they shed,
Cover their graves with blossoms, honor the soldier dead,
They who fought our battles neither in rage nor wrath,
They whom steadfast duty called to the soldiers' path;
Few are the ones remaining, grizzled and bent and gray,
Aye, and their ranks are thinning steadily day by day;
Cheer as they falter past us, those who are left us yet.
There is the flag; uncover! Let not a soul forget!

White for the souls within them, red for the rose of youth
Lost in the heat of battle, lost for the sake of truth;
Blue for the skies above them, when, in the long ago,
They in a loyal spirit fought with a gallant foe;
These are the things they stand for—hues of the banner broad
That floats in the air above us bringing a silence awed;
And over the graves beside us, when the words of the prayer cease,
Hangs ever the quiet presence, the spell of a lasting peace.

White for their speckless honor, red for the blood they shed,
Scatter the fresh-hued flowers over the soldier dead.
"Taps" has the bugle sounded over the gray and blue,
Those who fought for the false cause, those who fought for the true,
Soldiers worthy and valiant, fighting as they knew how,
Each as his conscience called him, we will not judge them now.
Over them floats the emblem, as the free winds rise and fall,
The flag in its waving splendor—the flag that is loved by all.

—*Berton Braley.*

GENERAL LEE'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

By Prof. Edwin Mims.

* * * * * * *

"The Southerner of the present day sees in Lee the finest product of a civilization that passed away with the Civil War—a civilization that has been as much underestimated by its critics as overpraised by its zealots. He was not a typical Southerner, any more than Lincoln was a typical Westerner, but he was in a very real sense the resultant of certain great forces in Southern life, as Stonewall Jackson was of quite different forces, and Yancey was of others. The aristocratic order to which Lee belonged was a survival, and the social life of which he was an integral part had its serious defects. Slavery often caused idleness and luxury, but in him it developed responsibility and genuine lordship. The plantation life encouraged remoteness and provincialism, but in Lee there was the cosmopolitanism of the great men of the Revolution, and the same hospitality and charm of manner. His character was developed not in spite of but by virtue of this state of society. It may be said that the popular conception of an American is that of a boy who climbs from the lowest state of society to the highest pinnacle of success; but here was a blue-blooded aristocrat who had all the strength and fiber of a Jackson or a Benjamin Franklin. He was refined and yet elemental, lordly yet democratic. Take away all those characteristics that may be said to belong to great men of his type, and you still have certain characteristics that are peculiar to the ante-bellum life of Virginia. There is the air of old courts and polished halls, of stately columns and fragrant gardens.

That such a man—and with him his whole section—should have been drawn into the great tragedy of the Civil War is one of the saddest facts in history. No other great man ever had so little to do with making an issue in which he was to play so prominent a part.* Theoretically he believed in the right of secession, but he did not see that there was sufficient ground for it in 1861. After reading the life of Washington, whom he admired more than any other character in history, he exclaimed: "How this (the strife which he foresaw) would grieve the soul of Washington!" Looking at the problem from the standpoint of the founders of the Government, he agreed with Webster that the nation was not the result of a compact; that there must be a central government. He was opposed to the abolitionists, who seemed to him to thwart the aims that he and other noble-minded Virginians had in view—the gradual emancipation of the slaves—but he would have even sacrificed four million slaves to save the Union. As one reads the letters of Lee written from Texas in the period 1857--1861—letters that reveal a political judgment far ahead of that of any political leaders the South had at that time—one cannot but express the regret that Lee and Lincoln did not know each other, and the wish that, as the trusted representatives of a people who now reverence them so greatly, they might have found a basis of agreement. They were not very far apart.

But this was not to be. The issue soon changed from an abstract one to one in which conflicting passions held sway. Who then understood the real situation—the concrete, human, vital aspects of the problem? No one but Lincoln, perhaps. Some dramatist will some day understand and interpret the soul of Lee as, in great perplexity, he "walked the broad pillared veranda of his noble Arlington house, his eyes glancing across the river at the flag of his country waving above the dome of the capitol, and then resting on the soil of his native Virginia." If Northern men have come to see that the decision he made was the result of a conscientious discharge of duty, Southern men, who have never questioned that, will always see in him the embodiment of the great tragedy through which the section was to pass. Perhaps the seriousness of that struggle for Lee and Virginia was never so imaginatively realized as by Mr. William Garrott Brown when he wrote:

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* "I must try and be patient and await the end, for I can do nothing to hasten or retard it," he said. And more than once his letters indicate that he was being carried along by an irresistible current, he knew not where.

"When Virginia aroused herself from her trance of forty years, she awoke to such a conflict of high motives and passionate impulses, to be beat upon by such stormy appeals, to be torn with such contrary aspirations, as no tragedy queen on any mimic stage was ever beset with....The instincts of motherhood called her one way, the safety of the household another. She took hurried counsel, and pleaded for time, and muttered somewhat of old sacrifices made, old victories won. While she still hesitated, and only half-converted, her unruly children were already compassing her about with armies, ranging their battle-lines along her northern borders, thrusting the sword at her reluctant hand, pressing an unsought crown upon her brow."

Some such struggle went on in the mind of Robert E. Lee at Arlington. It was "the logic of sympathy" that finally decided the issue. He saw an army with himself at the head marching upon his beloved Arlington and his native state. To him the state was no abstract thing—it meant the historic homes along the Potomac and the Rappahannock and the James—it meant a thousand memories and traditions with which his family was connected. The nation was no longer the nation of Washington but of an invading army. So at last facing the great issue, he was carried into the conflict with the making of which he had so little to do. He therefore looms large in the Southerner's imagination.

The tragedy here briefly suggested deepens for four years, though it is shot through with the light of temporary victory and continuous heroism. At the last it settles down into the gloom of Appomattox with Lee amid the shadows. But suddenly, as though there were another act, or as though a new play had started, the figure of Robert E. Lee shines forth resplendent in defeat. With a will not to be conquered, he sets about inaugurating a new career for himself and a new era for his people. His life from 1865 to 1870, about which too little was known until the appearance of the latest biography, is in many respects the most inspiring of his whole career. Did man ever rise to such heights of moral grandeur? His letters—like those written before the war—are full of remarkable insight, serenity, and Christian magnanimity.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams has written in glowing terms of the fact that Lee did not prolong the war indefinitely by retiring to the mountains and engaging in guerrilla warfare. The suggestion was made to Lee by some of his lieutenants, the thought may have found temporary lodgment in his own mind, but he brushed it aside, he rose grandly above the temptation. He accepted the overthrow of the Confederacy as final. "The war having been decided against us," he said, "it is the part of wisdom to acquiesce in the result and of candor to recognize the fact."

* * * * * * *

From **The Outlook, Dec. 22, 1906. Used by permission of the editors of The Outlook and of Prof. Mims.**

MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

Unknown, unkept is my father's grave,
  Somewhere 'neath Mississippi's soil;
But I may not visit the lowly mound
  Where he rests from martial toil.

In vain I've longed to scatter flowers
  O'er that sacred spot so dear;
In vain I've longed o'er it to write
  "My father resteth here."

Alone he sleeps in his unknown grave,
  Unknown to kindred tie,—
But happy thought! 'tis not unknown
  To the angel host on high.

THE MAN WITH THE MUSKET.

They are building, as Babel was built, to the sky,
With clash and confusion of speech;
They are piling up monuments massive and high
To lift a few names out of reach.
And the passionate green-laureled god of the great,
In a whimsical riddle of stone,
Has chosen a few from the Field and the State
To sit on the steps of his throne.

But I—I will pass from this rage of renown,
This ant-hill, commotion and strife,
Pass by where the marbles and bronzes look down
With their half-frozen gestures of life.
On, out to the nameless who lie 'neath the gloom
Of the pitying cypress and pine;
Your man is the man of the sword and the plume,
But the man with the musket is mine.

I knew him! By all that is noble, I knew
This commonplace hero I name!
I've camped with him, marched with him, fought with him too,
In the swirl of the fierce battle-flame!
Laughed with him, cried with him, taken a part
Of his canteen and blanket, and known
That the throb of this chivalrous prairie boy's heart
Was an answering stroke of my own!

I knew him, I tell you! And also, I knew
When he fell on the battle-swept ridge,
That the poor battered body that lay there in blue
Was only a plank in the bridge
Over which some should pass to fame
That shall shine while the high stars shall shine!
Your hero is known by an echoing name,
But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! All through him the good and the bad
Ran together and equally free;
But I judge as I trust Christ has judged the poor lad
For death made him noble to me!
In the cyclone of war in the battle's eclipse,
Life shook out its lingering sands,
And he died with the names that he loved on his lips,
His musket still grasped in his hands!
Up close to the flag my soldier went down,
In the salient front of the line;
You may take for your heroes the men of renown,
But the man of the musket is mine!

There is peace in the May-ladened grace of the hours
That come when the day's work is done;
And peace with the nameless, who, under the flowers,
Lie asleep in the slant of the sun.
Beat the taps! Put out lights! and silence all round;
There is rifle-pit strength in the grave!
They sleep well who sleep, be they crowned or uncrowned,
And death will be kind to the brave.

Old comrades of mine, by the fast waning years
That move to mortality's goal,
By my heart full of love and my eyes full of tears,
I hold you all fast in my soul!
And I march with the May and its blossomy charms
I tenderly lay on this sod,
And pray they may rest there, old comrades in arms,
Like a kiss of forgiveness from God!

Rev. H. S. Taylor.

OLD ABE'S UNCLE.

" 'My deceased uncle,' says Old Abe, 'was the most polite gentleman in the world. He was making a trip on the Mississippi when the boat sank. He got his head above the water for once, took off his hat, and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?' and down he went.' "

CIVIL WAR.

"RIFLEMAN, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet!"

"Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead,
There's music around when my barrel's in tune!"
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood;
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud!"

"O captain! I staggered, and sunk on my track,
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette,
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket,—this locket of gold;
An inch from the center my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket!—'t is she,
My brother's young bride, and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband—Hush! Soldier, 't was Heaven's decree,
We must bury him there, by the light of the moon!

"But hark! the far bugles their warnings unite;
War is a virtue,—weakness a sin;
There's a lurking and loping around us tonight,
Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in!"

—*Charles Dawson Shanly.*

THE SOLDIER BOY.

Memorial Day will hereafter gather around it not only the love and tears and pride of the generations of the people, but more and more, in its inner circle of tenderness, the linking memories of every comrade, so long as one survives. As the dawn ushers it in, tinged already with exquisite flush of hastening June, and sweet with the bursting fragrance of her roses, the wheels of time will each year roll back, and lo! John Andrews is at the State-house, inspiring Massachusetts with the throbbing of his own great heart; Abraham Lincoln, wise and patient and honest and tender and true, is at the nation's helm; the north is one broad blaze; the boys in blue are marching to the front; the fife and drum are on every breeze; the very air is patriotism; Phil Sheridan, forty miles away, dashes back to turn defeat to victory; Farragut, lashed to the mast-head, is steaming into Mobile Harbor; Hooker is above the clouds,—ay, now indeed forever above the clouds; Sherman marches through Georgia to the sea; Grant has throttled Lee with the grip that never lets go; Richmond falls; the armies of the Republic pass in that last great review at Washington; Custer's plume is there, but Kearney's saddle is empty; and, now again, our veterans come marching home to receive the welcome of a grateful people, and to stack in Doric Hall the tattered flags which Massachusetts forever hence shall wear above her heart.

In memory of the dead, in honor of the living, for inspiration to our children, we gather today to deck the graves of our patriots with flowers, to pledge commonwealth and town and citizen to fresh recognition of the surviving soldier, and to picture yet again the romance, the reality, the glory, the sacrifice of his service. As if it were but yesterday you recall him. He had but turned twenty. The exquisite tint of youthful health was on his cheek. His pure heart shone from frank, outspeaking eyes. His fair hair clustered from beneath his cap. He had pulled a stout oar in the college race, or walked the most graceful athlete on the village green. He had just entered on the vocation of his life. The doorway of his home at this season of the year was brilliant in the dewy morn with the clambering vine and fragrant flower, as in and out he went, the beloved of mothers and sisters, and the ideal of a New England youth.

And when the drum beat, when the first martyr's blood sprinkled the stones of Baltimore, he took his place in the ranks and went forward. You remember his ingenuous and glowing letters to his mother, written as if his pen were dipped in his very heart. How novel seemed to him the routine of service, the life of camp and march! How eager the wish to meet the enemy and strike his first blow for the good cause! What pride at the promotion that came and put its chevron on his arm or its strap upon his shoulder!

They took him prisoner. He wasted in Libby and grew gaunt and haggard with the horror of his sufferings and with pity for the greater horror of the sufferings of his comrades who fainted and died at his side. He tunneled the earth and escaped. Hungry and weak, in terror of recapture, he followed by night the pathway of the railroad. He slept in thickets and sank in swamps. He saw the glitter of horsemen who pursued him. He knew the bloodhound was on his track. He reached the line; and, with his hand grasping at freedom, they caught and took him back to captivity. He was exchanged at last; and you remember, when he came home on a short furlough, how manly and war-worn he had grown. But he soon returned to the ranks and to the welcome of his comrades. They recall him now alike with tears and pride. In the rifle-pits around Petersburg you heard his steady voice and firm command. Some one who saw him then fancied that he seemed that day like one who forefelt the end. But there was no flinching as he charged. He had just turned to give a cheer when the fatal ball struck him. There was a convulsion of the upward hand. His eyes, pleading and loyal, turned their last glance to the flag. His lips parted. He fell dead, and at nightfall lay with his face to the stars. Home they brought him, fairer than Adonis over whom the goddess of beauty wept. They buried him in the village churchyard under the green turf. Year by year his comrades and his kin, nearer than comrades, scatter his grave with flowers. Do you ask who he was? He was in every regiment and every company. He went out from every Massachusetts village. He sleeps in every Massachusetts burying-ground. Recall romance, recite the names of heroes of legend and song, but there is none that is his peer.

—*John Davis Long.*

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A CHILD'S OFFERING.

Here is a lily and here is a rose,
And here is a heliotrope,
And here is the woodbine sweet that grows
On the garden's sunny slope.

Here is a bit of mignonette,
And here's a geranium red,
A pansy bloom, and a violet
I found in a mossy bed.

These are the flowers I love the best
And I've brought them all to lay
With loving hands where soldiers rest,
On Decoration Day.

—*Susie M. Best.*

LITTLE GIFFIN OF TENNESSEE.

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)
Specter such as you seldom see,
Little Giffin of Tennessee!

"Take him—and welcome!" the surgeon said;
"Little the doctor can help the dead!"
So we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,—
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death,
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch!
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't. Nay, more, in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write!
"Dear mother," at first, of course; and then,
"Dear captain," inquiring about "the men."
Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five,
Giffin and I are left alive!"

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnston pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffin was up and away;
A tear, his first, as he bade good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared." There was news of the fight,
But none of Giffin. He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that were I king
Of the princely knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best, on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For Little Giffin of Tennessee!

—*Francis O. Ticknor.*

One of the definitions of patriotism is "love of country." If we do not teach our boys and girls to love their country, how can we teach them to be patriotic? Patriotism is sometimes misunderstood. Patriotism is not an impulse or a sentiment, but a conviction. Where the heart is right, that does not wait for the firing of a gun on a national holiday to manifest itself. I want a patriotism which is good every day in the year, and which means an understanding of public duty and a determination to perform that duty. —*Hon. Charles R. Skinner.*

"I ought to love my country,
The land in which I live;
Yes, I am very sure my heart
Its truest love should give.

"For if I love my country,
I'll try to be a man
My country may be proud of;
And if I try, I can.

"She wants men brave and noble,
She needs men brave and kind,
My country needs that I should be
The best man she can find."

—*Nebraska Special Day Program.*

THE REVEILLE.

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nations's hosts have gathered
Round the quick-alarming drum—
Saying "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick-alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed: "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered: "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered: "Come!
Better there in death united than in life a recreant—Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
  Some in faith and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
  Said: "My chosen people, come!"
          Then the drum,
          Lo! was dumb;
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered:
    "Lord, we come!"

—*Bret Harte.*

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A TALL ONE BY OLD ABE.

"That reminds us of the following story that has been told of Mr. Lincoln somewhere when a crowd called him out. He came out on the balcony with his wife, (who is somewhat below medium height), and made the following 'brief remarks': 'Here I am, and here is Mrs. Lincoln. That's the long and short of it.'"

Weave your garlands bright
  Before the May-time closes;
Pansies blue and white
  And blushing buds of roses.

Blue and white and red
  The lonely graves they'll cover;
And o'er each grassy bed
  The stars and stripes shall hover.

Let this work be wrought
  Before the May-time closes,
And bring your loving thought
  More precious than the roses.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
  When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
Child of the Sun! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
  The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
  By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
  And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
  And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!
—*Joseph Rodman Drake.*

LINCOLN'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF.

"If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; of dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands are recollected."
—*Birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, Colorado, 1905.*

OUR FALLEN HEROES.

The angel of the nation's peace
  Has wreathed with flowers the battle-drum;
We see the fruiting fields increase
  Where sound of war no more shall come.

The swallow skims the Tennessee,
  Soft winds play o'er the Rapidan;
There only echo notes of glee,
  Where gleamed a mighty army's van!

Fair Chattanooga's wooded slope
  With summer airs is lightly stirred,
And many a heart is warm with hope
  Where once the deep-mouthed gun was heard.

The blue Potomac stainless rolls,
  And Mission Ridge is gemmed with fern;
On many a height sleep gallant souls,
  And still the blooming years return.

Thank God! unseen to outward eye,
  But felt in every freeman's breast,
From graves where fallen comrades lie
  Ascends at Nature's wise behest,

With springing grass and blossoms new,
  A prayer to bless the nation's life,
To freedom's flower give brighter hue,
  And hide the awful stains of strife.

O, Boys in Blue, we turn to you,
  The scarred and mangled who survive;
No more we meet in grand review,
  But all the arts of freedom thrive.

Still glows the jewel in its shrine,
  Won where the James now tranquil rolls;
Its wealth for all, the glory thine,
  O memory of heroic souls!

—*George Bancroft Griffith.*

On the morning of July 1st, 1862, five thousand Confederate cavalry advanced upon Booneville, Mo., then held by Col. Philip Sheridan with less than a thousand troopers. The Federal line, being strongly entrenched, was able to hold its ground against this greatly superior force. But Sheridan, fearful of being outflanked, directed a young captain to take a portion of two companies, make a rapid detour, charge the enemy in the rear and throw its line into confusion, thus making possible a simultaneous and successful attack in front. Sheridan said to him: "I expect of your command the quick and desperate work usually imposed upon a forlorn hope," at the same time bidding him what promised to be an eternal farewell. Ninety-two men rode calmly out knowing the supreme moment of their lives had come. What was in their hearts during that silent ride? What lights and shadows flashed across the cameras of their souls? To one pale boy, there came the vision of a quaint old house, a white-haired woman on her knees in prayer, an open Bible by her side, God's peace upon her face. Another memory held a cottage, all imbedded in the shade of sheltering trees and clinging vines; stray bits of sunshine around the open door; within, a fair young mother, crooning lullabies above a baby's crib. And one old grizzled hero seems to see, in mists of unshed tears, a bush-grown corner of the barnyard fence, and through the rails a blended picture of faded calico, and golden curls, and laughing eyes. And then the little column halted on a bit of rising ground and faced—destiny.

Before them was a brigade of cavalry three thousand strong. That way lay death. Behind them were the open fields, the sheltering woods, safety, and dishonor. Just for a moment every cheek was blanched. A robin sang unheeded in a neighboring limb; clusters of purple daisies bloomed unseen upon the grassy slope; the sweet fresh breath of early summer filled the air, unfelt by all. They only saw the dear old flag of Union overhead; they only knew that foes of country blocked the road in front; they only heard the ringing voice of their gallant leader ordering the charge, and with a yell, the little troop swept on.

Flashed every sabre bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Charging an army,
While all the world wondered.

So sudden and unexpected was the attack, so desperate and irresistible the charge that this handful of men cut their way through the heart of the whole brigade. Then, in prompt obedience to the calm command of their captain they wheeled, re-formed, and charged again. At this opportune moment, while the Confederates were in confusion, Sheridan's whole line dashed forward with mighty cheers, and the day was won. That night, forty of the ninety-two kept their eternal bivouac on the field of battle, their white faces kissed by the silent stars.—*John M. Thurston.*

WHERE ABE SAID IT HAD GONE.

"When the Sherman expedition which captured Port Royal was fitting, there was great curiosity to learn where it had gone. A person visiting the Chief Magistrate at the White House importuned him to disclose the destination to him. 'Will you keep it entirely secret?' asked the President. 'Oh, yes, upon my honor.' 'Well,' said the President, 'I'll tell you.' Assuming an air of great mystery, and drawing the man close to him, he kept him a moment awaiting the revelation with an open mouth and great anxiety. 'Well,' said he in a loud whisper which was heard all over the room, 'the expedition has gone to — sea!'"

THE VOLUNTEER.

There's always a cheer for the volunteer,
There's ever a welcoming host,
The wide land stretches a greeting hand—
Glad hail from the hill to the coast!
There's none but will vaunt the deeds he's done—
Let us praise them and pledge him high!

Who rushed the lines on the San Juan hill?
Who at Caney fought alone?
The enlisted regular fighting man—
The soldier—*bred to the bone!*
Who bore the big brunt of the battle front?
Should we speak it below the breath?
The enlisted regular fighting man,
Who cheered as he charged to death!

Who he was, the public seldom knows—
Who he is, it does not care—
Just Private Blank of the ——ty-third,
Recruited from God knows where!
Just a name put down on a muster roll;
Yes, numbered and stenciled from shirt to soul—
And he doesn't object a bit!

No; he takes it all as it all may come,
And it's more of work than play—
From the goose-step into the awkward squad—
Then into a trench some day.
He answers "sir" to his officer,
He watches his sergeant well,
And if things they happen to rub him wrong,
He cannot run home and tell!

For "The Army" spells his name for Home,
  And "The Post" proves his abode;
And he's taught his company manners there,
  Up to: "Numbers! Ready! Load!"
Oh, he gets his fill of the family drill,
  And they train his hand and eye!
Till he stands or moves and questions not—
  Let his captain know the "why."

For the service adopts the enlisted man,
  And he's treated as a child!
And he's cautioned how to mind his health
  In tones not over mild.
Oh, he's bound to go and do just so;
  But when things are at their worst,
He learns that the men with the shoulder-straps
  Are thinking of him first!

From the colonel down to the officer lad,
  They share his fare and lot,
And they train his trigger finger right
  And his feet to falter not;
For war's a trade for which tools are made
  Out of names on a muster-roll;
And the soldier's a bound-to-obey machine,
  With a human heart and soul!

He asks for no praise as a patriot,
  He lays claim to no laurel wreath,
Tho' he's proud of his nation and regiment
  And the flag that he fights beneath!
He "serves for pay," they were wont to say,
  But before an advance began:
"A trench or a height to be taken?
  Where's the regular fighting man!"

God keep in the breast of the Nation's sons
The soul of the volunteer;
Let there always be men when the country calls
To join in the great "We're here!"
And to God be thanks that we've men in the ranks,
Let the lines be black or white—
The men at arms who stand on guard
To keep the flag in sight!

—*James Barnes.*

By the sacrifice of the Union soldiers, some questions were settled, never to be reopened, over which politicians, and statesmen, and philosophers had wrangled a hundred years. No man will ever after this claim that in politics a part is greater than the whole, or a state greater than a nation, nor will any have the rashness to maintain that "E Pluribus Unum" means many out of one.

The graves of 300,000 patriots are our witness to-day, that henceforth, from the pine forests of our cold northern border to the orange groves of the gulf, from the great Atlantic metropolis of the Empire State to the golden gates of the Pacific, the stars and stripes will brook no rival. On every headstone of the graves decorated to-day may be read, albeit in invisible characters, yet unfading as though written by the hand of fate, "Liberty, Union, Equality;" "One Flag and One Country." Such was their contribution to their country, to humanity, to posterity. Do we not justly enroll their names among earth's benefactors, and garland their graves as those of heroes and martyrs?—*Oscar D. Robinson.*

Gold is good in its place; but living, patriotic men are better than gold.

And having thus chosen our course without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

THE BUGLE CALL.

By J. H. Whitney, Baraboo, Wis.

They are marching toward the valley, with measured, martial tread,
To join the silent army—the army of the dead;
We miss familiar faces as the column marches by,—
And the camping-ground is broader wherein the heroes lie.

The parting and the marching, the charging and the cheer,
The sadness and the gladness in memory appear;
The friendships forged in anguish, and welded in the flame
Of battle, make immortal the dying soldier's name.

A darker shadow gathers o'er the living and the dead,—
The promised peace and blessing give place to doubt and dread;
And, underneath the muffled, familiar martial strain,
I seem to hear and ponder this doubting, sad refrain:

When the startled millions wondered,
As the guns of treason thundered
O'er the sea;
And the nation's cry resounded,
"Save the land our fathers founded
For the free!"

An unselfish generation
Saw the peril of the nation,
Heard the cry;
Left the homes their hands were making,
And, while loyal hearts were breaking,
Dared to die.

In their country's wondrous story
Learned they of the greater glory
Yet to be;
And this faith, all else transcending,
Bore them onward to the ending—
Victory.

Shall this faith find full fruition?
Had these souls a holy mission
To unfold?
Are the people bravely keeping
All their heritage, or sleeping
As of old?

Are the principles we cherish
Mere "opinions" that may perish
At the last?
Does the path to future glory
Lie *around* the buried story
Of the past?

True, the outward strife is ended,
But the principles defended
Are the same;
And a selfish generation
Can despoil the greatest nation
Of her fame.

Harder than our self-denying,
Loss of limb or dread of dying,
Or the pain,
Is the fear that our endeavor,
And its glory, may forever
Be in vain.

Listening to this complaint,—alas! too true today,
Wondering if the veterans are fainting by the way,—

Lo! the promises and pledges seem shining over all,
And above this muffled music I hear a bugle call:

Brave wast thou in battle, in the vigor of thy youth;
Be braver now to battle for God's eternal truth!
Still keep this standard waving against thy native sky,
That loyalty and freedom and love can never die.

Above these threatening shadows the light of coming day
This night of human passion ere long shall chase away;
Humanity, exalted, shall celebrate thy fame
And search the loyal pages to find thy honored name.

Though meaner motives clamor, and discord reigns around,
The music of the Union in melody shall sound;
And millions marching upward shall learn the reason why
The Nation's brave defenders were not afraid to die.

Today we bring our offerings—beyond the reach of strife—
To crown the dust of heroes with faith and hope and life;
Offerings of grateful love for those who nobly died,
Emblems of a Nation's life, redeemed and purified.

It is hard to believe that there is any necessity to warn Americans that, when they seek to model themselves on the lines of other civilizations, they make themselves the butts of all right-thinking men; and yet the necessity certainly exists to give this warning to many of our citizens who pride themselves on their standing in the world of art and letters, or, perchance, on what they would style their social leadership in the community. We Americans can only do our alloted task well if we face it steadily and bravely, seeing, but not fearing, the dangers. Above all, we must stand shoulder to shoulder, not asking as to the ancestry or creed of our comrades, but only demanding that they be in very truth Americans, and that we all work together,—heart, hand, and head,—for the honor and the greatness of our common country.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;
For, tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

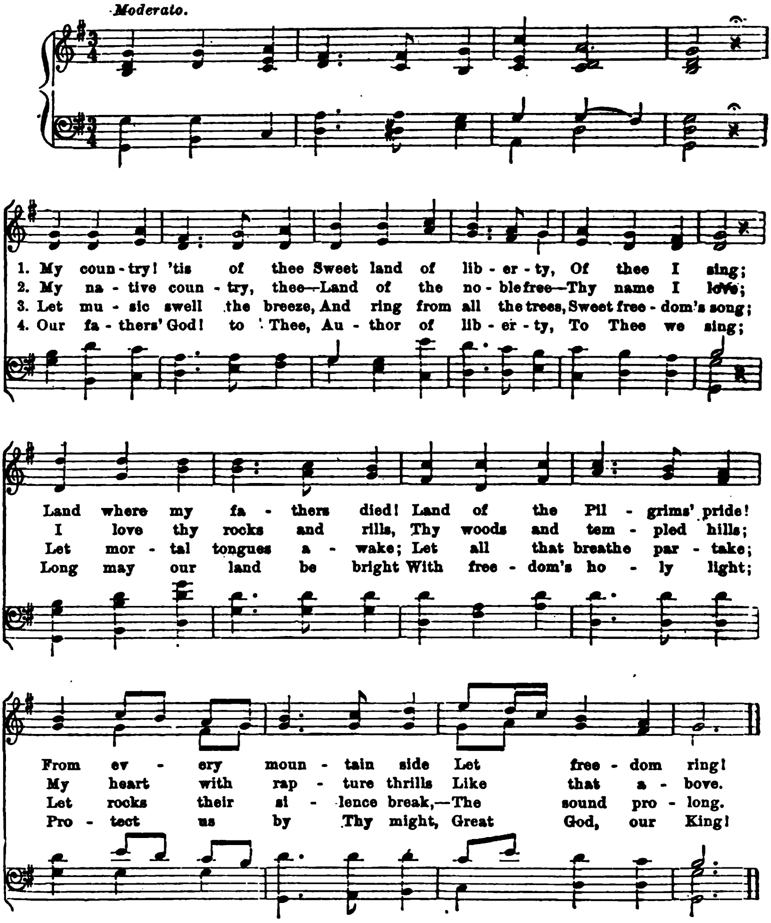
—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

AMERICA

HENRY CAREY, (?)

Words by SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, D. D.

Newly arr. by JOHN W. TUFTS.


Moderato.
1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing;
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee—Land of the no-ble free—Thy name I love;
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet free-dom's song;
4. Our fa-thers' God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing;
Land where my fa-thers died! Land of the Pil-grims' pride!
I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills;
Let mor-tal tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe par-take;
Long may our land be bright With free-dom's ho-ly light;
From ev-ery moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
Let rocks their si-lence break,—The sound pro-long.
Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

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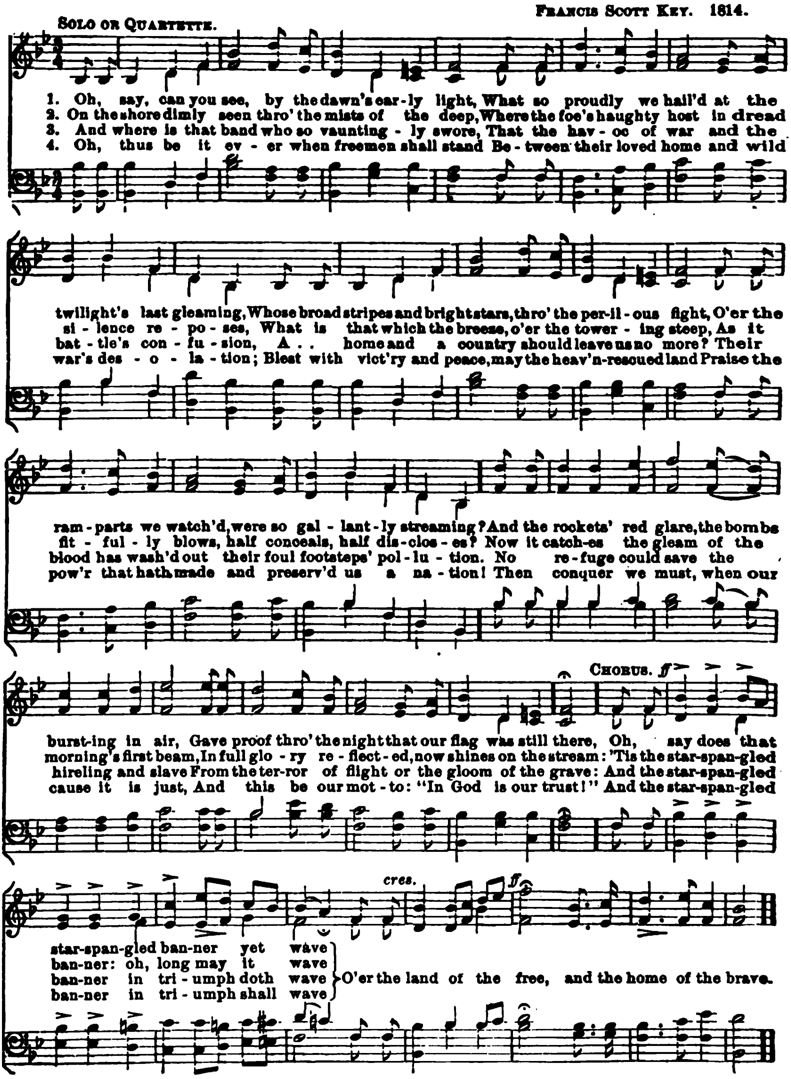
THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Francis Scott Key. 1814.


Solo or Quartette.
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hail'd at the
2. On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band who so vaunting - ly swore, That the hav - oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved home and wild
twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per-il - ous fight, O'er the
si - lence re - po - ses, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower - ing steep, As it
bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A . . home and a country should leave us no more? Their
war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the
ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pol - lu - tion. No re - fuge could save the
pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a na - tion! Then conquer we must, when our
Chorus. ff
burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there, Oh, say does that
morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-span-gled
hireling and slave From the ter-ror of flight or the gloom of the grave: And the star-span-gled
cause it is just, And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled
star-span-gled ban-ner yet wave
ban-ner: oh, long may it wave
ban-ner in tri - umph doth wave
ban-ner in tri - umph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
cres.
ff

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Memorial Day...

WISCONSIN
MAY 30, 1908

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WISCONSIN

MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL

1908

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DEMOCRAT PRINTING COMPANY, STATE PRINTER
1908

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
P 196448
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
1909

MEMORIAL DAY, as the name implies, is a day of memories. To those beyond middle age it brings vividly to mind the stirring scenes of the great Civil War,—the enlistment, the movement to the front, the battles, the sieges, the final culmination at Appomattox. To those of middle age there comes to mind the picture of the returned veterans, of the old blue army overcoat, with perhaps an empty sleeve, of the old army muskets then everywhere in evidence, of the rousing celebrations of Independence Day, in which the soldiers took the principal part. There comes to mind the widow and the orphan whose joy at the return of the "boys in blue" was tempered by the keenness of personal loss.

For those of a later generation the celebration of Memorial Day makes vivid the mental pictures which they have formed of the events of this war. The privilege of having a part in these celebrations while veterans of this great struggle are still with us, should be highly prized. The time will come in the life time of those now in our schools when they will be envied for having had this privilege.

The Civil War was waged for the preservation of the Union and for securing the freedom of all men irrespective of color. It was a war waged for the sake of high and noble principles. The recurring celebration of Memorial Day deepens in the public mind the realization of the struggle which is necessary to establish and maintain principles which seem to be opposed to the material interests of any considerable number of men. The events which the day commemorates are a great object lesson of the truth expressed by the poet:

> "Some day the soft ideal that we wooed
> Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
> And cries reproachful: "Was it, then, my praise,
> And not myself was loved? Prove now thy truth;
> I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;
> Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
> The victim of thy genius, not its mate,"

Memorial Day commemorates the deeds of those who proved true to their ideal even unto death.

The celebration of Memorial day has a high purpose and great educational value. Appropriate programs should be rendered by every school in the state. Preparations should be made with thoroughness and care. The article in this annual, by H. W. Rood, entitled "A Message from the Grand Army of the Republic" will be very helpful in making these preparations. No Memorial day observance in our schools is complete without the presence of veterans of the Civil War, and their presence should by all means be secured.

If this annual shall help to revive memories of the great struggle for liberty and union, if it shall help kindle the imagination to the great drama of history enacted in the sixties, if it shall help to teach the patriotic duty of sacrifice if need be to save our country from foes within or without, then its mission will have been fulfilled.

Memorial Day Annuals a Part of School Libraries.

Teachers receiving Memorial Day Annuals for use in their schools should preserve them as part of the school library. The selections which successive issues contain will in the aggregate form a valuable source of material for use in preparing programs and in the language, literature, and history classes.

A New Memorial Day.

By the sob of the southern rivers,
By the sigh of the northern hills,
To the tender tune of the soft tattoo,
While the muffled drum-beat thrills
The heart of a common nation
With a common sorrow to-day,
Let roses fall, for one and all,
On the graves of the blue and gray!

Clasp hands forever and ever—
There are no sections now,
They are one and one in the new faith won
From the faith of a patriot vow,
The wounds that were wide and bitter
Are healed by the touch to-day
Of the tender fingers of love that press
Rose-wreaths for the blue and gray!

They are calling the veteran legions
Who march from fields of the past!
They are calling the brave young heroes
Who are one with the old ones at last;
And the flag they are marching under
Is my flag and your flag to-day—
The stripes and the stars of old glory,
The flag of the blue and the gray!

Bend down with your blossoms, ye living!
Sleep on in your silence, ye dead!
The bugles are mute, the drums muffled,
The columns swing slow in their tread;
But the north and the south march together,
They are under one banner to-day,
And they pluck the white rose of remembrance
Alike for the blue and the gray!

For the graves that are green with the verdure
Of the years that have healed with their song
The sting and the stain and the anger,
The passion, the pride, and the wrong;
For the graves with the fresh turf upon them,
Those young graves that call us to-day,
With the rose-wreaths of common affection
Made one for the blue and the gray

—*Baltimore News.*

Decoration Day.

How quickly Nature takes possession of a deserted battlefield, and goes to work repairing the ravages of man! With invisible magic hand she smooths the rough earthworks, fills the rifle-pits with delicate flowers, and wraps the splintered tree-trunks with her fluent drapery of tendrils. Soon the whole sharp outline of the spot is lost in unremembering grass. Where the deadly rifle-ball whistled through the foliage, the robin or the thrush pipes its tremulous note; and where the menacing shell described its curve through the air, a harmless crow flies in circles. Season after season the gentle work goes on, healing the wounds and rents made by the merciless enginery of war, until at last the once hotly contested battleground differs from none of its quiet surroundings, except, perhaps, that here the flowers take a richer tint and the grasses a deeper emerald.

It is thus the battle lines may be obliterated by Time, but there are left other and more lasting relics of the struggle. That dinted army saber, with a bit of faded crêpe knotted at its hilt, which hangs over the mantel-piece of the "best room" of many a town and country house in these States, is one; and the graven headstone of the fallen hero is another. The old swords will be treasured and handed down from generation to generation as priceless heirlooms, and with them let us trust, will be cherished the custom of dressing with annual flowers the resting-places of those who fell during the Civil War.

With the tears a Land hath shed
Their graves should ever be green.

Ever their fair, true glory
  Fondly should fame rehearse,—
Light of legend and story,
  Flower of marble and verse.

The impulse which led us to set apart a day for decorating the graves of our soldiers sprung from the grieved heart of the nation, and in our own time there is little chance of the rite being neglected. But the generations that come after us should not allow the observance to fall into disuse. What with us is an expression of fresh love and sorrow should be with them an acknowledgment of an incalculable debt.

Decoration Day is the most beautiful of our national holidays. How different from those sullen batteries which used to go rumbling through our streets are the crowds of light carriages, laden with flowers and greenery, wending their way to the neighboring cemeteries! The grim cannon have turned into palm branches, and the shell and shrapnel into peach blooms. There is no hint of war in these gay baggage trains, except the presence of men in undress uniforms, and perhaps here and there an empty sleeve to remind one of what has been. Year by year that empty sleeve is less in evidence.

The observance of Decoration Day is unmarked by that disorder and confusion common enough with our people in their holiday moods. The earlier sorrow has faded out of the hour, leaving a softened solemnity. It quickly ceased to be simply a local commemoration. While the sequestered country churchyards and burial-places near our great northern cities were being hung with May garlands, the thought could not but come to us that there were graves lying southward above which bent a grief as tender and sacred as our own. Invisibly we dropped unseen flowers upon these mounds. There is a beautiful significance in the fact that, two years after the close of the war, the women of Columbus, Mississippi, laid their offerings alike on Northern and Southern graves. When all is said, the great Nation has but one heart.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

From "Ponkapog Papers." By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Portion of an Address by Governor James O. Davidson.

On the occasion of the dedication of the Wisconsin Memorial Monument at Andersonville, Georgia, October 17, 1907.

To die on the field of battle in the heat of the conflict conscious of the victory of his arms, has always been the wish of the soldier. To pass away thus is to die alone on the open plains, or by the side of comrades in arms. They receive his dying words. They give his body the last sad rites of a soldier. They tell those dear to him that he fought bravely and died a soldier's death. In such a scene there is inspiration; there is glory in such a death. Music and poetry for ages have found it their choicest theme.

Turn now to the soldier who languished behind the prison bars. Hunger, thirst, and disease claimed him for their own. The free open air was often denied him. His patriotic sighs and prayers re-echoed from walls, mute and dark. The agonizing throbs of his heart found no sympathy. There were no loving and tender hands to minister to his dying wishes. What yearnings, what hopes, and what wishes must have flitted through his feverish brain! What scenes of happy hours his imagination must have pictured! And yet I doubt not his heart was free from anguish and bitterness. His death was a martyrdom, as lofty in soul, as trying in courage, and as grand and holy in patriotic virtue as was ever attested by death for principle. Recall to the mind of an aged veteran of that war the scenes of battle. His head is thrown back, his breath quickens, and the eye flashes with the spirit of the events. Recall to his memory prison days, and sadness creeps over his features and his head is bowed in sorrow. May the day soon come when we shall have reached that stage of development of mankind, when in the solution of public problems wars shall cease and man's natural instincts for combat will give place to the more reasonable consideration of an enlightened progress.

The monument which we dedicate here today is sacred to the memory of the military prisoner. It rests upon a spot which will never be forgotten as long as history is recorded. Wisconsin offers it to the south, untinged with malignity and bitterness. It is with pleasure that I receive this beautiful monument from the Commission which supervised its erection, and it is with equal pleasure that I give it into the watchful care and keeping of that magnificent organization, the Woman's Relief Corps. This product of the sculptor's art is a tribute to those who died here for their country. No future age can have greater dead than these; no graves can hold holier dust. In this hallowed ground are buried with them the passions of war, and all the jealous strife of sections. Today we know only the spirit of unity and the fraternity of love and respect. We behold a union firmly established in the hearts, affections, and loyalty of its citizens. We pay equal military honors to him who wore the gray, as are showered upon the wearer of the blue.

This monument is not only for the dead; it is for the living as well. It is a tribute to the dead, an inspiration to the living. It speaks a sentiment which language is too limited to express. If inspiration can come from association, if determination comes from example, if virtue, loyalty, and righteousness are capable of awakening, then where in history is there an occasion which will so arouse the love of principle, the obedience to law, the charity, generosity, and inspiring patriotism of American citizenship, as here, where over thirteen thousand men died of disease and exposure that a noble cause might live. The action of the elements will destroy this monument, time may efface all physical traces of this place, but the impressions of man's noble deeds, cast in the hearts of a grateful people, will, with the advancing march of civilization, grow into an even broader and deeper appreciation of the character of the American soldier.

Ready.

Loaded with gallant soldiers,
  A boat shot in to the land,
And lay at the right of Rodman's Point,
  With her keel upon the sand.

Lightly, gayly, they came to shore,
  And never a man afraid;
When sudden the enemy opened fire
  From his deadly ambuscade.

Each man fell flat on the bottom
  Of the boat; and the captain said:
"If we lie here, we all are captured,
  And the first who moves is dead!"

Then out spoke a negro sailor,
  No slavish soul had he:
"Somebody's got to die, boys,
  And it might as well be me!"

Firmly he rose, and fearlessly
  Stepped out into the tide;
He pushed the vessel safely off,
  Then fell across her side:

Fell, pierced by a dozen bullets,
  As the boat swung clear and free;
But there wasn't a man of them that day
  Who was fitter to die than he!

—Phoebe Cary.

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Shall Freedom Droop and Die?

Shall Freedom droop and die,
  And we stand idly by,
When countless millions yet unborn
  Will ask the reason why?

If for her flag on high
  You bravely fight and die,
Be sure that God on his great roll
  Will mark the reason why.

But should ye basely fly,
  Scared by the battle-cry,
Then down through all eternity
  You'll hear the reason why.

—Charles G. Leland.

From "The Picket Line." By permission of Hurst & Co.

The Last Broadside.

The following lines were written upon hearing of the heroism of the crew of the "Frigate Cumberland," in the engagement at "Hampton Roads", who bravely fired a last "Broadside" while their ship was sinking, in compliance with the order of their Commanding officer, the gallant hero, Lieutenant Morris.

Shall we give them a Broadside, my boys, as she goes?
  Shall we send yet another to tell,
In iron-tongued words, to Columbia's foes,
  How bravely her sons say Farewell?

Ay! what though we sink 'neath the turbulent wave,
  'Tis with DUTY and RIGHT at the helm;
And over the form should the fierce waters rave,
  No tide can the spirit o'erwhelm!

For swift o'er the billows of Charon's dark stream
  We'll pass to the Immortal shore,
Where the "waters of life" in brilliancy beam,
  And the pure float in peace evermore!

Shall we give them a Broadside once more, my brave men?
  "Ay! Ay!" rose the full, earnest cry;
"A Broadside! A Broadside! we'll give them again!
  Then for God and the Right nobly die."

"Haste! Haste!"—for amid all that battling din
  Comes a gurgling sound fraught with fear,
As swift flowing waters pour rushingly in;
  Up! Up! till their portholes they near.

No blenching!—no faltering!—still fearless all seem;
  Each man firm to duty doth bide;
A flash! and a "Broadside!" a shout! a careen?
  And the Cumberland sinks 'neath the tide!

The "Star Spangled Banner" still floating above!
  As a beacon upon the dark wave!
Our Ensign of Glory, proud streaming in love,
  O'er the tomb of the "Loyal and Brave!"

Bold hearts! mighty spirits! "tried gold" of our land!
  A halo of glory your meed!
All honored, the noble-souled Cumberland band!
  So true in Columbia's need!

—*By Elizabeth T. Porter Beach.*

By permission of Hurst & Co.

General Sherman.

By CARL SCHURZ.

From an address at a special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, February 17, 1891, upon seconding resolutions before the Chamber on the death of General William Tecumseh Sherman.

Death has at last conquered the hero of so many campaigns; our cities and towns and villages are decked with flags at half-mast; the muffled drum and the funeral cannon-boom will resound over the land as his dead body passes to the final resting-place; and the American people stand mournfully gazing into the void left by the sudden disappearance of the last of the greatest men brought forth by our war of regeneration—and this last also finally become, save Abraham Lincoln alone, the most widely beloved. He is gone; but as we of the present generation remember it, history will tell all coming centuries, the romantic story of the famous "March to the Sea"—how, in the dark days of 1864, Sherman, having worked his bloody way to Atlanta, then cast off all his lines of supply and communication, and, like a bold diver into the dark unknown, seemed to vanish with all his hosts from the eyes of the world, until his triumphant re-appearance on the shores of the ocean proclaimed to the anxiously expecting millions, that now the final victory was no longer doubtful and that the Republic would surely be saved.

Nor will history fail to record that this great general was, as a victorious soldier, a model of republican citizenship. When he had done his illustrious deeds, he rose step by step to the highest rank in the army, and then, grown old, he retired. The Republic made provision for him in modest republican style. He was satisfied. He asked for no higher reward. Although the splendor of his achievements, and the personal affection for him, which every one of his soldiers carried home, made him the most popular American of his day, and although the most glittering prizes were not seldom held up before his eyes, he remained untroubled by ulterior ambition. No thought that the Republic owed him more ever darkened his mind. No man could have spoken to him of the "ingratitude of Republics," without meeting from him a stern rebuke. And so, content with the consciousness of a great duty nobly done, he was happy in the love of his fellow citizens.

Indeed, he may truly be said to have been in his old age, not only the most beloved, but also the happiest of Americans. Many years he lived in the midst of posterity. His task was finished, and this he wisely understood. His deeds had been passed upon by the judgment of history, and irrevocably registered among the glories of his country and his age. His generous heart envied no one, and wished every one well; and ill-will had long ceased to pursue him. Beyond cavil his fame was secure, and he enjoyed it as that which he had honestly earned, with a genuine and ever fresh delight, openly avowed by the charming frankness of his nature. He dearly loved to be esteemed and cherished by his fellow men, and what he valued most, his waning years brought him in ever increasing abundance. Thus he was in truth a most happy man, and his days went down like an evening sun in a cloudless autumn sky. And when now the American people, with that peculiar tenderness of affection which they have long borne him, lay him in his grave, the happy ending of his great life may soothe the pang of bereavement they feel in their hearts at the loss of the old hero who was so dear to them, and of whom they were and always will be so proud. His memory will ever be bright to us all; his truest monument will be the greatness of the Republic he served so well; and his fame will never cease to be prized by a grateful country, as one of its most precious possessions.

Gettysburg.

You wore the blue and I the gray
  On this historic field;
And all throughout the dreadful fray
  We felt our muscles steeled
For deeds which men may never know,
  Nor page of history ever show.

My father, sir, with soul to dare,
  Throughout the day and night,
Stood on old Little Round Top there,
  And watched the changeful fight,
And, with a hoarse, inspiring cry,
  Held up the stars and bars on high.

At last the flag went down, and then—
  Ah, you can guess the rest—
I never saw his face again.
  My father's loyal breast
Is strewn with these sweet flow'rs, I wot,
  That seem to love this sacred spot.

The smoke of battle's cleared away,
  And all its hatreds, too;
And as I clasp your hand to-day,
  O man who wore the blue,
On yonder hill I seem to see
  My father smiling down to me.

—*Eugene Field.*

The American Volunteer.

When in 1775, the Continental congress called for six companies of expert riflemen from the mountains of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, the American volunteer army had its birth. There was no toryism in the Alleghanies and twice six companies came. With rifle and powder they had themselves made, with parched corn their only rations, they marched six hundred miles to Boston and the cause of the colonies was won. These were the first American volunteers. They had drunk the wine of liberty on the mountain tops, had seen the vision of the great republic that was to be, along the shores of the Ohio and the Mississippi.

It was the American volunteer who fought with Jackson at New Orleans, laid down his life at the Alamo, cheered and charged with Hooker "above the clouds" at Lookout, followed Roosevelt through the ditches and over the barb wired barricades at El Caney, and who fought the fever and the Filipinos in the jungles about Manila. After a hundred years he stands unchanged; in spirit, in motive, in method—apart from all the soldiers of the old world in ancient or in modern times. No society, not education nor wealth has defeated his spirit; the same heart throbs under the hunting shirt of the Indian fighter and cow boy as under the royal purple of the multi-millionaire of Manhattan. It is in the blood, and will abide so long as God makes Americans noble enough to love liberty more than life.

Soldiers of other lands and races have been brave. The heroic defense at the pass of Thermopylae, the brilliant charge at Balaklava, the last stand of the old guard at Waterloo, the dreary and desolate retreat from Moscow where "widows' wails made music for the marching hosts," will ever live in song and story. But the civil war from Bull Run to Appomattox and the immortal hundred days of the Spanish war, teem with the courage and pluck and endurance of the American volunteer. The "slaughter pen" at Gettysburg, the "hornets' nest" at Shiloh, the last grand dash at Chickamaugua, will remain among the cherished memories of the world.

In his simple courage he has never tried to frighten his enemy with his uniform, and the world now begins to smile at the bear skin helmet of the Russian and the red coat of the Briton, justly placing them along with the feathers and war paint of the savage. The American volunteer despised the lace and gold, knew from the first that men, not millinery, would win the battle. And he has made the plain butternut and blue the symbol of knightly heroism.

No other soldier has ever been so versatile, so resourceful. No training camps in the science of destruction for him, for he knows how to make the very things he would destroy. Trained in the arts of peace, no situation daunts him, no problem he cannot solve. Ask the south whether Sherman's bummers sweeping from Atlanta to the sea could not destroy. The world knows his versatility. With a single regiment you could build and operate a railroad, a steamboat or a telegraph, edit and print a newspaper, create a constitution, make laws, administer courts of justice, create sanitary systems and enforce them. From a single brigade you could fill a great university with students and professors.

And above all the Amercan volunteer has individuality, initiative. The soldier of the old world is but a cog in a great machine. "Theirs not to make reply, theirs but to do and die." He is inventoried like his horse, his rifle and bayonet, fighting he knows not why, dying he knows not why, except it is an incident in his business. Our volunteer is no cog in a machine, but a whole machine in himself, a fighting machine, and yet something more,—a thinking machine. He is a citizen in arms, yet soldierly; submits to discipline because he knows the value of union. He knows why he fights, for what he gives his last full measure of devotion. Inflexible in battle, he is magnanimous in victory. Will conquer the Filipinos today and tomorrow will build for them railroads and telegraphs, school houses and churches, erect free governments, create new civilizations. A citizen in arms who "carries a bayonet that thinks and whose musket loaded with a principle, brings down, not a man, but a system." He seeks no rewards in military life, simply wants to settle the matter in hand rightly and go back to his farm, his shop or his books. He has no taste for the fort or the camp in times of peace; would not volunteer if he could not fight nor would he consent that others should do his fighting for him. To him a standing army would be in times of peace a costly luxury; in times of war an abridgment of his own rights. Such soldiers make possible great commanders like Grant and Sherman and Sheridan, Stonewall Jackson and the regal, though recreant Lee.

While live such soldiers, lives the republic. And if the sword shall ever be beaten into the plowshare and men learn war no more, then still on the background of history, heroic in his simplicity shall stand supreme among the soldiers of the centuries, the knightly figure of the American volunteer.

E. A. Evans.

Commencement oration, University of Wisconsin, 1899.

Our Orders.

Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights!
The crimson flower of battle blooms,
And solemn marches fill the nights.

Weave but the flags whose bars today
Drooped heavy o'er our early dead.
And homely garments, coarse and gray,
For orphans that must earn their bread!

Keep back your tunes, ye viols sweet,
That poured delight from other lands!
Rouse there the dancer's restless feet;
The trumpet leads our warrior bands.

And ye that wage the war of words
With mystic fame and subtle power,
Go, chatter to the idle birds,
Or teach the lesson of the hour!

Ye Sybil Arts, in one stern knot
Be all your offices combined!
Stand close, while Courage draws the lot,
The destiny of human kind.

And if that destiny could fail,
The sun should darken in the sky,
The eternal bloom of Nature pale,
And God, and Truth, and Freedom die!

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

Lincoln.

Strong in the strength of common sense;
Fettered by naught but right's own rules;
With wisdom blessed above the schools,
And void of sham and false pretense;

Finding in every human face
Some image of the source of all,
Hearing in every bondman's call
The suppliance of a common race;—

Thus armed, in blackest hour of hate,
Obedient to a people's voice,
And sacred by a people's choice,
He came to guard and save the state.

—*Selected.*

A Message to the Schools from the Grand Army of the Republic.

Superintendent Cary has kindly given space in this Memorial Day Annual wherein the veterans of the Grand Army may send a message of greeting to the boys and girls and their teachers in our schools. It becomes my duty, as Patriotic Instructor for Wisconsin, to write this message. Let me tell you in the beginning that I am not writing for myself alone, but for every old soldier in the state.

For the saving of our Union, there were 91,379 enlistments from Wisconsin, more than half of all the boys and men then in the state. Many of these young soldiers came right from the schools, thousands of them less than 18 years of age, and hundreds of them not yet 16. Many boys of 13 or 14 became army drummers. All these young fellows made brave soldiers and did splendid service.

When the war was over and the Union saved, the most of these soldiers came home; yet 10,868 of our Wisconsin boys who marched away under our flag were either killed in battle or died of wounds or disease. Thousands of those who thus died were bright, keen, jolly boys, very much like the high school boys of these days; and they were good and true and brave. Many of them were buried where they fell, while others were brought home and laid to rest in the quiet country cemeteries near where they played before they went to war. Perhaps some of you can find to-day in the cemetery near your home a marble slab on which there is the name of a young soldier who died for his country in the war for the Union. But you are to remember that away off yonder along the sunny slopes and in the shady valleys of the Southland there are thousands of unknown graves. It may be that some soldier-boy who once went to your own school sleeps in one of them. Of the soldiers who lived through the dangers and hardships of war, only a few are now living. The most of them rest below the green mounds in the churchyard. The few who still live are now growing old; some very old and feeble. You will now and then see one of them wearing a little bronze button on the lapel of his coat. This button means that he is a Grand Army man. It is for him that I am writing to you. It may be that he is your father or uncle or grandfather.

A few years after the war these Grand Army men set apart the 30th day of May as a time when they would stop their work, get together and have some public exercises—such as speeches, recitations and songs—in memory of their dead comrades; and then march to the cemetery with flowers to strew over the graves of those comrades. Other loyal people soon began to unite with them in this service, especially the school children. Nothing pleased the old soldiers more than to have the boys and girls from school come, with their teachers, to take part with them in this beautiful memorial service. In these later years this custom has come to be a common one, and you may be sure that we war veterans are very glad of it.

There are now in Wisconsin 227 Grand Army Posts. Though there are in some of them only five or ten members—and they old and feeble—the most of the Posts will make plans for exercises on the coming Memorial Day and will, with the children to help them, carry flowers out to their comrades' graves in the cemetery. But there are many hundreds of country burial grounds where there are no Grand Army Posts to plan for memorial services. If the teachers and pupils of the nearby schools do not arrange for such services in those cemeteries, no flowers will be placed on the graves of the soldiers sleeping there. Let me, teachers and pupils, in behalf of the fast-falling-away remnant of the loyal army of young men and boys of 1861-65, say to you that we shall be glad and grateful if, where we ourselves cannot do it, you will perform this loving service for us. My dear teacher of the true anl loyal heart, here is the most favorable of opportunities for you, not alone to please us, but to bring lessons of patriotism to bear upon the hearts of your boys and girls,—such as will influence them all their lives for good.

I cannot tell you just what to do—just what your program should be. If you can put yourself into the spirit of it, you will think of a fitting way of observing Memorial Day. It would be well, I think, to have some talks with your boys and girls during the month of May, telling them all about it, and getting them, too, into the spirit of it. I know from experience that children are easily moved in mind and heart by stories of heroic deeds and self-sacrifice for what is right. If they can be made to know that graves of those who fought for the flag are in the nearby cemeteries, where some of their own loved ones now lie at rest, the most of them will be glad to search the fields and woods for spring flowers to scatter over the resting places of our nation's dead. They will be glad to give recitations and songs in honor of those dead. They will, I am sure, be ready to help you in your program for the day. You may have one or more army veterans living near where you teach. It would be a good plan to send specal invitations to all such to visit your schools on Memorial Friday, when you have exercises there, and make those who come your guests of honor. Let the children pin bits of bouquets upon their coats, and, for that day, show them special courtesy. It may be that one of them would, if asked, give a talk about war-days—about the camp, the march, the picket line or the battle.

If some old soldiers do not respond readily to your invitations, do not lay it up against them. I have heard now and then one of the war veterans say he is bashful, very bashful, about going to school,—that he'd rather face a battery of cannon than fifty bright eyes of pupils and their teachers in school. Some of the grizzled old veterans have literally to be captured in order to get them into school. Just lay your plans to make prisoners of them. I know by experience that they'll like it,—that they will rejoice in your patriotic exercises and in their hearts will bless you for them.

The most of the old soldiers will encourage you and help you in your plans for Memorial Day, and it would be well to give them a chance.

And now let me make a few suggestions concerning plans for the observance of that day. Appoint two boys to go to the cemetery a day or two before the 30th of May and put a little flag on every old soldier's grave they can find. If some war veteran is still living near, he might go with the boys to help find the graves. If there is no such man to be found, some other person in the community may give this aid.

If Memorial Day is pleasant, it would be a good plan for the children to go out in the morning in search of flowers and bring them to the school house, or some other convenient place, where the prettiest blossoms may be made into bouquets. Then, at a set time, form in procession for the cemetery. There should, of course, be a flag-bearer in front, then the children who carry the flowers,—after that your old soldier friends. If you have invited, as you should do, the people of the community to meet with you and march with you, you will have a fine procession. It might be a good plan to have one of the older pupils act as commander and lead the march.

You might find a fit place in the cemetery where you can all gather for your exercises, perhaps about the grave of an old soldier. Some one who is on speaking terms with the Father of us all should be with you to offer prayer. Nothing would better fit into your program than Lincoln's Gettysburg speech. Any program of patriotic songs and recitations is appropriate for Memorial Day, yet it would be well to have for the most of them such as do honor to our patriot dead. You can find enough of them in this little book. It may be that you can get some one—perhaps an old soldier—who can speak well to take part in this program.

After your exercises, pass in procession from grave to grave, placing bouquets of flowers on every one. It would be pretty to have an appropriate little recitation given at every grave where you leave flowers. But in all this you should not forget those young heroes of the far-away, unknown graves. Place upon some selected spot a few of the brightest of your floral offerings in honor of the unknown dead.

"Think of those far-away heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers."

I have written all this only in the way of suggestion. Every lively, interested teacher, can make a Memorial Day program especially adapted to the community and conditions under which he or she is placed. The principal thing is to do that which will honor our heroic dead and impress the minds and hearts of the young,—to lead them to love their country and come to be loyal, patriotic citizens. We Grand Army men do not want another war. We wish our boys and girls to grow into such good citizenship as will never be guilty of rebellion, and will not provoke other nations to pick a quarrel with us.

In what I have said I have had country schools mostly in mind. Graded school principals of the right sort, will, I am sure, every one in what seems to him the best way, undertake to carry out the spirit of the suggestions I have made.

Teachers and pupils will find the Woman's Relief Corps and Ladies of the G. A. R. very glad to help them in their plans for services in connection with Memorial Day,—also members of the Sons of Veterans.

We Grand Army men are grateful to the State Superintendent for the pains taken every year to put into our schools so beautiful a little teacher of patriotism as this Memorial Day Annual. It is, where teachers are making the right use of it, doing more good than we can understand.

After all, the effective teaching of patriotism, like the teaching of morals and manners,—yes, and arithmetic,—depends very much on the teacher—the personal influence of the real teacher. From what I myself see, I am led to believe that our great army of earnest teachers are doing more than all others to Americanize and unify the complex elements that compose our population and inspire them with high ideals of citizenship, than all other classes of people combined.

In closing, I wish to make a personal request of every teacher who has read what I have written and feels an interest in the matter. I'd like to have you write me a letter in answer to the following questions:

1. What national holidays have you observed in your school during the past year?

2. Are your pupils interested in such exercises?

3. What songs are their favorites?

4. Do you have one or more flags in school? What use do you make of it—or of them?

5. Do your pupils know and give "the flag salute?"

6. What have you done this year in conection with Memorial Day? Did you have the help of G. A. R. men?

7. What suggestions have you to make concerning patriotic instruction—its importance, best methods, etc.?

I shall be grateful to every teacher who will, with hearty interest, write such a letter to me. I want it as an aid in making up a report to the Department Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in Racine on the 16th and 17th of next June. I wish to tell the old men of the Grand Army what our schools are doing in the way of patriotic instruction. They wlll be pleased to hear about it.

Write your letter, please, upon paper just the size of the pages of this Annual. Leave a margin of one inch at the left so that all the letters may be bound into a book to be put into the permanent library in the Memorial Hall here in the Capitol. I wish those who look over this library in the years to come to know something of what was done in the schools of Wisconsin in 1908 in the matter of patriotic instruction.

In order to make a report from these letters and get them properly bound, they must reach me before the 5th of June. I wish to take the book to the G. A. R. Encampment. I'd like letters from all grades of schools.

Try to be particular about the size of paper, the one-inch margin at the left, and the date of mailing it—on or before June 4.

Cordially and Fraternally yours,

H. W. Rood,
G. A. R. Patriotic Instructor.

Cavalry Charge.

With bray of the trumpet
  And roll of the drum,
And keen ring of bugles,
  The cavalry come.
Sharp clank the steel scabbards,
  The bridle-chains ring,
And foam from red nostrils
  The wild chargers fling.

Tramp! tramp! o'er the green sward
  That quivers below,
Scarce held by the curb-bit
  The fierce horses go!
And the grim-visaged colonel,
  With ear-rending shout,
Peals forth to the squadrons,
  The order—"Trot out."

One hand on the sabre,
  And one on the rein,
The troopers moved forward
  In line on the plain,
As rings the word "Gallop!"
  The steel scabbards clank
And each rowel is pressed
  To a horse's hot flank;
And swift is their rush
  As the wild torrents flow,
When it pours from the crag
  On the valley below.

"Charge!" thunders the leader
  Like shaft from the bow
Each mad horse is hurled
  On the wavering foe.
A thousand bright sabres
  Are gleaming in air;
A thousand dark horses
  Are dashed on the square.

Resistless and reckless
  Of aught may betide,
Like demons, not mortals,
  The wild troopers ride.
Cut right! and cut left!
  For the parry who needs?
The bayonets shiver
  Like wind-shattered reeds!

Vain—vain the red volley
  That bursts from the square—
The random-shot bullets
  Are wasted in air.
Triumphant, remorseless,
  Unerring as death,—
No sabre that's stainless
  Returns to its sheath.

The wounds that are dealt
  By the murderous steel
Will never yield case
  For the surgeons to heal.
Hurrah! they are broken—
  Hurrah! boys, they fly—
None linger save those
  Who linger to die.

Rein up your hot horses
  And call in your men;
The trumpet sounds "Rally,
  To color" again.
Some saddles are empty,
    Some comrades are slain,
And some noble horses
  Lie stark on the plain,
But war's a chance game, boys,
  And weeping is vain.

—*Francis A. Durivage.*

Abraham Lincoln.

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
  Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
  The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
  Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
  That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free;
  We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
  The broken fetters of a slave.

Pure was thy life: its bloody close
  Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noblest host of those
  Who perished in the cause of right.

—*William Cullen Bryant (1865).*

North and South Reconciled at Grant's Bier.

Sometimes there is crowded into a simple event the spirit of a nation. "North" and "South" met at the bier of the great captain who led the Union armies to victory. Johnston and Buckner upon one side, Sheridan and Sherman upon the other. No words can picture that scene. The spirit of freedom joined the hands of those four brave commanders. The benediction of the great man whom they bore to the tomb rested upon their heads. Although triumphant as a conqueror of armies, General Grant's greatest victory came after the last sword had been sheathed. It was the victory of generosity and forgiveness towards the surrendered hosts. It was "When his work was done that this man of blood was as tender towards his late adversaries as a woman towards her son. He imposed no humiliating conditions, spared the feelings of his antagonists, sent home the disbanded southern men with food, and horses for working their crops, and when a revengeful spirit in the executive chair showed itself and threatened the chief southern generals, Grant, with a holy indignation, interposed himself, and compelled his superior to relinquish his rash purpose."

It was such a magnanimous spirit that brought Johnston and Buckner to represent the southern soldiery at his burial, and caused the tears of all true patriots everywhere to mingle on that day. No wonder that "sympathy rolled as a wave over the land." Slavery was indeed dead, conquered by freedom in the lead of one who knew not revenge. The spirit of this great man bearing the olive branch of peace should animate the memorial services of to-day and for all time to come.

—*Journal of Education.*

President Roosevelt on Civic Duties.

Fundamentally this country is sound morally no less than physically. Fundamentally, in its family life and in the outside activities of its individuals the country is better, and not worse, than it formerly was. This does not mean that we are to be excused if we fail to war against rottenness and corruption, if we fail to contend effectively with the forces of evil, and they waste their time who ask me to withhold my hand from dealing therewith. But it is worth while to smite the wrong for the very reason that we are confident that the right will ultimately prevail.

The effort should be made to teach everyone that the first requisite of good citizenship is doing the duties that are near at hand. But, of course, this does not excuse a man from doing the other duties too. It is no excuse if a man neglects his political duties to say that he is a good husband and father, still less is it an excuse if he is guilty of corruption in politics or business to say that his home life is all right. He ought to add to decency in home life, decency in politics, decency in public life.

So my plea is not that the homely duties are all sufficient, but that they are a necessary base upon which to build the superstructure of the higher life. Our children should be trained to do the homely duties in the first place and then in addition to have it in them so to carry themselves that collectively we may well and fitly perform the great and responsible tasks of American citizenship.

—*From an address before the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association, Washington, Feb. 26, 1908.*

The Bivouac of the Dead.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
  The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
  The brave and daring few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
  Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
  The bivouac of the dead.

No answer of the foe's advance
  Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
  Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
  The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
  At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
  Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
  Is now their martial shroud.
The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
  The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
  The din and shout, are past.

Like the dread northern hurricane
  That sweeps the broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
  Came down the serried foe.
Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt
  To meet them on the plain;
And long the pitying sky hath wept
  Above our gallant slain.

Sons of our consecrated ground,
  Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
  Along the sleepless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
  Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil—
  The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
  Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast,
  On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
  Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
  The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
  Dear as the blood you gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
  The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
  While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
  Where Valor proudly sleeps.

You marble minstrel's voiceless tone
  In deathless songs shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
  The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
  Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
  That gilds your glorious tomb.

—*Theodore O'Hara.*

The Mother of a Soldier.

The mother of a soldier—hats off to her I say—
The mother of a soldier who has gone to face the fray;
She gave him to her country with a blessing on his head—
She found his name this morning in the long list of the dead:
"Killed—Sergeant Thomas Watkins, while leading on the rest,
A Bible in his pocket and a portrait on his breast."

The mother of a soldier—she gave him to her land;
She saw him on the transport as he waved his sunbrowned hand;
She kissed him through the teardrops and she told him to be brave;
Her prayers went night and morning with her boy upon the wave.

The mother of a soldier—her comfort and her joy,
She gave her dearest treasure when she gave her only boy;
She saw the banners waving, she heard the people cheer;
She clasped her hands and bravely looked away to hide a tear.

The mother of a soldier—Ah! cheer the hero deed
And cheer the brave who battle 'neath the banner of their creed;
But don't forget the mothers, through all the lonely years,
That fight the bravest battles on the sunless field of tears.

Nay, don't forget the mothers—the mothers of our men,
Who see them go and never know that they'll come back again;
That give them to their country to battle and to die,
Because the bugles call them and the starry banners fly.

The mother of a soldier—hats off to her I say—
Whose head is bowed in sorrow with its tender locks of gray.
She gave without regretting, though her old heart sorely bled
When she found his name this morning in the long list of the dead:
"Killed—Sergeant Thomas Watkins, while leading on the rest,
His dear old mother's portrait clasped upon his hero breast."

—*Folger McKinsey, in Baltimore News.*

The Vengeance of the Flag.

It was on the night of April 14, 1865, that the shot was fired which killed Abraham Lincoln, and its reverberation will last forever. On the morning following, at precisely 8:18 of the clock, Abraham Lincoln yielded up the ghost. The fatal moment is notched on the scythe of time. Even the watchmakers, those wardens of the hours, have embalmed that moment in the sign of their calling. In every city of the Union, North and South, East and West, you have seen that great, dumb, wooden horologe pointing backward to the dread event. Look at it whenever you will, it is always 8:18.

The murder of Lincoln was the most appalling tragedy ever witnessed in a theatre. On this mortal night the President had sought to be amused. He wished to laugh; and for this he has been criticised. Why should he wish to laugh when every click of the telegraph was the death tick of a soldier? Why should he? Why should he not? There has been too much of tragedy, and now this laughter-loving man would gain surcease from the long tension on his heart-strings by forgetting fact in fiction, the real in the apparent.

The box which the presidential party was to occupy had been appropriately draped with the Union flag so arranged as to frame the portrait of George Washington, whose serene and august face smiled from out its ample folds as from an aureole of glory. Midway of the performance, and shortly after ten o'clock, a young man came down the outer aisle and presented his card to the President's messenger. Before the messenger could fairly glance at the card, the young man had pushed past him and entered the narrow passage immediately behind the box in which the President was seated. Going to the door opening into the box, he peered at the occupants through a small aperture, also previously made for the purpose.

Surely the noble Lincoln must have felt some vague consciousness of evil. We may never know. In a moment the door was opened, the murderer entered. There was a sharp detonation, a moment's dread paralysis, a wild commotion, a clutch at the fleeing assassin, a fierce imprecation, and the savage slash of the knife as he freed himself from the detaining grasp, his leap to the stage, his mock heroics, his rehearsed magniloquence,. and the startled, bewildered cry: "The President is murdered!"

Instantly with the pistol shot the President had fallen forward. The dear head dropped, never to rise again; the loving heart fluttered into rest, and Abraham Lincoln, offered by the All Wise as mediator and an exemplar to his distracted countrymen, was with the "undying dead."

But what of the assassin? Maniacally bold as now seems this murderer, the chances of capture had been weighed by the murderer and reduced to a minimum. His route to the South had been chosen and carefully studied. His confederates were numerous and discreet. His finances were ample, his equipment was complete. And yet we are told that, except for the accident of his foot, as he leaped from the proscenium box, catching in the flag, his escape would have been inevitable. But why call it an accident? It was no accident, but a miracle of gratitude, the vengeance of the flag. Washington was there. Washington, the father who begot and brought it forth, seemed for the moment to live again in its embrace. Lincoln, the savior who had redeemed it from the sin of slavery, was even then dying that it might live, the last quiverings of his heart pulsing in all its breathing folds.

It was no accident. In the absence of human intervention, the flag itself became an avenger. It reached forth and grappled with the assassin. It clove to him like the bloody garment of old mythology. It shrieked and was rent in twain, but clung—clung—clung, writhing about and binding him like a python in its coils. The flag was the captor. The flag was its country's Nemesis.

All hail the flag, sparkling with its stars, conscious of itself, its God, and its Amercia. Look up. my countrymen! Look up, poor human race, look up at it in reverence and with a prayer of gratitude! What wonder that it seems like a gift from the spirit world. as though Father Abraham had reached it forth from behind the stars, and said: "Take it, my children; study it, learn it, know it, and love it always."

—*Henry D. Esterbrooke.*

From the New Century Speaker published by Ginn & Co.

Here Comes the Flag.

"Here comes the flag! Hail it!
Who dares to drag or trail it?
Give it hurrahs,—
Three for the stripes, three for the stars.
Uncover your head to it!
The soldiers who tread to it
Shout at the sight of it,
The justice and right of it,
The unsullied white of it,
The blue and red of it,
And tyranny's dread of it. Here comes the flag!

"Here comes the flag! Cheer it!
Valley and crag shall hear it.
Fathers shall bless it,
Children caress it,
All shall maintain it, no one shall stain it,
Cheers for the sailors that fought on the wave for it,
Cheers for the soldiers that always were brave for it.
Tears for the men that went down to the grave for it.
Here comes the flag!"

—*Journal of Education.*

No Red Flag in America.

America, to all the world
Thou stretchest forth a friendly hand;
Beneath thy glorious flag unfurled
No bars to human progress stand.
The honest mind
In thee can find
No chains to hamper or to bind,
Thou dearest hope of all mankind,
Thou first and freest land!

Then what of those who now would flout
Thy flag that millions died to save,
Since first upon the breeze flung out
It stirred the spirits of the brave?
What men are those,
What fools and foes,
Would change the flag the fathers chose,
And in the place where it arose
A blood-red flag would wave?

No lovers of their kind are they
  Who'd wreck the work the fathers wrought,
Blind leaders of the blind are they
  Who'd render vain the fight they fought.
    Not love, but hate
    Inspires the prate
That bodes such evil to the state.
But, by the God that rules our fate,
  Their plans shall come to naught!

Before no flaming flag of red
  Thy spirit, O Columbia, cowers,
No symbol of disorder dread
  Shall palsy thy benignant powers!
    But over thee,
    From sea to sea,
Shall float the banner of the free,
The flag of law and liberty,
  That starry flag of ours!

—Denis A. McCarthy, in Journal of Education.

The Best Decoration.

They've hung a big Old Glory on a rope across the street,
And just to see it flutter puts a tickle in my feet,
And sends a crinkle up my back and down into each arm—
It makes me hear the bugle call and feel war's awful charm;
I hear the fife notes shrilling and the throbbing of the drum;
I hear the yell of battle as the thund'rous hoof thuds come;
I see men's bodies falling, though their spirits never lag—
Such thrills as this run through me when I see that swaying flag!

Look—look! The breeze has caught it up and holds it, while the sun
Sets all its stripes a-glitter, while the ripples race and run!
The glory of those ruddy bands shut in by lanes of white
Floods all my dusky deskroom with a lingering, loving light;
I drop my work enraptured; while, to break that magic spell,
I doff my hat and wave it with a loud ecstatic yell—
I love that flag! I love it with a love 'twould dare and die—
God bless those glorious stripes and stars flung out against the sky!

I love it as did Francis Key, who penned th' immortal song;
I love it with a fervor that can never think it wrong;
I love it for the freedom it has given unto men;
I love it for its beauty, for its gracefulness, and then
I love it with the patriot love that never wonders why,
But sheds hots ears whene'er those folds he sees athwart the sky;
I love it for the lessons it has taught to men of brag—
But, most of all, I love it just because it is our flag!

—Baltimore American.

Our Martyrs.

There are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals and immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear their breathings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the infinite. Through such a time has this nation passed. When two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when, at last, its parting folds admitted the martyred President to the company of the dead heroes of the Republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men.

—*From an oration on Abraham Lincoln, by James A. Garfield.*

The Flag Salute in Schools.

In my correspondence with teachers I find that in many schools the so-called "Flag Salute" is given, either daily or on special occasions. Whether given every morning or only now and then, I am of opinion that every boy and girl should know it so well as to be able at a second's notice to arise and give it readily.

But some teachers say they have never so much as heard of a flag salute for schools, and they wish to know what is is. I am now undertaking to answer that question. There are two forms of salutes, or pledges, given as follows:—

1. When the salute is to be given, at a signal from the teacher all the pupils rise. The boy or girl who has been selected for color-bearer then brings the flag to the front, and, after it is in place, at a sign from the teacher the pupils raise their right hands, palms downward, to a level with their foreheads, and repeat in concert this pledge:—

> *"I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands,—one Nation, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."*

At the words, "to my Flag," every one will extend his right hand gracefully, palm upward, toward the flag, and hold it there till the pledge is given, then lower it to the side. While thus standing, all will unite in singing our National Hymn, "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

In some schools where the children are quite small, the silent salute is practised, as follows:—At a signal from the teacher, as the flag reaches its station by the teacher's desk, every little one will raise his hand, palm downward, to a horizontal position, tip of front finger touching the forehead and hold it there while the flag is "dipped" and returned to a vertical position. Then at a second signal, the hand is lowered to the side. This silent salute corresponds pretty nearly to the military and naval salute to the flag.

2. Some have thought that in schools where the children are too young to understand the meaning of the words *allegiance* and *indivisible,* a simpler form of pledge should be given, as follows:—

> *"We give our heads and our hearts to God and our Country,—One Country, One Language, One Flag."*

After the color-bearer has brought forth the flag, at a signal from the teacher every pupil will stand erect in his place and give the pledge and salute in this manner:—

1. Extend the right arm and point toward the flag.
2. Bring the tips of the fingers to the forehead, saying, We give our heads—
3. Bring the hand over the heart, saying, And our hearts—
4. Raise the hand, point and look upward, and say, To God—
5. Drop the hand to the side, repeating. And our Country—
6. Standing erect, repeat, One Country, One Language, One Flag.
7. When saying One Flag, advance the right foot, bend the body slightly forward, extend the arm and point to the flag.
8. Lowering the hand to the side, all sing a stanza of America, or some other patriotic song.

The effectiveness of the flag salute must depend very much upon the spirit in which it is given. and this spirit must depend very much, as all school exercises do, upon the spirit of the teacher. If this is done in the spirit of true patriotism, it will, I am sure, beget in the hearts of the pupils a love for the Stars and Stripes and all they symbolize.

—*H. W. Rood.*

News From the War.

Two women sat at a farm-house door,
  Busily reading the news,
While softly around them fair twilight sheds
  Her tender shadows and dews.

Peace smiles in the tenderest heaven above;
  Peace rests on the landscape fair;
And peace, like a holy spirit of love,
  Broods in the balmy air.

But not one ray of peace illumes
  Those sad and wistful eyes,
Which search that printed record o'er
  As mariners search the skies.

Look on their faces; one like a rose
  Fresh with the beauty of May;
The other, pale as a waning moon
  Seen through thin clouds of gray.

Yet, though one is young and the other old,
  With the same soft glory they shine;
For they're tinted with tenderest light and shades
  By love, the artist divine.

Now fast as a radiant vision, fades
  The glow of the western skies;
Yet the readers read on,—unmindful of all
  Save the paper before their eyes.

Nothing to them the charms of that hour,—
  The magic of meadow and hill:
For spirits bowed down with a weight of care,
  Are blind to the beautiful still.

Deeper the shadows of twilight fall;
  More hushed grows the dewy air;
When suddenly breaks on that holy calm
  A quick, wild cry of despair.

The younger glances have found it first,—
  That record so sad and so brief;
"Mortally wounded!"—two dread words—
  Winged arrows of pain and grief.

"Mortally wounded!"—look again;
  Alas! it is all too true;
Not the brave alone, but the fond and fair
  Are mortally wounded, too.

He on the battle-field far away;
  They, in their quiet home,—
The wife and the mother, who never more
  Shall see their loved hero come.

The grass will grow where the warrior fell,
  And sweet wild flowers may bloom
On the very turf once blackened and burned
  By the fearful fires of doom.

But the smiling summers, that come and go,
  Can never, never heal
The bleeding bosoms which felt to-day
  Something sharper than steel.

"Mortally wounded!" oh, dread War!
  Many a victim is thine,
Save those who hear your terrible voice
  Go thundering along the line!

If we give proud names and echoing hymns,
  And build up monuments grand
To the gallant spirits who suffer and fall
  In defence of their native land;

Let us yield a tenderer tribute still,—
  Sad tears and a pitying sigh,—
To the uncrowned martyrs who silently sink,
  And die when their heroes die.

—From "The Picket Line." By permission of Hurst & Co.

Keep the Camp Fire Burning.

Is the Camp-fire burning low?
Is the faith of long ago
  To doubt and sadness turning?
Bring again the war-time cheer;
Banish doubt, distrust, and fear,
  And keep the Camp-fire burning.

Not for show, nor self nor place:
Not in strife to win the race:
  Unworthy motives spurning,
Help thy comrade on the way,
Guard the Standard well today,
  And keep the Camp-fire burning.

What though others may deny
That for which men dared to die?
  True hearts, the right discerning,
Through the years will vigil keep
Round the graves where heroes sleep,
  And keep the Camp-fire burning.

All the glory and the gain;
All the gladness, all the pain;
  In memory returning:
Battles fought against the wrong,
Told in story and in song,
  Will keep the Camp-fire burning.

—From "Ballads in War and Peace," by J. H. Whitney.

A Toast to the Vice-Admiral.

Now gallant friends and shipmates all,
  Since half our battle's won,
A broadside for our Admiral!
  Load every crystal gun!
Stand ready till I give the word—
  You won't have time to tire—
And when that glorious name is heard,
  Then let the main deck fire!

Bow foremost sinks the rebel craft,
  Our eyes not sadly turn
And see the pirates huddling aft
  To drop their raft astern;
Soon o'er the sea-worm's destined prey
  The lifted wave shall close—
So perish from the face of day
  All Freedom's banded foes!

But ah! what splendors fire the sky!
  What glories meet the morn!
The storm-tossed banner streams on high,
  Its heavenly hues new born!
Its red fresh dyed in heroes' blood,
  Its peaceful white more pure,
To float unstained o'er field and flood
  While earth and seas endure!

All shapes that feel the living blast
  Must glide from mortal view—
Black roll the billows of the past
  Behind the present's blue—
Fast, fast are lessening in the light
  The names of high renown—
Van Tromp's proud besom pales from sight,
  Old Benbow's half hull down!

Scarce one tall frigate walks the sea
  Or skirts the safer shores,
Of all that bore to victory
  Our stout old Commodores;
Hull, Bainbridge, Porter—where are they?
  The answering billows roll
Still bright in memory's sunset ray—
  God rest each gallant soul!

A brighter name must dim their light
  With more than noon-tide ray—
The Viking of the River Fight,
  The Conqueror of the bay!
For others shape the marble form,
  The molten image cast;
But paint him in the battle-storm,
  Lashed to his flag-ship's mast.

Now then, your broadside, shipmates all,
  With grape well loaded down!
May garlands filled with sunshine fall
  To gild his silvered crown!
I give the name that fits him best—
  Ay, better than his own—
The Sea King of the Sovereign West,
  Who made his mast a throne.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Read by the author at a dinner to Admiral Farragut, 1865.

Only a Private.

Only a private—and who will care
  When I may pass away,
Or how, or why I perish, or where
  I mix with the common clay?
They will fill my empty place again
  With another as bold and brave;
And they'll blot me out ere the autumn rain
  Has freshened my nameless grave.

Only a private—it matters not
  That I did my duty well,
That all through a score of battles I fought,
  And then, like a soldier, fell.
The country I died for never will heed
  My unrequited claim;
And History cannot record the deed,
  For she never has heard my name.

Only a private—and yet I know
  When I heard the rallying-call
I was one of the very first to go,
  And . . . I'm one of the many who fall:
But as here I lie, it is sweet to feel
  That my honor's without a stain,—
That I only fought for my country's weal,
  And not for glory or gain.

Only a private—yet He who reads
  Through the guises of the heart,
Looks not at the splendor of the deeds,
  But the way we do our part;
And when He shall take us by the hand,
  And our small service own,
There'll a glorious band of privates stand
  As victors around the throne!

—*Margaret J. Preston.*

Joe Parsons, the Maryland Boy.

Joe enlisted in the First Maryland regiment, and was plainly a "rough" originally. As we passed along the hall we first saw him crouched near an open window, lustily singing, "I'm a bold Soldier Boy," and, observing the broad bandage over his eyes, I said:

"What's your name, my good fellow?"

"Joe, sir," he answered, "Joe Parsons."

"And what is the matter with you?"

"Blind, sir; blind as a bat."

"In battle?"

"Yes, at Antietam; both eyes shot out at one clip." Poor Joe was in the front at Antietam Creek, and a Minie ball had passed directly through his eyes, across his face, destroying his sight forever. He was but twenty-three years old, but he was as happy as a lark!

"It is dreadful," I said.

"I'm very thankful I'm alive, sir. It might have been worse, yer see," he continued. And then he told us his story.

"I was hit," he said, "and it knocked me down. I lay there all night, and the next day the fight was renewed. I could stand the pain, yer see, but the balls was flyin' all round, and I wanted to get away. I couldn't see nothin', though; so I waited and listened, and at last I heard a fellow groanin' beyond me."

"Hello!" says I.

"Hello, yourself," says he.

"Who be yer?" says I—"a rebel?"

"You're a Yankee," says he.

"So I am," says I. "What's the matter with you?"

"My leg's smashed," says he.

"Can't yer walk?"

"No."

"Can't yer see?"

"Yes."

"Well" says I, "you're a ——— rebel, but will you do me a little favor?"

"I will," says he, "ef I ken."

Then I says: "Well, ole butternut, I can't see nothin'. My eyes is knocked out, but I ken walk. Come over yere. Let's git out o' this. You pint the way, an I'll tote yer off the field on my back."

"Bully for you," says he.

And so we managed to get together. We shook hands on it. I took a wink outer his canteen, and he got on to my shoulders.

"I did the walkin, for both, an' he did the navigatin'. An' ef he didn't make me carry him straight into a rebel colonel's tent, a mile away, I'm a liar. Hows'ever the colonel came up, an' says he, "Whar d'yer come from? Who be yer?" I told him. He said I was done for, and couldn't do no more shootin' and he sent me over to our lines. So, after three days, I came down here with the wounded boys, where we're doing pretty well, all things considered.

"But you will never see the light again, my poor fellow," I suggested sympathetically.

"That's so," he answered glibly, "but I can't help it, you notice. I did my dooty—got shot pop in the eye—an' that's my misfort'n, not my fault—as the old man said of his blind hoss."

"But—'I'm a Bold Soldier Boy,'" he continued, cheerily renewing his song; and we left him in his singular merriment. Poor, sightless, unlucky, but stout-hearted Joe Parsons.

—From "Rifle Shots and Bugle Notes."
Published by "The Grand Army Gazette Publishing Co."

A Little Girl's Wish.

[Written for Encampment No. 90, U. V. L., and recited by Miss Sadie Sherman at the 27th National Encampment, G. A. R., at Indianapolis, on Wednesday night in Tomelsons Hall, to over 7,000 soldiers. Ex-President Harrison presided and presented her to the audience. Governor McKinley was the speaker of the evening.]

I wish I could be a soldier,
  But then I never can,
I wish that I had been a boy,
  And then I'd be a man,
And soon I'd be a soldier,
  Without a thought of fear.
And first I'd be a captain
  And then a Brigadier;
And I'd march—march—march,
  With stately, martial tread,
A big hat like a smokestack
  A-setting on my head.

(Marches to martial music coming to a "face about" in military style.)

Or perhaps I'd be a bugler,
  I'd sound the "reveille,"
And every sleeping soldier
  Would rise to honor me,
All dressed up in my uniform,
  With buttons shining bright
I'd stand up in the early dawn,
  And blow with all my might,
I'd blow—blow—blow—
  So thrillingly and sweet
Till all the hills around the camp
  The echo would repeat.

(Imitating the blowing of the horn to music of the "reveille."

Or else I'd be a drummer-boy,
  I'd beat the rat—tat—too,
And then I would not have to grow,
  For size, I think I'd do,
And tho' I would not like to see
  Folks killed—Or think it right—
Yet if my comrades had to go,
  I'd lead 'em in the fight.
And I'd beat—beat—beat—
  The rat—tat—tat—tat—too,
And every rap to "Rebs" would say,
  "Look out! We're after you."

(Imitates beating the drum to music of the "rat—tat—too.")

Or else I'd be a cavalry man,
  And ride a big black horse.
My hair a-flowing down my neck,
  A long moustache, of course,

Gold lace upon my uniform,
  A plume upon my hat,
And silver spurs upon my boots,
  Side arms and all of that.
And I'd charge—charge—charge—
  So awful I would fight;
Skedaddle! How the Rebs would run,
  Whene'er I came in sight.

(Charges by raising aloft her hand as if with sword. Spirited music.)

But since I cannot be a boy,
  Or ever be a man,
Or ever be a soldier,
  I'll do the best I can.
To Encampment No. 90
  I'll be a daughter, true,
I'll love the starry banner,
  That is loved so well by you.
And I'll pray—pray—pray,
  "Dear Lord, with loving hand,
Guide the dear old Union veteran
  Who fought to save our land."

Kneels with folded hands. Music low and sweet.)

—*Libbie C. Baer. From "In the Land of Fancy." By permission.*

Recitation.

(Boy with Drum.)

I'm a little drummer boy,
  Very small, 'tis true,
But I love the bonnie flag,
  And my country too.
If my country calls me
  I come with my rat-tat-too,
Tho' I'm a little drummer boy,
  My very best I'll do.

I'm a little drummer boy,
  I never went to war,
But I could play my little drum,
  Tho' I never did before!
Now if the war was very long
  There's something I would miss,
  I'd want my mother's kiss!
When evening came on the battle field

—***Washington and Lincoln Anniversaries—Colorado.***

For My Country.

I ought to love my country,
The land in which I live;
Yes, I am very sure my heart
Its truest love should give.

For, if I love my country,
I'll try to be a man
My country may be proud of;
And if I try I can.

She wants men brave and noble,
She needs men brave and kind,
My country needs that I should be,
The best man she can find.

—*Selected.*

Grandpa's Old Chum.

My grandpa he was in the war,—
Grandpa and his old chum,
Who lives down there at Engle Bar;
It's fun to have him come.
And grandpa shakes him by the hand,
And pounds him on the back—my land—
'Tis fun to see them laugh, and I
Have seen them laughing when they cry.
When his old chum said he had been
To the Encampment, and had seen
Those fellows they call G. A. R.,
Who'd fought with grandpa in the war,
Then grandpa cried. Tears in his eyes,
He laughed and said, "Now don't tell lies;
You say that you saw Tom McClure,
I'd give a hundred dollars sure
To see that fellow. And say, was he
As jolly as he used to be?
There's many a time we would have died
Of home-sickness and sick beside,
But for his monkey shines—and say,
How he could sing! Well, anyway
He was a trump! And you saw him;
I want to know! And lanky Jim,
George Jones and Bill and Bob Balloo;
I wish that I had gone there too.
What's that, old-chum, I heard you say?
You're going? No! You're going to stay
And lunch with me;" and grandpa he
Just makes him stay; and ma and me,
And little sister what's just come,
He don't like as well as his old chum.

—*Libbie C. Baer. By permission.*

Memorial Day Remembrance.

(First Voice, Boy.)

Plant the flag above his grave,
Where the grasses softly wave—
That is what his heart would crave
Could he speak.

(Second Voice, Girl.)

Step with tender tread and slow,
Think of him who lies below
As he looked long years ago
Flushed his cheek.

(Third Voice, Boy.)

Eager eyes with purpose bright,
Steady arm nerved for the fight,
Heart unfaltering for the right,
Quickened breath.

(Fourth Voice, Girl.)

Think not of the fatal fray,
Think not of the shadows gray,
Think of honors won that day,
Price of death.

(Fifth Voice, Boy.)

Think of all our country gained,
By his sacrifice obtained,
Country saved, and flag unstained,
Peaceful years.

(Sixth Voice, Girl.)

Let his flag above him wave,
Strew the flowers upon his grave
Strong to die. Fret not the brave
By idle tears.

(All Together.)

Honor we the true and brave,
So above his lonely grave
Flowers shall bloom and flag shall wave
On this day.

—*Libbie C. Baer.*

Which General?

Sometimes mamma calls me "general"—
  I wish I knew which one;
But I always try to tell the truth,
  So I hope it's Washington.

But when I tell my papa that,
  He laughs loud as he can,
And says if she calls me "general,"
  She must mean Sheridan.

Because whenever she wants me,
  And I am out at play
I nearly always seem to be
  'Bout "twenty miles away."

—*Kate W. Hamilton.*

Blossoms O Flowers.

This exercise may be given by three little girls carrying their aprons filled with flowers. At the close of each stanza, each child may lay them at the foot of a banner bearing the words, "To the Memory of Our Fallen Heroes."

First Pupil—
Blossoms, O flowers in riotous splendor!
  Open, O lingering buds to the light!
We have gathered you all fresh, fragrant and tender,
  And weave you in garlands sweet, dewy, and bright.

Second Pupil—
Over the graves where our heroes are sleeping,
  We lay all your beauty and innocent bloom,
That they o'er whose dust a nation is weeping,
  May know that we love them, though low in the tomb.

Third Pupil—
Oh, for the tones that are silent forever,
  Oh, for the hearts that were true to the right,
Oh, for the arms that knew weariness never,
  But fought all the day till death's swift-falling night.

All—
Nothing but freedom is worth such devotion,
  Only the land which our forefathers gave,
Redeemed and unbroken from ocean to ocean,
  Is worth half the cost of one soldier's low grave.

—*Iowa Special Day Exercises (Selected).*

Nature's Tokens.

For eight pupils, each carrying the flowers of which he speaks. The first pupil leads, and with muffled drumsticks beats time softly.

All repeat—
We go today with solemn tread,
In May-time's fairest hours,
To deck each brave, true soldier's grave
With purest, sweetest flowers.

First pupil—
I carry deep blue violets;
Of faithfulness these speak.
For faithful soldiers, true and brave,
I'll take these flowers meek.

Second pupil—
I've a bunch of fresh elm leaves;
Of patriots these tell,
Who marched, fought, suffered, won,
'Midst furious shot and shell.

Third pupil—
I bring these lilies sweet and pure:
O ring, each fragrant bell!
Ring of deeds so brave, so great,
Of our Grand Army tell.

Fourth pupil—
Syringa flowers I bring today;
'Tis memories' reverent flower.
From year to year we'll keep alive,
Memorial Day's fair hour.

Fifth pupil—
And sweetest roses, bending low,
Shall deck the soldier's bed;
For these bring love from our young hearts,
Love for our honored dead.

Sixth pupil—
And these oak leaves, for bravery,
I'll place upon a mound;
They tell of brave and loyal deeds
On our country's battle ground.

Seventh pupil—
And the laurel wreath lay tenderly-
Its glory shall never fade,
But ever more shall brightly tell,
Where our brave heroes all are laid.

—*Selected.*

Memorial Hymn.

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne.)

Should glorious memories be forgot,
An' never brought to min',
An' all for which we bravely fought
In Auld Lang Syne.

Chorus.

For Auld Lang Syne, so dear,
For Auld Lang Syne;
We'll breathe the flow'rs o' mem'ry yet,
For Auld Lang Syne.

We've tramped the long an' weary march
We've formed the battle line;
But many a comrade's mustered out,
Since Auld Lang Syne.

They died for our Columbia's weal,
The weal is mine and thine;
We owe the blessings of to-day
To Auld Lang Syne.

Immortal fame their valor won,
Shall bright and brighter shine;
We'll keep in heart an' mind the days
Of Auld Lang Syne.

So here's a hand, my soldier friend,
An' giv's a hand o' thine;
We'll join in flow'rs and tears to-day
For Auld Lang Syne.

—*Selected.*

"Our Left."

From dawn to dark, they stood,
  That long midsummer's day!
While, fierce and fast,
The Battle-blast
  Swept rank on rank away!

From dawn to dark, they fought,—
  With legions swept and cleft!
And still the wide,
Black battle-tide
  Poured deadlier on "Our Left!"

They closed each ghastly gap!
  They dressed each shattered rank!
They knew—how well!—
That Freedom fell
  With that exhausted flank.

Oh! for a thousand men!
  Like these to melt away!
And—down they came,
With steel and flame!
  Four thousand to the fray!

They leaped the laggard train—
  The panting steam might stay—
And down they came
With steel and flame—
  Four thousand to the fray!

Right through the blackest cloud
  Their lightning path they cleft!
And Triumph came—
With deathless Fame—
  To "Our" unconquered "Left!"

—*Selected.*

The School and the Flag.

Ye who love the Republic, remember the claim
Ye owe to her fortunes, ye owe to her name,
To her years of prosperity past and in store,
A hundred behind you, a thousand before.
'Tis the schoolhouse stands by the flag,
Let the Nation stand by the school;
'Tis the school-bell that rings for our Liberty old,
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot will rule.

The blue arch above us is Liberty's dome,
The green fields beneath us, Equality's home.
But the schoolroom to-day is humanity's friend,—
Let the people the flag and the schoolhouse defend.
'Tis the schoolhouse stands by the flag,
Let the Nation stand by the school;
'Tis the school-bell that rings for our Liberty old,
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot shall rule.

—*Butterworth on "The Schoolhouse Stands by the Flag."*

How Lincoln Was to be Paid.

An anecdote, showing Lincoln's merciful nature in a touching light, and related by Mr. L. E. Chittenden in his "Recollections of President Lincoln and his Administration," from authentic sources, is the one of the sleeping sentinel, William Scott, the Vermont boy, whose life Lincoln saved after he had been condemned to be shot. Lincoln personally saw Scott and talked with him a long time. Scott would not talk to his comrades of the interview afterward until one night, when he had received a letter from home, he finally opened his heart to his friend in this wise:

"The President was the kindest man I ever seen. I was scared at first, for I had never before talked with a great man. But Mr. Lincoln was so easy with me, so gentle, that I soon forgot my fright. * * * He stood up, and he says to me, 'My boy, stand up here and look me in the face.' I did as he bade me. 'My boy,' he said, 'you are not going to be shot tomorrow. I am going to trust you and send you back to your regiment. I have come up here from Washington, where I have a great deal to do, and what I want to know is how you are going to pay my bill?' There was a big lump in my throat. I could scarcely speak. But I got it crowded down and managed to say: 'There is some way to pay you, and I will find it after a little. There is the bounty in the savings bank. I guess we could borrow some money on a mortgage on the farm.' I was sure the boys would help, so I thought we could raise it, if it wasn't more than $500 or $600. 'But it is a great deal more than $500 or $600,' he said. Then I said I didn't see how, but I was sure I would find some way—if I lived. Then Mr. Lincoln put his hands on my shoulders and looked into my face as if he were sorry, and said: 'My boy, my bill is a very large one. Your friends cannot pay it, nor your bounty, nor your farm, nor all your comrades. There is only one man in all the world who can pay it, and his name is William Scott. If from this day William Scott does his duty, so that if I were there when he comes to die he can look me in the face as he does now, and can say: "I have kept my promise and I have done my duty as a soldier!" then my debt will be paid. Will you make that promise and try to keep it?' I said I would make the promise and with God's help I would keep it. He went away out of my sight forever. I know I shall never see him again, but may God forget me if I ever forget his kind words or my promise."

—*Washington Star.*

Heroism.

We build monuments and sing praises to the heroism of battle, the wild charge, the forlorn hope, the still white face upturned to the pitiless stars. This is the heroism we never forget, for it stirs the heart like the call of the trumpet.

But there is another heroism of the quiet, unnoted life, lived out in honor and duty and self-respect. He is a true patriot who in the piping times of peace knows how to respect himself, his neighbor, and his God; who does each day an honest day's work, and lays him down each night to honest dreams; who adds his little mite to the nation's wealth of brain or power or goods; who holds a steadfast trust in the things that are worth while; who proves his Americanism, not by his much shouting, but by the clear, square democracy of his daily life; who sees his present humble duty and, seeing, does it.

America needs men who are willing to die for her; even more she needs the unknown millions who know enough, care enough, and dare enough to live for her.

—*Charles S. Chapin, in "Grand Army Flag Day," Rhode Island.*

The Mourning of the Slaves.

One of the commissioners for emancipation was at Hilton Head in the early part of the War and overheard a gang of negroes, working for the Government, talk about their final chances for liberty. The question was raised among them whether the President knew their condition and would liberate them. An aged slave among them, who seemed a "class leader," stopped his work and in a most impressive manner said to them, with a certain awe which they all evidently responded to: "De President! why ob course he knows; He is like de bressed Lord; he makes the water and the land!" This general afterward related this incident to Mr. Lincoln, and the kind-hearted man had to turn away to hide his tears at this instance of touching evidence and superstitious reverence in this simple minded race toward himself.

On the day of national mourning for the assassination of the President, when the badges of sorrow covered the dwellings of the rich, when funeral drapery festooned the public halls and the churches, when organs pealed the notes of grief of weeping congregations, when the voices of the clergy repeated in moving tones the virtues of the deceased, and called up again the nation's loss, when a whole people was bowed down in affliction, there was no deeper mourning for the beloved and honored dead of the Republic offered than in the cabins of the slaves. In lonely huts where the news of the great crime had penetrated. in the crowded haunts of the poor negroes within the cities, there was grief on that day such as needed no funeral orations or badges of gloom and mourning. The tears of the forgotten and oppressed slave, then first redeemed to his manhood, were the sincerest tears that fell on the grave of the President. From the cabins of the poor and downtrodden came his truest requiem. And hundreds of thousands of hearts whom the world knew not mourned the loss of their best friend and emancipator.

—*New York Times* (*adapted*).

Peace Day.

May 18 is the anniversary of the opening of the First Hague Conference, and an effort is being made by the American Peace Society to secure its observance in the schools. It is not proposed that this day be made a holiday, "or that any large amount of time should be taken from the regular school duties, but that only half an hour, or at most an hour should be devoted to this subject. The freshness of spirit aroused by such exercises compensates many times over for the time devoted to them."

Among the numbers suitable for such a program are:—*Songs*—"America;" "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear;" "Angel of Peace, Thou Hast Wandered Too Long;" *Recitations*—Whittier's "Disarmament;" Longfellow's "Arsenal at Springfield;" Lowell's "The Fatherland;" Southey's "Battle of Blenheim." *Select readings*—Selections from Summer's "True Grandeur of Nations;" "The Christ of the Andes," one of the selections in this annual. *Subjects for talks, addresses, and essays*—"The Progress of Arbitration;" "The Hague Court and its Work;" "The Carnegie 'Palace of Peace' at the Hague;" "The Burdens of Great Armaments;" "The Heroisms of Common Life."

By addressing The American Peace Society, 31 Beacon St., Boston, circulars of literature bearing on the peace movement may be secured at cost of postage and handling.

Even though only a modest beginning is made this year in the way of a Peace Day program in the schools of the state, it will be an effort tending toward the longed-for day of universal and permanent peace. It will help realize that historic sentence uttered by the hero of Appomattox, "Let us have peace."

The Battle-Field.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
  Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armèd hands
  Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
  How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
  Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
  Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
  And bell of wandering kine, are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
  The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry,
  Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
  Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
  Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare ! lingering long
  Through weary day and weary year,
A wild and many-weaponed throng
  Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
  And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
  The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
  The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
  The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
  Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
  And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
  When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
  Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
  Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
  The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

—William Cullen Bryant.

The Christ of the Andes.

The fourth anniversary, March 13, 1908, of the placing of the colossal statue of Christ on the Andean border between Chile and the Argentine Republic, 14,000 feet above the sea, has recalled the unique and impressive events which led to the erection of this remarkable peace monument. The story of this series of events is substantially as follows:

Five years ago these two prosperous and high-spirited republics of South America were on the verge of war. They were increasing their armaments to the utmost of their ability. They had each two gigantic warships building in the shipyards of Europe. They were spending upon these preparations for war $5.00 annually per capita of their population.

What brought them so near to conflict was the revival of an old dispute about the boundary between them on the Andes. a controversy involving the question of the title to about 80,000 square miles of territory. The dispute had been rendered more acute by the discovery that in the Patagonian section the boundary was not continuously marked by mountain crests, and that there were valuable rivers in the region sending their waters through the hills to the sea on the Chilean side. This discovery had caused Chile to put forward unexpected claims to certain parts of the region.

The British Ministers residing at Buenos Ayres and Santiago used their good offices with the two governments to prevent the calamity of war and to secure a peaceful settlement of the dispute. This effort to prevent hostilities was powerfully supported by the bishops of Argentina and Chile. On Easter Sunday, 1900 during the festival of the Catholic Church at Buenos Ayres, Bishop Benavente made a fervent appeal in behalf of peace, and proposed that some day a statue of Christ should be placed on the Andean border between the two countries, where it might be seen by all comers and goers, and prevent, if possible, any recurrence of animosity and strife between the two republics. The two bishops traveled through their countries addressing crowds of men in the towns and villages. They were sustained by the local clergy and by the women, who labored enthusiastically for the policy of peace. Petitions were sent to the legislatures, and through these the executives were reached.

The result was that a treaty was entered into by the two governments, submitting the controversy to the arbitration of the King of England. He entrusted the case to eminent jurists and expert geographers, who examined it carefully, and in due time submitted their decison, awarding a part of the disputed territory to one of the republics and a part to the other. The decision was cheerfully accepted by both.

Much gratified with the outcome of the arbitration, and urged forward by a powerful popular movement, the two governments then went further, and in June, 1903, concluded a treaty by the terms of which they pledged themselves for a period of five years to submit all controversies arising between them to arbitration—the first general arbitration treaty ever concluded. In a further treaty they agreed to reduce their armies to the proportions of police forces, to stop the building of the great battle ships then under construction, and to diminish the naval armaments which they already possessed.

The provisions of these treaties, which have now been in force nearly five years, were carried out as fast as practicable. The land forces have been reduced, the heavy ordnance taken off the war vessels, and several of the vessels of the marine turned over to the commercial fleets. Work on the four great warships was immediately arrested, and some of them have been sold.

The results of this disarmament have been most remarkable. With the money saved by the lessening of military and naval expenses, internal and coast improvements have been made. Good roads have been constructed. Chile has turned an arsenal into a school for manual training. She is building a much needed breakwater in the harbor of Valparaiso, and has commenced systematically the improvement of her commercial facilities along the coast. One or two of Argentina's previous war vessels have gone into her commercial fleet and are now plying back and forth across the Atlantic in honorable and lucrative business.

But more significant than any of these material results has been the change in the attitude of the Argentines and Chileans toward each other. All the old bitterness and distrust have passed away, and the most cordial good feeling and confidence have taken their place.

The suggestion of Bishop Benavente as to the erection of a statue of Christ on the boundary at Puente del Inca was quickly carried into execution. As early as 1901, the women of Buenos Ayres undertook the task of securing funds and having the statue created. The work was entrusted to the young Argentine sculptor, Mateo Alonso. When his design was completed and accepted, the statue was cast at the arsenal of Buenos Ayres from old cannon taken from the ancient fortress outside of the city.

It was not till in February, 1904, that the final steps were taken for its erection. It was caried by rail in huge crates from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza, then on gun carriages up the mountains, the soldiers and sailors themselves taking the ropes in critical places, where there was danger of the mules stumbling. Hundreds of persons had come up the night before and encamped on the ground to be present at the ceremony. The Argentines ranged themselves on the soil of Chile and the Chileans on the Argentine side. The statue was dedicated to the whole world as a practical lesson of peace and goodwill. The ceremonies of the day, March 13, 1904, were closed, as the sun went down, with a prayer that love and kindness might penetrate the hearts of men everywhere.

The base of the statue is in granite. On this is a granite sphere, weighing some fourteen tons, on which the outlines of the world are sketched, resting upon a granite column twenty-two feet high. The figure of Christ above, in bronze, is twenty-six feet in height. The cross supported in his left hand is five feet higher. The right hand is stretched out in blessing. On the granite base are two bronze tablets, one of them given by the Workingmen's Union of Buenos Ayres, the other by the Working Women. One of them gives the record of the creation and erection of the statue; on the other are inscribed the words:

"Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentines and Chileans break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer,"

—*Minnesota Peace Day Program.*

Lives not Lost.

Oh, tell me not that lives are lost
  When spent in Freedom's cause,
When nobly, freely given up
  For Union and the laws.

When patriots to the contest rush,
  Disdaining every cost,
And by their best blood victory's sent,
  Such lives cannot be lost.

For though the silver cord be loosed
  Amid the cannon's roar,
Yet will the spirit, freed from clay,
  Up to its Maker soar.

That life alone is really lost
  When to no purpose given,
But lives when lost in Freedom's cause
  Are found again in Heaven.

Then tell me not that lives are lost,
  Who to the death-shot yield,
But rather write beneath their names,
  "Promoted on the field."

—*A War-time Poem.*

Song of the Drums.

The morning is cheery, my boys, arouse!
The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,
And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
Though the east is flushed with crimson dyes.
Awake! Awake! Awake!
O'er field and wood and brake,
With glories newly born,
Comes on the blushing morn.
Awake! Awake!

You have dreamed of your homes and friends all night,
You have basked in your sweetheart's smiles so bright;
Come part with them all for a while again—
Be lovers in dreams; when awake be men.
Turn out! Turn out! Turn Out!
The east is all aglow,
Turn out! Turn out!

From every valley and hill there come
The clamoring voices of fife and drum;
And out in the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.
Fall in! Fall in! Fall in!
Every man in his place.
Fall in! Fall in! Fall in!
Each with a cheerful face,
Fall in! Fall in!

—*Michael O'Connor.*

The Drummer Boy at Vicksburg.

While Sherman stood beneath the hottest fire
That from the lines of Vicksburg gleamed,
And bomb-shells tumbled in their smoky gyre
And grape-shot hissed, and case-shot screamed,
Back from the front there came,
Weeping and sorely lame,
The merest child, the youngest face,
Man ever saw in such a fearful place.

Stifling his tears, he limped his chief to meet;
But, when he paused and tottering stood,
Around the circle of his little feet
There spread a pool of bright young blood.
Shocked at his doleful case,
Sherman cried, "Halt front face!
Who are you? speak, my gallant boy!"
"A drummer, sir,—fifty-fifth Illinois."

"Are you not hit?" "That's nothing. Only send
Some cartridges. Our men are out,
And the foe press us." "But my little friend—"
"Don't mind me! Did you hear that shout?
What if our men be driven?
Oh, for the love of heaven,
Send to my colonel, general dear—"
"But you?" "Oh, I shall easily find the rear."

"I'll see to that," cried Sherman; and a drop,
Angels might envy, dimmed his eye,
As the boy, toiling toward the hill's hard top
Turned round, and, with his shrill child's cry,
Shouted, "Oh, don't forget!
We'll win the battle yet!
But let our soldiers have some more—
More cartridges sir,—caliber fifty-four!"

—*Selected.*

The Homage We Owe the Fallen.

No eloquence can be as commanding as the eloquence of these graves; no flowers of rhetoric as appropriate as these flowers of spring with which we honor the remains of the patriot dead.

They rose from the sphere of the citizen to the plane of the patriot. They learned what war meant, by meeting it with the courage of the warrior. War is the sundering of the dearest ties. War is the wearisome march and the privations of camp. War is life ebbing away in the hospital or the prison pen. War is the bursting shell and the thousands upon thousands of unseen bullets spreading death in every direction. War is the open-mouthed cannon making winrows of victims through the ranks of armies. War is the empty sleeve and the weary crutch. War is force, bloodshed, anguish, death. To this harvest of death these brave men willingly went forth. The Spartan band of Leonidas at the Thermopylaean Pass were not more heroic and self-sacrificing; Curtius, who leaped into the yawning gulf to save with his own his nation's life, was not more daring. Do we not owe them, therefore, the homage we so willingly render today? They were not only patriotic, and brave, and daring, but they were martyrs also. The supporters of religion gave their lives for a principle. These martyrs of patriotism gave their lives for an idea. It was the grand idea of American nationality that inspired them to sacrifice, and transformed them from peaceful citizens into patriotic heroes. It was to save the dear old flag from dishonor, and the nation that they loved from destruction, that they gave their lives. Some lived to see the victory won for which they had periled so much; but many of them passed away before the hour of triumph, in the darkness of night, before the bright rays of the morning came. Some sleep in this city of the silent dead, near to the friends they loved while living. Many returned not, living or dead, but lie in distant cemeteries; or, sadder than all, have over them the tombstone marked "Unknown." But whether here or far away, a preserved republic honors all their memories and gratefully enshrines their patriotic pride in undying history. We may adorn with loving tributes the resting place of our beloved dead; the flowers which are strewn here may symbolize the living fragrance of their memory; but we shall honor them the most by having their example teach us to love our country more, to value its dearly purchased institutions more, to prize its manifold blessings more, and to advance its greatness and true glory more. And thus, as we bare and bow our heads in their honor on this commemorative day, we shall appreciate more truly and thoroughly those priceless privileges for which they sacrificed all they had—home, and happiness, and life—to preserve for us and the generations that are to follow us when we too have passed away.

—*Schuyler Colfax.*

A Letter From the Front.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 10th, 1863.

Dear Father—I received your kind letter at Nashville, after having marched all day through cornfields and mud, expecting to have a fight every moment; but lo and behold the enemy were gone, and we went into camp, wet through and nothing scarcely to eat. But the next day we had an abundance. The next day we started for Murfreesboro, and arrived at night as near there as we thought it healthy to go. But we were not allowed to have any fire, so we had to make a supper of a few pieces of crackers. The next morning we got up all wet, it having rained in the night. We ate what we had left in our haversacks, and started; our brigade in advance.

We did not go more than a mile before we were stopped by the enemy. Our regiment was thrown out as skirmishers. We *"skirmished"* most of the day. Night came, and, not having had any dinner, we had nothing for supper. A hog made his appearance, and we soon dispatched him. We had no time to cook it before we were called to go on picket. We went; lay on the ground four hours; and liked to have shook ourselves to death with cold; came back to the reserves, cooked some meat and ate it, and then lay down till morning.

In the morning we were relieved, and took our position in line of battle, when some meat and mush were brought up.

We had hardly time to eat it before we were called on to make a charge on the enemy. We started, and had only gone a short distance before a man, who stood beside me in the ranks, was shot dead. On we went, the boys cheering, and the enemy peppering us and falling back. We drove them, and regained our old ground, which was covered by dead and wounded. Just at this time the men on our right gave way; so of course we had to retreat. In the charge, which was made across an open field, we had five wounded and one killed. The fighting after this was terrific. Our division was at one time surrounded on three sides. It was about this time that I was wounded. Colonel Roberts was shot dead a few paces behind me. I ran around till my boot was full of blood, and saw it was no use, so I lay down and was taken prisoner. I was held four days, during which time I had *two small biscuits a day to eat,* and it was over a day before my wound was looked to or washed. I am wounded in the left knee, the bone being a little shattered. It is a pretty bad wound, but I guess it will heal if nothing befalls it. If the ball had struck an inch and a half higher, it would have been all day with me. The brigade doctor said it was as narrow an escape as I would ever have.

The rebels forgot to parol the wounded in the tent I was in, so I am not paroled. Much love to all.

From your son,
DWIGHT A. LINCOLN.

From "Soldiers' Letters," published in 1865.

Memorial Day, 1889.

Twine laurels to lay o'er the Blue and the Gray, spread wreaths where our heroes rest;
Let the song of the North echo back from the South for the love that is truest and best!
Twine wreaths for the tombs of our Grant and our Lee, one anthem for Jackson and Meade.
And the flag above you is the banner for me—one people in name and in deed!

Clasp hands o'er the graves where our laurelled ones lie—clasp hands o'er the Gray and the Blue;
To-day we are brothers and bound by a tie that the years shall but serve to renew;
By the side of the Northman who peacefully sleeps where tropical odors are shed
A son of the South his companionship keeps—one flag o'er the two heroes spread.

Weave tokens of love for the heroes in blue, weave wreaths for the heroes in gray;
Clasp brotherly hands o'er the graves that are new—for the love that is ours to-day;
A trinity given to bless, to unite—three glorious records to keep,
And a kinship that never a grievance shall sever renewed where the brave are asleep!

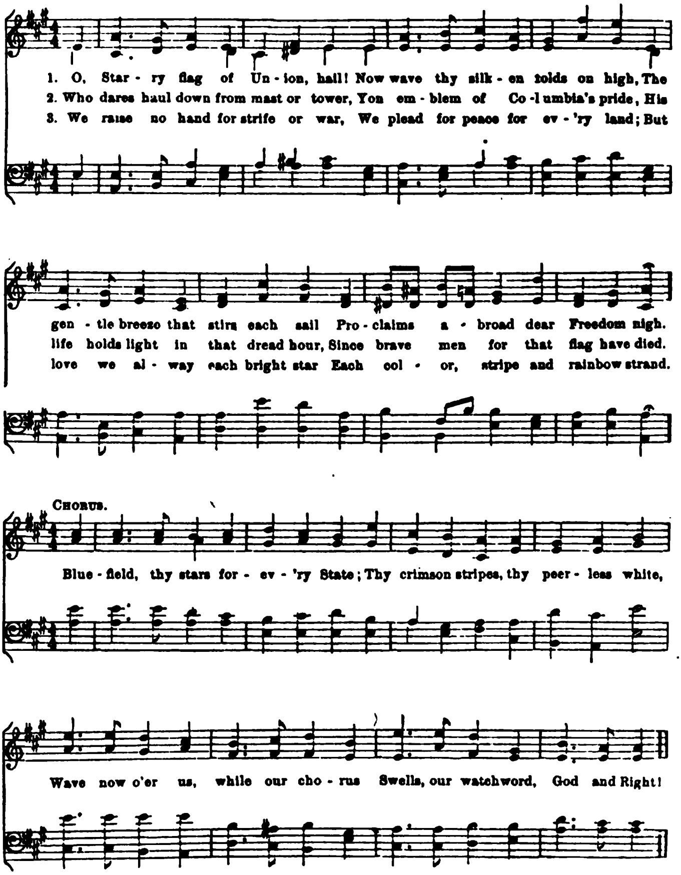
Spread flowers to-day o'er the Blue and the Gray—spread wreaths where our heroes rest;
Let the song of the North echo back from the South for the love that is truest and best!
Twin wreaths for the tombs of our Grant and our Lee, one hymn for your father and mine!
Oh, the flag you adore is the banner for me and its folds our dead brothers entwine.

—*Samuel Ellsworth Kiser.*

From "Days and Deeds, Poetry," published by The Baker & Taylor Co.

O, STARRY FLAG OF UNION, HAIL!

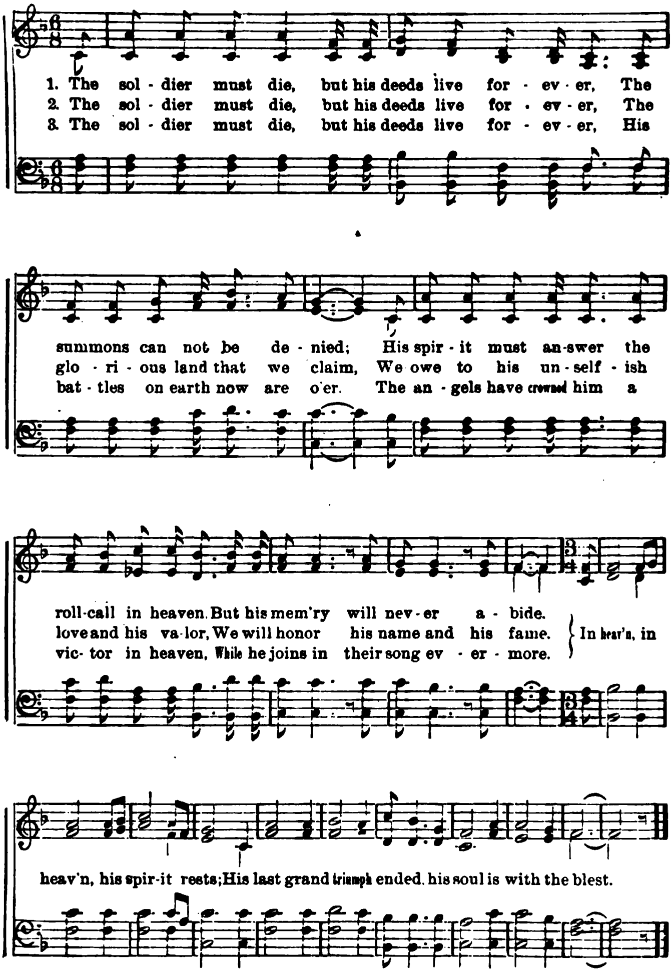
Words and Music by **CHARLES W. JOHNSON.**


1. O, Star - ry flag of Un - ion, hail! Now wave thy silk - en folds on high, The
2. Who dares haul down from mast or tower, You em - blem of Co - lumbia's pride, His
3. We raise no hand for strife or war, We plead for peace for ev - 'ry land; But
gen - tle breeze that stirs each sail Pro - claims a - broad dear Freedom nigh.
life holds light in that dread hour, Since brave men for that flag have died.
love we al - way each bright star Each col - or, stripe and rainbow strand.
CHORUS.
Blue - field, thy stars for - ev - 'ry State; Thy crimson stripes, thy peer - less white,
Wave now o'er us, while our cho - rus Swells, our watchword, God and Right!

From "Songs of the Nation," copyright 1896, by Silver Burdett & Company. By permission.

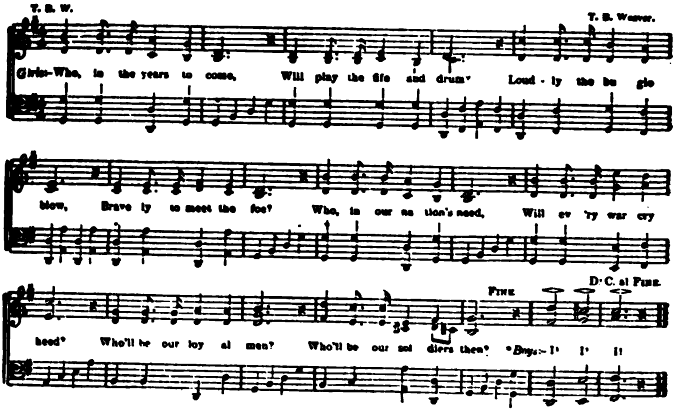
HIS DEEDS LIVE FOREVER.

F. G. Strickland. **C. V. Strickland.**


1. The sol - dier must die, but his deeds live for - ev - er, The
2. The sol - dier must die, but his deeds live for - ev - er, The
3. The sol - dier must die, but his deeds live for - ev - er, His
summons can not be de - nied; His spir - it must an-swer the
glo - ri - ous land that we claim, We owe to his un - self - ish
bat - tles on earth now are o'er. The an - gels have crown'd him a
roll-call in heaven. But his mem'ry will nev - er a - bide.
love and his va - lor, We will honor his name and his fame.
vic - tor in heaven, While he joins in their song ev - er - more.
In heav'n, in
heav'n, his spir-it rests; His last grand triumph ended, his soul is with the blest.

From "Garlands No. 1, by Rev. C. V. Strickland, Huntington, Ind. By permission.

WHO'LL BE THE SOLDIERS THEN?


T. B. W.
T. B. Weaver.
Girls—Who, in the years to come, Will play the fife and drum? Loud - ly the bu gle
blow, Brave ly to meet the foe? Who, in our na tion's need, Will ev 'ry war cry
heed? Who'll be our loy al men? Who'll be our sol diers then? *Boys:—I! I! I!
Fine
D. C. al Fine.

* Boys—
We'll be the soldiers then,
Loyal and sturdy men;
We'll play the fife and drum,
Soon in the years to come.
Loudly the bugle blow,
Bravely to meet the foe—
We'll be our loyal men,
We'll be the soldiers then.

Girls—
Who'll be our sailors brave,
Out on the rolling wave?
Carry to ev'ry sea,
Our banner of the free?
Guard well our nation's coast,
From an invading host?
Who, in the years to be,
Will sail the rolling sea?

*Boys—
Ho! hi! ho!
We will the sailors be,
Out on the rolling sea;
Steady our hand and aim,
For Freedom's holy name;
Carry, to all the world,
Our matchless flag unfurled;
We will the sailors be,
Out on the rolling sea.

---

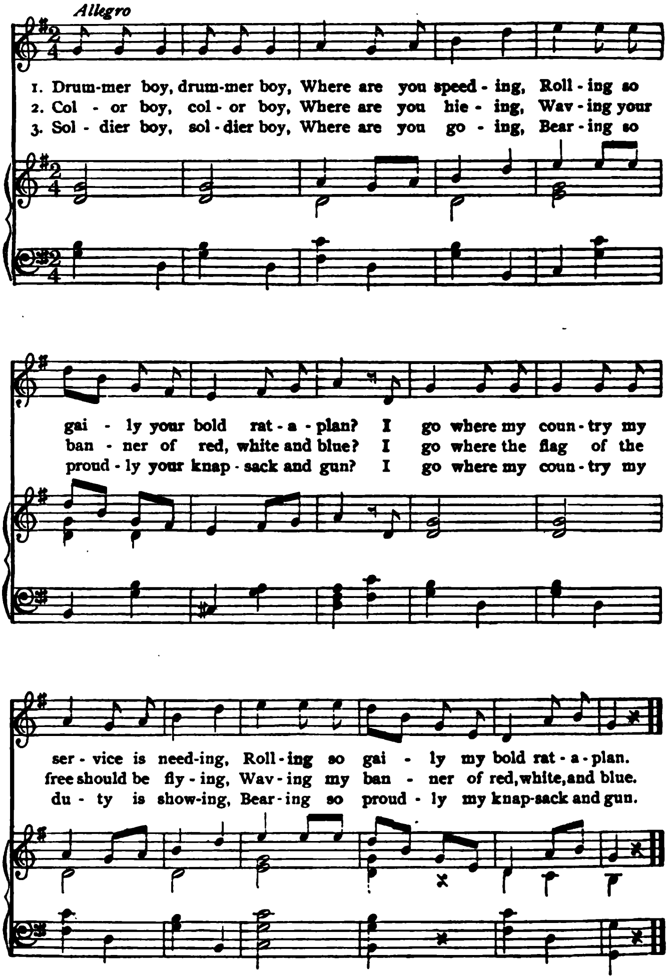
* Boys, at end of first half of stanza sung by the girls, rise, and standing in aisles, wave hands above heads as in a cheer, making one complete circle with hand for each exclamation; then they march through aisles as they sing and are again seated. The girls might march through aisles while they sing. The music should be played in strict march time.

Used by permission of the author, T. B. Weaver, Mechanicsburg, Ohio.

DRUMMER BOY

Words selected

MARY S. CONRADE


Allegro
1. Drum-mer boy, drum-mer boy, Where are you speed-ing, Roll-ing so
2. Col - or boy, col - or boy, Where are you hie - ing, Wav-ing your
3. Sol - dier boy, sol - dier boy, Where are you go - ing, Bear-ing so
gai - ly your bold rat-a-plan? I go where my coun-try my
ban - ner of red, white and blue? I go where the flag of the
proud - ly your knap - sack and gun? I go where my coun - try my
ser - vice is need-ing, Roll-ing so gai - ly my bold rat-a-plan.
free should be fly - ing, Wav-ing my ban - ner of red, white, and blue.
du - ty is show-ing, Bear-ing so proud - ly my knap-sack and gun.

From "Songs In Season." By permission of A. Flanagan Co.

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Memorial Day Annual

WISCONSIN

1909

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WISCONSIN

MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL

LINCOLN CENTENNIAL NUMBER

1909

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1909

Memorial Day.

Oh, draw aside the drapery of gloom,
  And let the sunshine chase the cloud away
And gild with brighter glory every tomb
  We decorate to-day:
And in the holy silence reigning round,
  While prayers of perfume bless the atmosphere
Where loyal souls of love and faith are found,
  Thank God that peace is here!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

FOREWORD.

The armies which, under the leadership of Washington, for eight long years waged warfare against greatly superior numbers made possible the founding of a nation "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." The heroes of the Revolution had no thought that any eye should ever "behold the broken and dishonored fragments" of the nation which they established. When the Union was threatened with disruption because of slavery, vast numbers of men coming from all walks of life fought to a successful close one of the most stupendous wars of history. They were the saviors of the nation.

The veterans of the Civil War conformed to that definition of true patriotism which holds it to be the sacrifice of personal advantage for the general good. To save the Union they rallied 'round the flag on many a battle field. But the country must be saved in times of peace no less than in times of war, and heroes of peace must rally 'round the flag, not on the battlefield, but at home, in business, at the ballot-box. The celebration of Memorial Day should in large degree call to mind the desperate conflicts and the heroic sacrifices which were necessary in order that the nation might endure. But it should also call to mind the great civic obligation which rests upon the people of this country at the present time, and which will rest upon succeeding generations—the obligation of unselfish devotion in times of peace to the welfare of all the people, even at the cost, if need be, of personal sacrifice. With this two-fold aim clearly in mind the recurring celebration of Memorial Day, and of other patriotic holidays, will not diminish, but will increase in interest and importance as the years go by.

In addition to the selections for Memorial Day exercises there has been included in this year's annual material for Lincoln's birthday, Washington's birthday, Flag Day, and Peace Day. Much of this additional material is also suitable for use in connection with Memorial Day.

Some Suggestions.

February twelfth of this year is the hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth. Exercises suitable to this notable occasion should be given in every school in the state. The exercises should be of such a character as to enlist the interest of the patrons of the school, who should be invited to be present. A feature of the program should be the recitation in concert of Lincoln's Gettysburg address by all the pupils above the middle form. In many schools it is ordinarily well to combine the celebration of the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln. This year, however, Lincoln's birthday should be celebrated apart on the proper date and every effort should be put forth to make the occasion impressive. For selections see pages 58 to 77. Material for Washington's birthday will be found on pages 78 to 87.

Flag Day (June 14) comes after the close of many if not most schools. For this reason suitable Flag Day exercises should be given in connection with the celebration of Washington's birthday, or on some other suitable day in the latter part of the school year. It would be well to have, in connection with such exercises, some reference to the proper celebration of the fourth of July. There is urgent need of more patriotism and less lockjaw resulting from this celebration. Our schools have it within their power to develop a sentiment which shall help to rescue from desecration and for purposes of patriotism the anniversary of the nation's birth. For selections see pages 44 to 57.

Peace Day (May 18) is intended to aid in the world-wide movement of substituting the principle of international arbitration for the "dread arbitrament of war" in settling disputes between nations. Only to the extent to which this substitution is accomplished can the world be said to be truly civilized. A Peace Day program requiring an hour or less for its rendition, if given in every school each year, would eventually have immense influence in promoting sentiment which will make for lasting peace. For selections see pages 88 to 94.

Memorial Day Annuals a Part of School Libraries.

Teachers receiving Memorial Day Annuals for use in their schools should preserve them as part of the school library. The selections which successive issues contain will in the aggregate form a valuable source of material for use in preparing programs and in the language, literature, and history classes.

Laus Deo.

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel,
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel;
God's own voice is in that peal.
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound?

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake he hath spoken;
He has smitten with his thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever his right hand,
Over any time or land,
Stretched as now, beneath the sun?

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth;
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad;
With a sound of broken chains,
Tell the Nations that he reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Decoration Day on the Place.

It's lonesome—sort o' lonesome—it's a Sund'y-day to me,
It 'pears—like—more'n any day I nearly ever see!
Yit, with the Stars and Stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air,
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily thare.

They, say, though, Decoration Days is ginerly observed
'Most ev'rywhares, espeshally by soldiers boys that's served;
But me and mother never went, we seldom git away,
In pint o' fact we're allus home on Decoration Day.

They say the old boys marches through the streets in columns grand,
A-follerin' the old war tunes they're playin' in the band,
And citizens all jinin' in, and little children, too,
All marchin' under shelter of the old Red, White, and Blue.

With roses! roses! roses! everybody in the town!
And crowds o' little girls in white, jes' fairly loaded down!
Oh! don't The Boys know it, from their camp across the hill?
Don't they see they're com'ards comin' and the old flag wavin' still?

Oh! can't they hear the bugul and the rattle of the drum?
Ain't they no way under heavens they can rickollect us some?
Ain't they no way we can coax 'em, through the roses, jist to say
They know that every day on earth's their Decoration Day?

We've tried that—me and Mother—whare Elias takes his rest,
In the orchud, in his uniform, and hands acrost his breast,
And the flag he died fer, smilin' and a-rippin' in the breeze
Above his grave—and over that—the robin in the trees!

And yit it's lonesome, lonesome! It's a Sund'y-day, to me,
It 'pears, like, more'n any day I nearly ever see!
Still, with the Stars and Stripes above, a-flutterin' in the air,
On every Soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily thare.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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The Old Veteran.

An aged soldier, with his hair snow white,
Sat looking at the night.

A busy, shining angel came with things
Like chevrons on his wings.

He said, "The evening detail has been made—
Report to your brigade."

The soldier heard the message that was sent,
Then rose and died and went.

—Selection from "Ironquill."

The Broadening of Memorial Day.

There is a tendency to transfer the purely religions service of Memorial Day to a preceding or following Sunday. This involves the use of the day itself in some large part in holiday fashion, with always an underlying and solemnizing thought of the great men to whom we owe our freedom and its privileges. In thus extending and varying the uses of the time, its inner meaning will be deepened, broadened, and made more joyful. It is well that the memory of the dead should be associated in the minds of the people with the great flood of growing life in spring. We do not come as mourners to the resting places of our heroes. The progress of the generations gave them their opportunity and they made good use of it. It is for us now to take the lesson home to our own hearts and to look at the calls of duty in our own time in the spirit of their self-devoted lives. Our opportunity is different, but it is not less real than theirs.

There is another broadening of the spirit of the day, which we are glad to see make steady progress with the passing of the years. The day was first proposed in memory of the recent dead in that long and costly struggle for the Union, which in God's providence proved also to be the price of our deliverance from human slavery. It soon widened to include the heroes of earlier wars. Since its beginning we have passed through a new war, also, we believe, given us by God's providence to fight for human freedom. And those who fell in its battles and died in its hospital camps are remembered on our Memorial Day. There is, however, still a broadening of the field of thought which must come before the meaning and observance of the day are complete.

All our great dead, whether they served the people in necessary battle, or in ways of peace, deserve commemoration. We have no church like the English Westminster Abbey, where the greatest of our honored helpers of the past are buried; no such public place of burial as the French Pantheon in Paris; no central hall of fame like the Bavarian Walhalla. It is characteristic of our democracy that our great dead are scattered—some where they fell in battle, some where their neighbors carried them with sorrowing and grateful hearts to quiet burial in their own God's acre of the countryside. In self-devoted service, whether in war or peace, all who deserve the grateful thought of our people are one. There is no littlest settlement but may think of its own true sons and with them of the multitude by whose devotion we enjoy our peace and strength. The great Memorial Day is for all of us, everywhere, a call to thoughtful gratitude, an incentive to right choices and steadfast self-devotion to the highest life we know.

—*Selected.*

"Our Naval Heroes."

O May, so prodigal in memories!
Hast thou forgot the battles on the seas?
Hast thou forgot the seamen that went down
Without a fear to blanch the cheek of brown?
No violet or primrose ever rests
Its fluted leaves upon these warrior-breasts,
No friendly hand has decked their ocean grave,
Nor sorrow's tribute reached them through the wave.
Not for their age alone the brave old ships
Set thundering trumpets to their iron lips!
They poured that awful eloquence of fire
To right the wrong and lift the right still higher.
The ocean or the shipyard claims the wrecks,
And shadowy crews invest the rotting decks.
A ghostly canvas flutters to the breeze,
Hast thou no garlands, May, for such as these?
Bring thy deep urn filled with a nation's tears;
Sing thy sweet psalm sprung from our happier years:
And where a warship moulders on our shore,
Worn like a grandsire whose long work is o'er,
Yet on whose rough cheek baby-fingers stray,
Give the grim past the blossoms of to-day!

—*Curtis May in Youth's Companion.*

The Civil War and the Negro.

By Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee Institute, Ala. Written especially for the Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual.

At the time the war between the North and the South broke out, I was living on a plantation in the mountains of Western Virginia, and, as near as I can make out, I was then about four or five years of age. Altho Virginia suffered a great deal from the war, and there were battles all around us, we saw very little and heard very little of actual warfare. I remember seeing the soldiers march away, shortly after the war was declared, and I remember well when the body of my master's son, Billy, was brought home after the battle at Kelly's Ford. It was the first real evidence of war that I had seen, and made a great impression upon me.

Last fall after an absence of forty years, I again paid a visit to the old plantation where I was born. I visited the little graveyard, where my master's body was buried, and had an opportunity to look again upon the spot where young master Billy was buried.

Of course, at that time, and until a considerable period after my mother and I left the old plantation and went over into Virginia, where my step-father was living, I had no very definite notion of what war meant. I knew, as all the slaves on the plantation knew, that whatever else the Northern people and the Southern people were fighting about, the Southern people were fighting to keep their slaves, and the victory of the Northern army meant freedom. But, at that time, I do not think that any of us knew very well what freedom meant. In fact, as I remember, it was some years after the close of the war, that the masses of the enfranchised people began to understand what freedom meant.

Coming back, however, after forty years, to the old homestead where I was born, meeting some of the old faces, and talking with many of the friends that I had formerly known, it seemed to me that for the first time I fully realized the enormous value of the opportunity which the victory of the Northern armies had made for me and for my people.

There was a time when I was younger, when I used to feel resentment for all that my people had been compelled to suffer, when they were torn from their homes in Africa and brought to America to labor for the white man. All feelings of resentment that I may have ever had have long since died away, and I now look back to my life and to the people whom I knew on the plantation, with only the kindest feelings. I recognize that in slavery the white man and the black man were bound together in an institution for which neither was fully responsible, and in which both suffered equally.

I have learned, too, since I began to study and look into the history of the institution of slavery, how easily and how naturally it grew up here on American soil. At the time that the American Negro was introduced in America as a slave, Englishmen were bought in England, shipped to America, and sold into servitude here. At the time the first Negro slaves were brought to Virginia, or shortly afterwards, Englishmen were selling the captives they had taken in the civil war into something very like slavery, in the Southern colonies and in the West Indies.

At the time the first slaves were imported from Africa to America, in all parts of America that were then settled, the Indians were working, as slaves, for the white man. Hundreds of Indian slaves were sent from New England, and from the Southern states to the West Indies. Indian slavery was everywhere prevalent in South America where the white man had made his settlement. The principal reason why Indian slavery and the servitude of the white man gave place to Negro servitude was because the Negro was better adapted to the climate of the Southern states and the West Indies. Furthermore, the Negro was accustomed to slavery in his own country, and also accustomed to work.

But at the time of the civil war the world had long out-grown slavery, and the institution as it existed in the Southern States was a wretched anachronism. Whatever lessons the Negro had to learn from slavery, he had already learned, and the perpetuation of the institution was a wrong to the Negro, a wrong to the white man, and a blot on civilization. Yet so deeply had the institution of slavery rooted itself in the customs and the habits of the Southern people, so far reaching was the evil influence that it exerted upon the industrial life of the whole country, that a great and bloody war was necessary to get rid of it.

It is interesting to note that tho the masses of the slaves who were on the plantation remained faithful to their masters, during this war, that the Negroes in the North and in all those states where they were early emancipated contributed much by their courage and by their fidelity to bring the painful struggle between the two sections of the country to a speedy end. For a long time, there was a disposition among the leaders of the North to refuse to the Negro the opportunity to fight for his own freedom, but as soon as that opportunity was granted to him the Negro soldier speedily proved to the whole world that he was worthy of the freedom which the progress of the war was slowly bringing to him.

Negro soldiers were engaged in a number of desperate battles, and in all of them, as far as I am able to learn, they came off with honor. In his report of the battle of Port Hudson, Major-General M. P. Banks said, "It gives me pleasure to report that they (the negro troops) answered every expectation. Their conduct was heroic. No troops could be more determined or more daring. They made, during the day, three charges upon the batteries of the enemy, suffering very heavy losses, and holding their position at nightfall with the other troops on the right of our line. Whatever doubt may have existed before as to the efficiency of organizations of this character, the history of this day proves conclusively to those who were in a position to observe, that the government will find in this class of troops effective supporters and defenders."

Now that the great war is over, and the wounds inflicted are beginning to heal, I believe I am safe in saying that there are people in the South, as well as in the North, who, in spite of the fearful losses it caused, believe the war was worth to the South as well as to the North, to the white man as well as to the black man, all that it has cost.

My friends, the problem which confronts us today is different but not less difficult than that which confronted our fathers in 1860 and 1861. To solve this problem demands of us a courage of a different kind, but perhaps even greater, than that required to fight the battles of the great civil war of which we cherish the memory today. The freedom that was gained at that enormous expense of blood and money must be preserved. To preserve that freedom our people must be inspired with the desire to see that absolute justice is done to every man whether he is black, yellow, or brown, whether his parents were born in slavery or nursed in luxury. My friends, the war is over. In the words of our great Commander, General Grant, "Let us have peace." Peace between North and South. Peace between the white man and the black man.

The Black Regiment.

Dark as the clouds of even,
Ranked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts
All the dread mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand
Over a ruined land—
So, still and orderly,
Arm to arm, knee to knee,
Waiting the great event,
Stands the Black Regiment.

Down the long dusky line
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet,
Bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand,
Long ere the sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum
Told them their time had come,
Told them what work was sent
For the Black Regiment.

"Now," the flag-sergeant cried,
"Though death and hell betide,
Let the whole nation see
If we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound
Down, like the whining hound—
Bound with red stripes of pain
In our old chains again!"
Oh! what a shout there went
From the Black Regiment!

"Charge!" Trump and drum awoke;
Onward the bondmen broke;
Bayonet and sabre-stroke
Vainly opposed their rush.
Through the wild battle's crush,
With but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff,
In the guns' mouths they laugh,
Or at the slippery brands

Leaping with open hands,
Down they tear man and horse,
Down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel
Over the crashing steel,
All their eyes forward bent,
Rushed the Black Regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry—
"Freedom! or leave to die!"
Ah! and they meant the word,
Not as with us 'tis heard,
Not a mere party-shout:
They gave their spirits out;
Trusted the end to God,
And on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood;
Glad to strike one free blow,
Whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath,
Though on the lips of death:
Praying—alas! in vain!—
That they might fall again,
So they could once more see
That burst to liberty!
This was what "freedom" lent
To the Black Regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;
But they are resting well;
Scourges and shackles strong
Never shall do them wrong.
Oh! to the living few,
Soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried;
Fight with them side by side;
Never, in field or tent,
Scorn the Black Regiment.

—*George H. Boker (1863.)*

Mustered Out.

"A soldier of the Union mustered out,"
Is the inscription of an unknown grave
At Newport News, beside the salt sea wave,
Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout
Shot down in skirmish or disastrous rout
Of battle, when the loud artillery drave
Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave
And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt.
Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea
In thy forgotten grave—with secret shame
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,
When I remember thou hast given for me
All that thou hast, thy life, thy very name,
And I can give thee nothing in return!

—*Longfellow.*

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A Friendly Interview Between Pickets.

A correspondent writing from the Ninth army corps, opposite Fredericksburgh, Va., narrated the following, which occurred on Christmas Day, 1862, while the writer was out on picket with his company:

"After partaking of a Christmas dinner of salt junk and hard tack, our attention was attracted by a rebel picket, who hailed us from the opposite side of the river: 'I say, Yank, if a fellow goes over there, will you let him come back again?' Receiving an affirmative answer, he proceeded to test the truth of it by paddling himself across the river. He was decidedly the cleanest specimen of a rebel I had seen. In answer to a question, he said he belonged to the Georgia Legion. One of our boys remarked: 'I met quite a number of your boys at South Mountain.' 'Yes, I suppose so, if you were there,' said the rebel, while his face grew very sad. 'We left very many of our boys there. My brother, poor Will, was killed there. It was a very hot place for a while, and we had to leave it in a hurry.' 'That's so, Georgia, your fellows fought well there, and had all the advantage, but the old Keystone boys were pressing you hard. By the way, I have a likeness here (taking it out of his pocket) that I picked up on the battle-field the next morning, and I have carried it ever since.' He handed it to the rebel, who, on looking at it, pressed it to his lips, exclaiming, 'My mother! my mother!' He exhibited considerable emotion at the recovery of the picture; but on regaining his composure, he said that his brother had it in his possession, and must have lost it in the fight. He then asked the name of the one to whom he was indebted for the lost likeness of his mother, remarking, 'There may be better times soon, and we may know each other better.' He had taken from his pocket a small pocket Bible, in which to write the address, when Alex., who had taken no part in the conversation, fairly yelled: 'I know that book! I lost it at Bull Run!' 'That's where I got it, Mr. Yank,' said the rebel, and he handed it to Alex. 'I am much obliged to you, Georgia Legion, for I wouldn't part with it for all the Southern Confederacy.' I was a little curious to know something further of the book, so I asked Alex. to let me see it. He passed it to me. I opened it, and on the fly leaf saw written in a neat hand, 'My Christmas gift to Alex., December 25th, 1860. Ella.' 'Well, Alex.,' said I, 'it's not often one has the same gift presented to him a second time.' True, Captain; and if I could but see the giver of that today, there's but one other gift I would want.' 'What's that, Alex?' 'This rebellion played out, and my discharge in my pocket.'

"The boys had all been busily talking to our rebel friend, who, seeing a horseman approaching in the direction of his post, bids us a hasty goodby, and made as quick a trip as possible across the Rappahannock. Night came on, and those not on duty lay down on the frozen ground, to dream of other Christmas nights, when we knew not war."

—*Rebellion Record.*

Battle Above the Clouds.

Raining lifeblood like water on the valleys down below.
O, green be the laurels that grow,
O, sweet be the wild buds that blow,
In the dells of the mountains where the brave are lying low.

Light of our hope and crown of our story,
Bright as sunlight, pure as starlight shall their deeds of daring glow,
While the day and the night out of heaven shed their glory,
On Freedom's Lookout Mountain when they routed Freedom's foe.
O, soft be the gales where they go
Through the pines on the summit where they blow,
Chanting solemn music for the souls that passed below.

—*W. D. Howells.*

Forgiven.

"In a recent battle, fell a secession colonel, the last remaining son of his mother, and she a widow. That mother had sold eleven children of an old slave mother, her servant; that servant went to her and said: 'Missus, we're even now; you sold all my children; de Lord took all yours; not one left to bury either of us; now I forgive you.'"

A Southern widow knelt beside the bier
  Of her lifeless son,
They had brought him back from the battle-field,
  The field that he died upon;
And of all her children, this dead boy
  Was the last remaining one.

Oh! lonely through that silent house
  The wide, deserted halls;
Now never a sound of dancing feet
  Across their pavement falls—
Nor the mother's voice through the summer air,
  After her children calls.

One after one, from her home they went,
  One after one, to the grave,
And their father was laid by the village kirk
  Where the solemn cedars wave,
And this last one of her household band,
  How she had hoped to save!

But that hope died out on the fatal day,
  So sorrowful and black,
When strangers brought unto her door
  That only darling back—
Not as he went, so strong and brave
  And full of life, alack!

Oh! sad it was to hear her mourn
  In that wide, lonely home;
Not a ray of comfort or of hope
  To radiate the gloom,
Not a kindred step beside her own,
  To follow to the tomb.

One came to her, but not of kin,
  Only an aged slave,
And spoke, as she never spoke before—
  Perhaps grief made her brave;
The swelling tide of a mighty grief
  Impulsive accents gave.

"Missus, you mourn, for your last boy
  Will never come back more.
You took my children, one by one,
  From the little cabin-door;
De Lord took yours, now I forgive—
  I never could before.

"I pity you in de lonesome house,
For I knows how;
Not one left to bury either of us,
We're even now!
But de good Lord helps sufferin' hearts
Dat to him bow."

—*From "The Rebellion Record,"*

The Pride of Battery B.

South Mountain towered upon our right, far off the river lay,
And over on the wooded heights we kept their lines at bay.
At last the muttering guns were still, the night came slow and wan.
At last the gunners' pipes did fill, the sergeant's yarns began.
When as the wind a moment blew aside the fragrant cloud
The brier wood raised, within our view a little maiden stood,
A tiny tot of six or seven, from fireside fresh she seemed.
Of such a little one in heaven, one soldier often dreamed.
And as we stared, her little hand went to her curly head
In grave salute, "And who are you?" at length the sergeant said,
"And where's your home?" he growled again.
She lisped out, "Who is me?
Why, don't you know? I'm little Jane, the Pride of Battery B.
My home? Why, that was burnt away, and pa and ma are dead,
And so I ride the guns all day, 'long with Sergeant Ned.
And I've a drum that's not a toy, a cap with feathers, too,
I march beside the drummer boy on Sunday at review.
And now our 'bacca's all give out, the men can't have their smoke,
And so they're cross: Why, even Ned won't play with me and joke.
And the big colonel said today—I hate to hear him swear,
He'd give a leg for a good smoke like that Yank had over there;
And so I thought when beat the drum and the big guns were still
I'd creep beneath the tent and come out here across the hill
And beg, good Mister Yankeeman, you'd give me some Lone Jack.
Please do! When we get some again I'll surely bring it back,
'Deed I will, cause Ned, says he, that if I do as I say,
I'll be a general yet, maybe, and ride a handsome bay."
We brimmed her tiny apron o'er, you should have heard her laugh,
As each man from his scanty store shook out a generous half.
To kiss the little mouth stooped down a score of grimy men,
Until the sergeant's husky voice said, "'Tention, squad!" and then
We gave her escort, till good-night the pretty waif we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight, or else 'twas tears that hid
Her tiny form, nor turned about a man or spoke a word,
Until afar, upon the breeze, a loud hoarse shout we heard.
We sent it back, and cast sad eyes upon the scene around.
A baby's hand had touched the chord that brothers once had bound.
That's all, save when the dawn awoke again the work of hell,
And thru the clouds of smoke the screaming missiles fell,
The colonel often rubbed his glass and marvelled much to see—
Not a single shell that whole day fell in the camp of Battery B.

—*Selected.*

Grant's Farewell to His Armies.

Soldiers of the Armies of the United States—By your patriotic devotion to your country in the hour of danger and alarm, your magnificent fighting, bravery, and endurance, you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and the constitution, overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws and of the proclamations forever abolishing slavery—the cause and pretext of the rebellion—and opened the way to the rightful authorities to restore order and inaugurate peace on a permanent and enduring basis on every foot of American soil. Your marches, sieges, and battles, in distance, duration, resolution, and brilliancy of results, dim the lustre of the world's past military achievements, and will be the patriot's precedent in defense of liberty and right in all time to come.

In obedience to your country's call you left your homes and families and volunteered in its defense. Victory has crowned your valor, and secured the purpose of your patriotic hearts; and with the gratitude of your countrymen and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families, conscious of having discharged the highest duty of American citizens. To achieve these glorious triumphs and to secure to yourselves, your fellow countrymen, and posterity the blessings of free institutions, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen and sealed the priceless legacy with their lives. The graves of these a grateful nation bedews with tears, honors their memories, and will ever cherish and support their stricken families.

Our First Commander, Gen. U. S. Grant.

COLONEL WILLIAM F. VILAS.

The speech which first gave fame to the late Col. William F. Vilas was delivered at the banquet given in honor of Gen. Grant by the Army of the Tennessee at the Palmer house, on Nov. 17, 1879, on his return from the trip around the world. Of all the speeches on that night it alone is remembered. It carried the banqueters off their feet and few orators have ever received such an ovation as was given to Col. Vilas, then a young man not known out of Wisconsin. The Chicago newspapers the next morning gave full credit to the deep impression he made and soon the whole country re-echoed with tributes to the splendid oration which had so stirred all who had heard it. Col. Vilas leaped at a moment into national fame.—*Milwaukee Free Press.*

"Your call invites me, sir, I am conscious, to give expression to the profound feeling with which every heart of our assembled companions responds to the stirring sentiments. But how shall I attempt to choose in the brief compass the occasion allows from the multitudinous thoughts that crowd the mind? Our first commander, the illustrious general whose fame has grown to fill the world; and, more, our old band of the Tennessee was his first army. What honorable memories of old associations you, companions, may now recall! How splendid was your entrance on the scene of arms! The anxious eye of the North had long been fixed intently on the eastern theater, almost unconscious of the new-formed Army of the Tennessee and its unknown general. Suddenly there fell on the startled ear the roar of your fight at Donelson and your chieftain's victorious cry, which waked the country's heart to ecstasy, and rung like a prophetic knell the doom our army of salvation rung to rebels—'Nothing but unconditional surrender.'

"Then but a few days later there burst at Shiloh, upon the Army of the Tennessee, the flame and fury of the first great field fight of the war. In desperate doubt the nightfall of the bloody day closed on the unequal struggle. Higher then rose the iron resolution of that great commander. Urged by cautious counsel to prepare the way for retreat, with trust in your valor, he gave the characteristic answer, 'I have not despaired of whipping them yet.' And loyally, on the morrow, was he vindicated in that reliance, as he rode before the soldiery, driving the enemy over the victorious field.

"How darkly comes back in recollection the long and dismal toil in the pestilential swamp before impregnable Vicksburg. The sky was overhung with gloom, and the soaked earth sunk under foot, until by the flash of powder, unheralded by the noise of arms, in miserable darkness, the last enemy irresistibly plied his fatal work, changing the river levees, where only was solid ground for burial, into tombs for our decimated ranks. Then, again, new light broke from his troubled genius on the scene, and displayed the possible path for valor. Breaking past the rebel battlements, and across the great river, he flung our army into the midst of the hostile host like a mighty gladiator surrounded by his foes, choosing no escape but in victory. There, with fiery zest, in fierce rapidity he smote the foe the crushing strokes of Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion hills, and Black river, and seized the doomed city with the unrelenting grasp of his Army of the Tennessee.

"And when, on the new birthday of the republic, her flag shook out the beautiful folds above the ramparts of that boasted citadel, the territory of revolt was finally split in twain, and the backbone of the rebellion was broken. Such, at a glance, is your splendid story, companions, under our first commander. He and his Army of the Tennessee entered upon the pages of history together. Together they achieved the first great patriotic triumphs of the Union, together they followed and fought her enemies from field to field, pushing our advancing arms in steady career toward the gulf.

"Nor were their efforts for their country disunited until, having dismembered the vast rebellion, the beginning of its utter downfall had been seen. Guided by his genius, your army had learned to fight only to conquer. Parted from him, it forgot not the teaching. Its march and war struck every revolted state save two, but never general anywhere lamented over its retreat from the field of arms. Joyfully may we point to that exalted fame which, rising like a pinnacle of the Alps, breaks through the firmament above, to carry up the name of the unconquered Grant; for it is our felicity that on the solid base from which it lifts, history has written the proud legend of the Army of the Tennessee, which never shunned and never lost a battle with its foes.

"Joined to it by such a story, and especially when so assembled, his old associates and soldiers in war, we may rightfully, without censure and without adulation, claim and speak the just measure of his merit and renown. Nor shall his presence deny that satisfaction to us. His reputation is not his—not even his country's—alone. It is in part our peculiar possession. We, who fought to aid its rising, may well rejoice in its meridian splendor. The foundations of his title are deep laid and safe. They spring not from merely having enjoyed possession of the honors of place and power which his countrymen have bestowed. They lie not specially on his shining courage and personal conduct before the enemy who was never outdone in calm intrepidity, nor in the splendid daring with which he ever urged the battle he immediately ordered, though long these will live in song and story.

"Beyond the warrior's distinction, which was his earlier glory—his is the true genius of the general. The strategic learning of the military art was to him a simple implement, like colors and brush to a Raphael, not fetters to the mind. How like a weapon in a giant's hand did he wield the vast aggregations of soldiery, whose immensity impresses so many minds. How easily moved his divisions, yet how firm the places of all. How every soldier came to feel his participation—a direct contribution to the general success. And when at length his merit won the government of the entire military power of the North, how perfectly became, without noise or friction, the co-operation of every army throughout the wide territory of the war toward the common end. Subordinate every will and zealous soul, the profound military wisdom of the capital even, to the clear purpose and comprehensive grasp of the one commanding mind. Then how rapidly crumbled on every side the crushed revolt! Where shall we find, in past records, the tale of such a struggle, so enormous in extent, so nearly matched at the outset, so desperately contested, so effectively decided? Through what a course of uninterrupted victory did he proceed from the earliest engagements to a complete dominion of the vast catastrophe!

"Spare, in pity, the poor brain which cannot see in this career more than a dogged pertinacity! Out upon the unjust prejudice which will consciously disparage the true meed of genius! Leave it where his intrepid silence leaves it! Leave it to history! Leave it to the world!

"But in the great cause so well understood, and the great results to men so well accomplished, the basis of his renown is justly broadened. For the salvation of this government of freedom for mankind we took up arms. When liberty was safe, they were laid again down. Risen to the highest seat of power, he has descended as a citizen of equal rank with all. This goes to the soul of American liberty, ennobling individual citizenship above all servants in office. His is indeed the noblest grandeur of manhood, who can rise from the grasp of overtopling power, above the ambition of self, to exalt the ambition of humanity, denying the spoils of the brief time to the last guerdon of immortal honor.

"The judgment of immediate contemporaries has been apt to rise too high or fall too low. But let not detraction or calumny mislead. They have ever been the temporal accompaniments of human greatness. That glory cannot rise beyond the clouds which passes not through the clouds. We may confidently accept the judgment of the world. It has been unmistakably delivered. But lately, as he has pressed his wandering course about the round earth, mankind have everywhere bowed in homage at his coming as the ancient devotees of the east fell before the sun at his rising.

"These honors were not paid to his person, which was unknown; they were not paid to him as to some potentate of a people, for he journeyed not as a man in power. They have been the willing prostration of mortality before a glory imperishable.

"His memory shall, indeed, be in the line of the heroes of war, but distinctive and apart from the greater number. Not with the kind of Alexander, who ravaged the earth to add to mere dominion; nor of Belisarius, who but fed the greedy craving of an imperial beast of prey; not with Marlborough, Eugene, Wellington, who played the parts set them by the craft of diplomacy; not with the Napoleons, who chose 'to wade through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind;' not with Cæsar, who would have put the ambitious hand of arms on the delicate fabric of constitutional freedom.

"America holds a higher place in the congregation of glory for her heroes of liberty, where sits, in expectation, her majestic Washington. In nobler ambition than the gaining of empire they have borne their puissant arms for the kingdom of man, where liberty reigneth forever. From the blood poured out in their warfare sweet incense rose to heaven, and angels soothed, with honorable pride, the tear which sorrow started for the dead.

"Home again now, our first commander, after the journey of the world! Here, here again, we greet him at our social board, where, with recurring years, we regale all the deeper, ripening memories of our soldiership for freedom. Partaking of the labors, the perils, the triumphs, which were the beginnings of his glory, we join now, with exultation, in the welcoming honors by which his grateful countrymen tell their foreknowledge of the immortality of his renown.

"Long and many be the years, illustrious leader, before your hour of departure comes! Green and vigorous be your age, undecayed every faculty of mind and sense, in full fruition of the well-earned joys of life; happy in the welfare of your native land, the love of your countrymen, the admiration of the world."

An Old Battlefield.

The softest whisperings of the scented South,
And rust and roses in the cannon's mouth;

And, where the thunders of the fight were born,
The wind's sweet tenor in the standing corn;

With song of larks, low-lingering in the loam,
And blue skies bending over love and home.

But still the thought: Somewhere,—upon the hills,
Or where the vales ring with the whip-poor-wills,

Sad wistful eyes and broken hearts that beat
For the loved sound of unreturning feet,

And, when the oaks their leafy banners wave,
Dream of the battle and an unmarked grave!

—*Frank Lebby Stanton.*

From Whence Came They?

By J. A. WATROUS, Lieut. Col., U. S. Army.

Written especially for the Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual.

After the Wisconsin contingent had passed the reviewing stand, on the occasion of the Grand Army parade at Toledo, and disbanded, many who had participated took positions where they could review other Departments. I stood near a veteran who had several of his grandchildren with him. When about a third of the 15,000 men in the procession had passed, one of the grandchildren looked into the old gentleman's face and asked: "Grandpa, where did they all come from?"

That is my text: "Where did they all come from?" or "From Whence Came They?" I can imagine that soldier grandfather, when he returned to his home, telling that cluster of little ones, where they all "came from." In my answer I shall begin after looking back nearly 50 years, or to the spring and summer of 1861, when the war clouds were so thick and heavy that President Lincoln called for volunteers to rally around old glory and help him to save the Nation. It was then that the men in that Toledo procession began to move forward—began to "come," and they came from all walks in life; from the school room, and not infrequently the teacher and all who were old enough or large enough to bear arms; from the pulpit, and not infrequently a majority of the male members of the congregation followed the minister; they came from the farms in every northern state, from the factories, from the workshops, the store, the printing-office, and it often occurred that editor, publisher, and printers all volunteered, leaving the editorial, publishing and mechanical departments in charge of women; they came from the pineries, thousands of them; from the log drive, the saw mill, and the grist mill; thousands left railway trains and steamboats to wear the uniforms of the United States. I shall not attempt to enumerate all of the places from which they came. Theirs was the best blood of the Nation; young men and boys who realized what they were doing, and who were glad to respond to the call of the

Great President in such a cause. From that time until the close of 1864 more than two millions of boys and young men, for we must not forget that the army of the Union—the army that saved the Union—was largely made up of boys from 14 to young men of 22, responded to that call.

Let me ask my readers to imagine, if they can, this vast army of boys, and those who had just passed the threshold of boyhood, marching to the music of the Union to engage in the mightiest of modern struggles to save the Republic. Can you imagine anything more inspiring? From our own Wisconsin ninety thousand marched forth. Every northern state contributed generously. It is not necessary at this late day to enter into details as to the manner in which the Union was saved. Every good American, North and South, is rejoicing that it was saved.

I can imagine that in words similar to these that old grandfather told his grandchildren "From Whence Came They." And after the four years of marches and battles he would have pictured, as I will try to picture, again, "From Whence Came They?" They began to come very soon after the great review in Washington, in May, 1865. Within a few months all but some far away companies and regiments of that army of over two millions had been mustered out and those boys and young men, grown to manhood, vigorous, strong, brown-faced, self-reliant, modest and hopeful came marching home. In the mighty procession were representatives from all of the great battles, the smaller ones, and hundreds of skirmishes; there were representatives from the two fields of Bull Run; from the several great fields in the vicinity of Richmond; from South Mountain and Antietam. In this homeward-bound procession were men who had passed through the two severe battles of Fredericksburg, and the disastrous struggle at Chancellorsville. They came marching from Shiloh, Chickamauga, the series of fields from Chattanooga to Atlanta; they came from Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Corinth, and Iuka; a mighty host came from the great decisive field, from the highwater mark battle, from Gettysburg. What a procession it was? Nearly every foreign country looked for trouble from this vast army of men who had passed through the greatest war of modern times. They expected to see riots, lawlessness on every hand, anarchy; but they had misjudged the patriots who had helped Abraham Lincoln to save the

Nation, soldiers who had learned the value of obedience to law. They were disciplined men; men who had made a sacrifice for country, and who believed in and loved that country. They were typical American citizens, strictly law abiding, strictly loyal, and they melted away as quietly as the snow under a gentle sunshine, with never a sign of trouble of any character. They returned to their schools, many of them, to their pulpits, their farms, their workshops, to the pineries, their trains and ships, their stores, printing offices, mills, and factories. Tens of thousands of them moved West where lands were cheap, and have been a tower of strength in building up the new West. Many returned to the South, and have been a power in restoring order, and bringing back business, educational, and religious life and prosperity.

Have I made myself plain? Is it hard, in imagination, to see these millions of well-tried young men marching from the nearly two thousand battle fields of the Civil War, back to their homes, to again take their places in the daily walks of life; hard to realize, "From Whence Came They" in 1865, after Appomattox?

Again "From Whence Came They" to Toledo, where they participated in that most memorable parade on the occasion of one of the most successful National Encampments of the Grand Army of the Republic? The little grandson looked upon a very different picture from that which those beheld who watched the gathering of the army in 1861, and those who watched the survivors return in 1865. The little boy saw about fifteen thousand old men, the youngest scarcely less than sixty, and the oldest more than ninety; he saw their gray heads and wrinkled faces, their dim eyes and bent forms; he noted their uncertain steps, and the unmistakable signs of great weariness. He could tell how they looked in Toledo last September, and how they marched, and how they sang, or tried to sing. He could tell how they cheered, but it wanted grandfather to tell him "From Whence They Came." From whence did they come? Not long ago there was a similar parade of Grand Army men in which two of the marchers, Gen. Benjamin Harrison and Major McKinley came from the White House, a President and an Ex-President; and on several other occasions there were others in the parade who had served as President,—Grant, Hayes, and Garfield. There have been representatives in the parade wearing the little bronze button, and very proud of it, from the Supreme Court of the

U. S., from the supreme courts of a dozen different states, They have come in scores from both houses of Congress. Not less than one hundred different governors of states have marched in these parades. Thousands of men who have served, and served well, as members of state legislatures have helped to make up such parades as the grandson sought information concerning. Hundreds of judges from federal, state, and county courts have been among the marchers. Presidents of our great colleges and universities, and scores of lesser colleges, academies, and hundreds, yes thousands of heads of public schools of various grades; scores of men who have ranked among the best of railway officials from presidents to brakemen and firemen. Tens of thousands of sturdy, successful farmers, thousands of merchants from the highest to the lowest grade, and a multitude of newspaper men from the chief editor to the pressman; bankers from the greatest to the smallest; lawyers, doctors, and ministers. Men from the regular army and navy by thousands; indeed we may well ask where have they not come from; and we may also ask from whence has come a body of men who have done more for their country, and whose citizenship is of a higher type?

I am sure that no reader will ask me to apologize for having colored this sketch in such a way that it speaks well, indeed, enthusiastically, of that multitude of 1861, of 1865, and of 1908; but I would not have anyone think for a moment that in speaking well of the boys and young men, the seasoned men after the war, and the old men of to-day, I have other than the kindliest feeling for that other army, also made up of boys and young men who fought four years for that which they thought was right, who returned to homes desolated after the war, and who for more than a lifetime have struggled for an existence. They, too, are representatives from great battle fields, where they fought as well as men ever fought, and showed bravery equal to that ever shown; they, too, are representative American soldiers, and the Union soldier who met them on battle fields, and who has noted their manly struggle since the war, is willing to recognize them as brother American soldiers. It may be said without fear of successful contradiction, that all of the old fighting confederate veterans rejoice to-day that we have the one country, with the one flag. The sons and grandsons of the confederate soldiers were among the very best of soldiers and sailors in the recent American wars. All through the South the flag that for many years has been floating over our Wisconsin school houses floats over their school houses. It is their flag as much as it is ours; it is their country as much as it is ours. The war is over; it ended at Appamattox, 43 years ago. As a result of the patriotism of the veterans of that war we stand at the head of the nations of the earth, respected by all civilized peoples, and with brighter prospects than any other country enjoys.

The Empty Sleeve.

(This poem was composed in the early years of the civil war by David Barker, now a resident of Maine, whose poems in the bloody days of the war are credited with encouraging the boys onward and to victory. Among soldiers this poem was especially popular, and will be greeted here as an old friend by many of the veterans, for whom it is reprinted.)

By the moon's pale light, to this gazing throng,
Let me tell one tale, let me sing one song;
'Tis a tale devoid of an aim or plan,
'Tis a simple song of a one-arm man.
Till this very hour I could ne'er believe
What a tell-tale thing is an empty sleeve—
What a weird, queer thing is an empty sleeve.

It tells in a silent tone to all
Of a country's need and a country's call,
Of a kiss and a tear for a child and wife,
And a hurried march for a nation's life.
Till this very hour would you e'er believe
What a tell-tale thing is an empty sleeve—
What a weird, queer thing is an empty sleeve.

It tells of a battlefield of gore,
Of the sabre's clash, of the cannon's roar;
Of the deadly charge—of the bugle's note,
Of a gurgling sound in a foeman's throat;
Of the whizzing grape—of the fiery shell,
Of a scene which mimics the scenes of hell.
Till this very hour who could e'er believe
What a tell-tale thing is an empty sleeve—
What a weird, queer thing is an empty sleeve.

Though it points to a myriad wounds and scars,
Yet it tells that a flag, with its stripes and stars,
For God's own chosen time will take
Each place of the rag with the rattle-snake,
And it points to the time when that flag will wave
O'er a land where there breathes no cowering slave;
To the top of the skies let us all then heave
One proud hurrah for the empty sleeve!
For the one arm man and the empty sleeve!

—*Toledo Blade.*

Our Heroes.

Ah! no, they have not passed away,
The glorious men of old,
Of lofty deeds, whose souls were cast
In virtue's sternest mould.

O patriot names! Brighter for such
Shines forth the storied past;
O loyal lives! in days of gloom
A beacon to the last.

Hear ye their call? Up! Save this land!
Fulfill your mission high;
It stirs each true heroic heart,
That thrilling battle-cry.

They come! they come! O waiting souls!
They gather in their might;
Their hearts are leal, their swords are true,
They battle for the right.

Thank God, my country, for the brave,
The wise, the eloquent;
Their noblest thoughts are given to thee,
And on thy future bent.

They fight and bleed and die
On hill-side, plain, and sea,
That the old flag cleansed from every stain
May yet float fair and free!

S. R. C.

Brunswick, Me., January 10, 1863.

The Palmetto and the Pine.

There grows a fair palmetto in the sunny Southern lands—
Upon the stern New England hills a sombre pine tree stands.
And each towers like a monument above the perished brave;
A grave 'neath the palmetto—beneath the pine a grave.

The Carolina widow comes this bright day to spread
Magnolia and jessamine above her soldier dead;
And the Northern mother violets strews upon her son below—
Her only son, who fell so many weary years ago.

Tears for the gallant Yankee boy—one of Grant's heroes he;
Tears for the stalwart Southern man—the man who marched with Lee;
But love, and only love, between the lonely ones who twine
Their wreaths 'neath the palmetto—their chaplets 'neath the pine.

—*Manly H. Pike.*

The Decoration of the School Room for Memorial Day.

MAUD BARNETT KRONSHAGE.

Written especially for the Memorial Day Annual.

Memorial Day should be to every child a day of inspiration. It should create within him higher ideals of patriotism than he has held before. It should teach him reverence for those who consecrated their lives to their country's service and should leave with him a broader sense of his own duty as a citizen. That the child's character may thus be broadened, the day must be given an atmosphere peculiarly its own and in harmony with the purposes for which it was established. Though depending largely upon the individuality of the teacher and the quality of the exercises held, this atmosphere is perfected by fit and harmonious decoration.

Memorial Day is a day of solemnity, a day of moral and social uplift. During its observance there should be nothing about the schoolroom lending an air of celebration, neither should there be anything about it depressing or funereal. Remove for the time all objects such as pictures, paper decorations, and drawings, not in harmony with the idea for which the observance of the day stands. Dignity in decoration cannot be attained when there are too many objects about.

The flag; the shield; red, white and blue bunting; green leaves and branches; flowers; palms, both dry and green; pictures of men and scenes famous in the three wars—Revolutionary, Civil and Spanish-American,—also reproductions of famous marbles bearing upon these periods are the materials which are appropriate for decoration and which are most likely to be available to every school district. All flags and red, white, and blue bunting should be covered with black gauze. This will tend to suppress the vivid colors of the flag and thus prevent a jar with the color scheme of the room.

The following schemes for arrangement may prove helpful.

1. The colonial style seems the most truly American, and is one of the best to follow. Have the children weave a long, flat garland of broad green leaves, pinning the leaves together by their stems. Festoon this flat against the wall, next the ceiling, catching it up at intervals of three feet or more,

according to the size of the room, and allowing the lowest part of each curve so formed to drop two or three feet from the ceiling. On the regularity in size and shape of the festoons depends the beauty of the decoration. Be sure to have the leaves so fastened that when festooned they will lie flat against the wall. At each point at which the garland is caught up to the ceiling hang a straight chain of leaves; exceeding in length the depth of the festoon, to which attach a small, flat wreath of leaves one foot to one foot and a half in diameter, all woven to correspond with the festooning. This decoration may be placed across the front of the room only, or may extend around two sides, or even three, where the windows are all on one side. In this last case, it may be interesting to devote the front wall to the Civil War, one of the other walls to the Revolutionary War, and the third to the Spanish-American War. Use appropriate pictures to complete this decoration, grouping them according to the three periods and hanging them in straight lines horizontally, as nearly as possible, so that red, white and blue bunting, covered with black gauze, may be run straight behind them. The bunting should be visible only in the spaces between the pictures.

2. Drape red, white and blue bunting, covered with black gauze, around the room next the ceiling, catching it up at about the same intervals as suggested in 1. Hang chains of woven leaves with flat wreaths suspended from them, as in 1. Use pictures as in 1 but omit the bunting back of them.

3. Use a single shield in the center of the front wall, grouping pictures about it. The shield may be purchased or may be made by some of the older pupils.

4. A single flag covered with black gauze may be draped across the front wall. If the flag is small, some pictures may be used with it. Palms or green branches, massed on the floor below the flag, or in the corners near it, will complete this decoration.

5. For a very simple decoration, throw a flag covered with black gauze over the teacher's table, and place on it a bunch of flowers in a plain, substantial jar or vase. A wreath woven of green leaves will look well placed flat on the table.

6. Let each child provide himself with a small flag, or a small wreath of green, or both. A wreath or a flag on each desk in the room will produce a very pleasing effect.

7. Using scheme 1 or 2, and having few or no pictures, let some pupil who prints well and is skillful with water-colors, place

upon a large sheet of cardboard or paper the last half of the last paragraph of Lincoln's Gettysburg address:

> "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The illuminated paragraph may easily and appropriately be framed in rough boards, stained dark brown or green. Hang so as to form the center of decoration. Use Lincoln's picture with this if it is available.

8. Same as 7, substituting for the excerpt from Lincoln's speech the last paragraph of Ingersoll's *A Vision of War*. It is quoted below as it may not be easy of access to all schools.

> "These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless. Earth may run red with other wars; they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: Cheers for the living; tears for the dead."

Though any of the schemes suggested may be modified at will and the principle probably improved, it will be well to bear in mind that interest in a decorative scheme must be concentrated, not diffused. Do not over decorate.

FLOWERS.

These are the tenderest and most beautiful tributes which may be offered the soldier dead. Select them then with care. Choose lavenders, whites, creams, and suppressed blues, avoiding bright reds and pinks. It will not be difficult to find flowers of the right shades in the spring of the year. Green leaves and branches are always good as they are in harmony with almost any scheme of decoration, but an over-abundance should be avoided. A little of anything may be most beautiful, while too much may become unbearable.

Do not fasten flowers on the walls nor decorate the gas fixtures or telephone with them. Give them reasonable bases by putting them into jars and vases and placing them on tables, substantial shelves or the platform.

Use large bunches or masses of flowers for decorative effects. Two or three perfect flowers, often one only, may be most beautiful on the teacher's desk, but where a color effect is to be gained there must be a mass. Observe balance and rhythm as far as possible in the placing of these masses.

JARS AND VASES.

Go to the crockery store and buy, or to your neighbor and borrow, large preserving and pickling jars in gray, cream or yellow. These are the best for large masses of flowers. They give not only an apparent but a real support and their neutral tints are in harmony with any color scheme. Gray crockery with blue decoration is agreeable but small detailed designs must be avoided. Choose the simplest jars. Clear glass vases of plain design and the large gold-fish bowls are good.

PICTURES.

If buying or borrowing pictures for the day, get only those which are simply framed. A very ornate frame is out of keeping with the day and out of place in the class room at any time. Hang pictures flat or as nearly flat as is possible and bestow thought and care upon their arrangement, observing the principle of interstices at irregular intervals, or of absolute regularity by lateral symmetry. The pictures named in the following list are appropriate for use in the school room on Memorial Day. They are all patriotic in character, though not confined in subject to any historical period.

Abraham Lincoln by St. Gaudens.
Grant, Sherman & Sheridan by Anderson.
Hudson entering New York Bay by Moran.
Washington's farewell to the army—Andrew C. Gow.
The Bugler by William Morris Hunt.
The minute man by Daniel C. French.
Col. Shaw memorial by St. Gaudens.
The Spirit of '76 by Willard.
Capital—Washington.
Sherman's march to the sea by Darley.
Battle of Bunker Hill—Trumbull.
Signing declaration of independence by Leutze.
Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.
Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga by Trumbull.
Concord bridge.
Battle of Lexington by Albion Harris Bicknell,
Independence Hall—Philadelphia,

PROGRAMS.

In some cases the program may be more or less adapted to the decoration.

In scheme 7, when the Gettysburg speech is used, a part of the time given to the program may be devoted to the reading of *The Perfect Tribute*, by Mary Andrews. This is a gem among the stories of Lincoln and relates particularly to the Gettysburg address. The book may be bought at any bookstore for fifty cents.

With any scheme of decoration in which portraits of Lincoln and Grant are conspicuous, time may well be spent on the reading of *The Toy Shop*, by Margarita Spalding Gerry. In its way, the story is the equal of *The Perfect Tribute*, and time spent on it will be well spent.

The Angel of the Battlefield.

The Sanitary Commission, together with three or four noble, self-sacrificing women, have furnished everything that could be required. I will tell you of one of these women, a Miss Barton, the daughter of Judge Barton, of Boston, Mass. I first met her at the battle of Cedar Mountain, where she appeared in front of the hospital at twelve o'clock at night, with a four-mule team loaded with everything needed, and at a time when we were entirely out of dressings of every kind; she supplied us with everything; and while the shells were bursting in every direction, took her course to the hospital on our right, where she found everything wanting again. After doing everything she could on the field, she returned to Culpepper, where she staid dealing out shirts to the naked wounded, and preparing soup, and seeing it prepared, in all the hospitals. I thought that night if Heaven ever sent out an angel, she must be one, her assistance was so timely. Well, we began our retreat up the Rappahannock. I thought no more of our lady friend, only that she had gone back to Washington. We arrived on the disastrous field of Bull Run; and while the battle was raging the fiercest on Friday, who should drive up in front of our hospital but this same woman, with her mules almost dead, having made forced marches from Washington to the army. She was again a welcome visitor to both the wounded and the surgeons.

The battle was over, our wounded removed on Sunday, and we were ordered to Fairfax Station; we had hardly got there before the battle of Chantilly commenced, and soon the wounded began to come in. Here we had nothing but our instruments—not even a bottle of wine. When the cars whistled up to the station, the first person on the platform was Miss Barton, to supply us again with bandages, brandy, wine, prepared soup, jellies, meal, and every article that could be thought of. She staid there until the last wounded soldier was placed on the cars, and then bade us good-by and left.

I wrote you at the time how we got to Alexandria that night and next morning. Our soldiers had no time to rest after reaching Washington, but were ordered to Maryland by forced marches. Several days of hard marching brought us to Frederick, and the battle of South Mountain followed. The next day our army stood face to face with the whole force. The rattle of one hundred and fifty thousand muskets, and the fearful thunder of over two hundred cannon, told us that the great battle of Antietam had commenced. I was in a hospital in the afternoon, for it was then only that the wounded began to come in.

We had expended every bandage, torn up very sheet in the house, and everything we could find, when who should drive up but our old friend Miss Barton, with a team loaded down with dressings of every kind, and everything we could ask for. She distributed her articles to the different hospitals, worked all night making soup, all the next day and night; and when I left, four days after the battle, I left her there ministering to the wounded and the dying. When I returned to the field hospital last week, she was still at work, supplying them with delicacies of every kind, and administering to their wants—all of which she does out of her own private fortune. Now, what would you think of Miss Barton? In my feeble estimation, General McClellan, with all his laurels, sinks into insignificance beside the true heroine of the age—the angel of the battle-field.

—Surgeon James L. Dunn (1862). From "Romance of the Civil War."

The Fisherman of Beaufort.

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
  And still the fisherman's boat,
At early dawn and at evening shade,
  Is ever and ever afloat:
His net goes down, and his net comes up,
  And we hear his song of glee,
"De fishes dey hates de ole slave nets,
  But comes to de nets ob de free."

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
  And the oysterman below
Is picking away, in the slimy sands,
  In the sands of de long ago.
But now if an empty hand he bears,
  He shudders no more with fear,
There's no stretching board for the aching bones,
  And no lash of the overseer.

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
  And ever I hear a song,
As the moaning winds, through the moss-hung oaks,
  Sweep surging ever along.
"O massa white man! help de slave,
  And de wife and chillen too,
Eber dey'll work, wid de hard worn hand,
  Ef e'll gib 'em de work to do."

The tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
  But it bides no tyrant's word,
As it chants unceasing the anthem grand
  Of its Freedom, to the Lord.
The fisherman floating on its breast
  Has caught up the key-note true,
"De sea works, massa, for't sef and God,
  And so must de brack man too.

"Den gib him de work, and gib him de pay,
  For de chillen and wife him love,
And de yam shall grow, and de cotton shall blow,
  And him nebber, nebber rove;
For him love de ole Carlina State,
  And de ole magnolia-tree:
Oh! nebber him trouble de icy Norf,
  Ef de brack folks—am go free."

—*Mrs. Frances D. Gage.*

Recruits.

The old disputes are passed away;
    But there are heroes still
As bold as they to seek the fray
    An' feel the battle thrill.
Reprove their hungerin' for fame—
    But own when all is done,
That boys of '98's the same
    As boys of '61.

It ain't no use ter stan' an' chide,
    When war is in the air.
You waste your efforts to deride
    Their talk of bein' there.
Remember, when ye sort o' blame
    The way their feelin's run,
That boys of '98's the same
    As boys of '61.

It makes ye sad ter see them chaps
    So eager fur a foe,
'Twould make ye sorryer, perhaps,
    If they were 'fraid ter go.
Ye tell 'em war's a dangerous game;
    That murder's in each gun—
But boys of '98's the same
    As boys of '61.

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The Brave at Home.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
  With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
  One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,—
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
  And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
  As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
  'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,—
  What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly, in her dreams, to hear
  The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
  Was poured upon the field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
  While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
  Kissing the patriot brow she presses,
With no one but her secret God
  To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
  Received on Freedom's field of honor.

—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

Co. K.

There's a cap in the closet,
Old, tattered, and blue,
Of very slight value,
It may be to you;
But a crown, jewel-studded,
Could not buy it today,
With its letters of honor,
Brave "Co. K."

The head that it sheltered
Needs shelter no more!
Dead heroes make holy
The trifles they wore;
So, like chaplet of honor,
Of laurel and bay,
Seems the cap of the soldier,
Marked "Co. K."

Bright eyes have looked calmly
Its visor beneath,
O'er the work of the reaper,
Grim harvester Death!
Let the muster-roll, meagre,
So mournfully say,
How foremost in danger
Went "Co. K."

Whose footsteps unbroken
Came up to the town,
Where rampart and bastion
Looked threat'ningly down?
Who, closing up breaches,
Still kept on their way,
Till guns, downward pointed,
Faced "Co. K?"

Like cameras awful,
Stood cannon aloof,
Till the signal was given
To strike off a proof
Of the soul of the soldier,
To send up to Him,
(Pray God, that he know it,
Though bloody and dim.)

Who faltered, or shivered?
Who shunned battle-stroke?
Whose fire was uncertain?
Whose battle-line broke?
Go, ask it of History,
Years from to-day,
And the record shall tell you,
Not "Co. K."

Though my darling is sleeping
  Today with the dead,
And daisies and clover
  Bloom over his head,
I smile through my tears
  As I lay it away—
That battle worn cap,
  Lettered "Co. K."

—*Selected.*

The Hero of Fort Wagner.

* * * * * * *

We were repulsed from the Fort, you know,
  And saw our heroes fall,
Till the dead were piled in bloody heaps
  Under the frowning wall.

Yet crushed as we were and beaten back,
  Our spirits never bowed;
And gallant deeds that day were done
  To make a soldier proud.

Brave men were there, for their country's sake
  To spend their latest breath;
But the bravest was one who gave his life
  And his body after death.

No greater words than his dying ones
  Have been spoken under the sun;
Not even his, who brought the news
  On the field at Ratisbon.

I was pressing up, to try if yet
  Our men might take the place,
And my feet had slipped in his oozing blood
  Before I saw his face.

His face! it was black as the skies o'er-head
  With the smoke of the angry guns;
And a gash in his bosom showed the work
  Of our country's traitor sons.

Your pardon, my poor boy! I said,
  I did not see you here;
But I will not hurt you as I pass;
  I'll have a care; no fear!

He smiled; he had only strength to say
  These words, and that was all:
"I'm done gone, Massa; step on me;
  And you can scale the wall!"

—*Alice Cary.*

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The Young Patriot.

One more absent,
The battle done;
One more left us,
Victory won.

One more buried
Beneath the sod;
One more standing
Before his God.

Lay him low, lay him low,
Ere the morning break;
Sorrow not, sorrow not,
He minds not heart-ache.

He is one, he is one
Of that noble band
Who have fought, who have died,
For their fatherland.

He needs no tears;
An angel now,
A saintly crown
Upon his brow.

We should not weep
That he is gone;
With *us* 'tis night,
With *him* 'tis morn.

—*Selected.*

Dirge for One Who Fell in Battle.

Room for a soldier! lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover:
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it;
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches;
Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,
Where the whippoorwill shall mourn where the oriole perches:
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Where the bee will dine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the rain will rain upon it.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Captain" or "Colonel,"—whatever invocation
Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station,—
On thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a mighty nation!
Long as the sun doth shine upon it
Shall grow the goodly pine upon it,
Long as the stars do gleam upon it
Shall memory come to dream upon it.

—*Atlantic Monthly (1861).*

Near the Heavenly Camp-Ground.

Recitation: (A boy dressed in the costume of an old soldier enters and recites.)

Fewer the comrades year by year,
Fainter the camp fires glow,
Farther away sounds the old war cry,
And the groans of the conquered foe.

Ah! We soldiers are old and weary,
Our ranks are growing thin.
Few from that grand old army are left
To fight in life's battle and din.

The heavenly camp ground we are near!
Thousands who fought are there.
I seem to hear their old war songs,
As aloft the standard they bear.

And the soft May breeze is singing, sighing,
Through God's green tents today;
Waving, bowing, swaying, bending,
O'er graves of the blue and the gray.

Foes we were in the years long past,
Now friends in Union true;
And the tie that binds our loyal love
Is the red, the white, and blue.

Enter eight pupils, each carrying the flowers of which he speaks. The first pupil leads, and with muffled drumsticks beats time softly.

All repeat.—
We go today with solemn tread,
In May-time's fairest hours,
To deck each brave, true soldier's grave
With purest, sweetest flowers.

1. I carry deep-blue violets;
Of faithfulness these speak.
For faithful soldiers, true and brave,
I'll take these flowers meek.

2. I've but a bunch of fresh elm leaves;
Of patriots these tell,
Who marched, fought, suffered, won,
'Midst furious shot and shell.

3. I bring these lilies, sweet and pure;
O ring, each fragrant bell!
Ring of deeds so brave, so great,
Of our Grand Army tell.

4. Syringa flowers I bring to-day;
'Tis memory's reverent flower.
From year to year we'll keep alive
Memorial Day's fair hour.

5. And sweetest roses, bending low,
Shall deck the soldier's bed;
For these bring love from our young hearts,
Love for our honored dead.

6. And these oak leaves, for bravery,
I'll place upon a mound;
They tell of brave and loyal deeds
On our country's battle ground.

7. And the laurel wreath lay tenderly,
Its glory shall not fade,
But ever more shall brightly tell
Where our heroes all are laid.

—Ella M. Powers in N. E. Journal of Education.

A Tribute and a Pledge.

Child rises and says: The man that wears the bronze button is the man I honor. Let us pay a tribute to him now.

All the pupils rise and recite in concert:

Here's to the man who dared for us
To do things great and brave,
Who left his home and all most dear
His country's name to save.

Boys recite following stanza

God grant that in the coming years
When we to manhood grow,
We'll give our land true service,
Our hearts with love aglow.

All.—

So here we pledge our hearts, our hands,
Our minds, and all we are
To our fatherland, forevermore,
In time of peace or war.

—School Century.

By permission.

What Can Little Children Do?

By Laura F. Armitage.

First child.—
What can the little children do,
When Decoration Day is here,
To show their love for soldiers brave
Who, fighting for their country, gave
The life that was to them so dear?

Second child.—
We'll bring the lovely flowers of spring
That in the fields and gardens grow,
And on the soldiers' graves to-day
Our garlands we will gladly lay,
Our loving thoughts of them to show.

Third child.—
We'll raise aloft the "stars and stripes"
On this Memorial Day, to show
We honor those who for it bled.
Some now are living, many dead,
For this was many years ago.

Fourth child.—
We'll sing our patriotic songs;
We'll truly sing with heart and voice,
And to our country we'll be true,
And honor our "red, white, and blue,"
And in our freedom we'll rejoice.

—*Journal of Education.*

For Me and You.

Four hundred thousand men—
The brave—the good—the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain-glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you!
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave
For me and you!
Good friends for me and you!

A debt we ne'er can pay,
To them is justly due,
And to the nation's latest day,
Our children's children still shall say,
"They died for me and you!"
Four hundred thousand of the brave,
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

—*Selected.*

"Oh, banners drooping, old and torn,
By thousands through the carnage borne,
Around ye, struck by shot and shell,
The bravest of the nation fell."

The National Ensign.

Behold it! Listen to it! Every star has a tongue; every stripe is articulate. "There is no language or speech where their voices are not heard." There is magic in the web of it. It has an answer for every question of duty. It has a solution for every doubt and perplexity. It has a word of good cheer for every hour of gloom or of despondency.

Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and of later struggles. It speaks of victories, and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living and the dead. But before all and above all other associations and memories, whether of glorious men, or glorious deeds or glorious places, its voice is ever of Union and Liberty, of the Constitution and the Laws.

Behold it! Listen to it! Let it tell the story of its birth to these gallant volunteers, as they march beneath its folds by day, or repose beneath its sentinel stars by night! Let it recall to them the strange, eventful history of its rise and progress; let it rehearse to them the wonderful tale of its trials and its triumphs, in peace as well as in war; and never let it be prostituted to any unworthy or unchristian purpose of revenge, depredation, or rapine.

And may a merciful God cover the head of each one of its brave defenders in the hour of battle!

—*Robert Charles Winthrop.*

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Story of Our Flag.

H. W. ROOD, Patriotic Instructor, G. A. R.

It was away back in ancient times when men began to use flags, or banners. A leader in battle used to wear, in order that his soldiers might know him and rally round him, some mark on his coat or helmet. But in the rush and confusion of battle when the men got all mixed up,—something as boys do now in a lively game of football, this distinguishing mark could not well be seen, so it was sewed upon a piece of cloth and raised up on a staff where it would be in sight. Thus it became a kind of flag, or banner.

Banners in early days came to be used for two different purposes:—first, merely to distinguish a leader in battle or to be the ensign of some man of high rank, in either of which cases it was his personal emblem, or coat of arms; and second, to be held aloft as a symbol of some principle, or idea, or doctrine, to which men held. In these days most of the flags and banners we see have a meaning. Our Stars and Stripes mean *Liberty*, wherever they float. A flag of this kind seems sacred to all who truly believe in the ideas for which it stands.

When in the middle ages the nations of western Europe went on the Crusades to rescue the holy land—Palestine—from the Saracens, they naturally adopted the Cross as the symbol of their belief in Christ and their desire to re-establish Christianity in the land where Christ once lived and taught. Different nations wore upon their armor crosses of various shapes and colors. In this way, tho they were all Crusaders, they were distinguished from one another. The English adopted the Cross of St. George, their patron saint. This was in the form of the plus sign in mathematics +, and was white. The crusaders of Scotland carried the Cross of Saint Andrew, their patron saint. This was, in shape, like the sign of multiplication ×, and that too was white, on a blue field. After the crusades, which took place between the years 1070 and 1295, A. D., the color of the English cross was changed to red, on a white field.

The crusaders had their crosses sewed upon their Sue-coats,—garments worn over their coats of mail. I find in Webster's dictionary that this overcoat was commonly called a *jack.* By adding to this word the syllable *et,* meaning *little,* we have our word *jacket,* a little cut-off coat. When this sign of the cross was sewed, or embroidered, upon a banner and carried upon a staff, it was still called a *jack*; and there were the English jack and the jack of Scotland. In 1707 England and Scotland were formally united, and the two jacks were combined on the same flag, and this flag was called the "Union Jack." In 1801 the Irish cross of Saint Patrick was united with those of Saints George and Andrew, and that flag is now the national flag of Great Britain.

Before the Revolution our American colonies had, of course, the English flag, the union jack. When they began to have trouble with the mother country, and had need to stand by one another in their opposition to English injustice—taxation without representation, and the like, the people came to feel that they should have a flag of their own to symbolize that for which they were united. It may be said here that most of the colonies, and some companies of soldiers, had each a flag or ensign of their own, but there was a demand for a flag that should represent the union of the people of all the colonies.

Now, the merchant vessels of England floated a crimson flag, commonly known as the "Meteor Flag of England." This bore in its upper corner next to the staff the union jack. By suggestion of somebody—it is not likely that anyone will ever know who—the crimson part of this meteor flag had six white stripes put upon it, leaving seven stripes of crimson,—making thirteen in all; and these thirteen stripes were made to represent the thirteen colonies. The union jack was left on the upper corner, with the idea that it too, signified union, as it was intended to do in the beginning.

Now, you must know that at this time many of the colonists still loved the mother country and hoped that by-and-by she would do right by them, and all trouble would cease. So this new flag represented the divided affections of the people. The union jack told of their love for Old England, while the thirteen stripes declared that they loved liberty and justice so well that they were united to fight even their haughty English mother to get both. This flag was called "The Great Union Flag." It may be a little uncertain as to where it was first hoisted to the breeze, for such things were not so carefully recorded as they should have been; yet it is known to have been raised by Washington's army at Cambridge, near Boston, January 2, 1776. And there was a great ado over the matter, for the soldiers cheered it till their throats were sore, and they fired a salute of thirteen guns to celebrate the occasion withal.

It is not known when this great Union flag was adopted by Congress, or, indeed, whether Congress had anything at all to do with it.

It is a kind of a law concerning flags that when two of them are hoisted, one beneath the other, the lower is considered to be in subjection to the upper. Now, as the union jack was in the upper part of this flag hoisted at Cambridge, and the thirteen stripes rather below the jack, the British officers who were looking at it from over in Boston thot the Yankee army meant their new flag as a sign of submission, and so they sent men over to receive their surrender. It was an amusing mistake on both sides, for the Yankees were just getting well ready to fight for independence. But this incident showed them that they'd better take the union jack off their flag and put something more suitable in its place. Moreover, the feeling of the people was changing, and on the following 4th of July the Congress declared that "these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states." This declaration severed all connection between the colonies and the mother country. Surely they had no use after this for the union jack, so something must be found to take its place.

There are several opinions as to how the Stars got into the place made vacant by the rejection of the union jack. The best thing for me to say, after reading a great deal about it, is that there is nothing certain concerning the matter. But one thing is certain—we have both the Stars and the Stripes, and they make what should be to us the prettiest and the dearest old flag in all the world. It is said that George Washington, with a committee of Congress, went to Mrs. Betsy Ross, an upholsterer in Philadelphia, with the design of the Stars and Stripes and asked her if she could make such a flag. Mrs. Betsey said just what we all ought to say about the doing of a good thing, "I'll try it." She did try, and so made the first Star Spangled Banner. Her work pleased Congress, and some time afterward—

June 14, 1777—that distinguished body of men passed this resolution:

"*Resolved,* that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen Stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen Stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation."

In this resolution nothing is said about adding a new star for every new state. In 1791 Vermont was admitted into the Union, and, in 1792, Kentucky. There was, however, no change in the flag,—it still had thirteen stripes and thirteen stars. But in 1794 Congress ordered that, "from and after the first day of May, 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen Stripes, alternate red and white; and that the Union be fifteen Stars, white on a blue field."

In 1818 there had come to be twenty States in the Union, but there were still fifteen Stars and fifteen Stripes on the flag. It was plain then that more and more states would be coming into the Union, and that there would, unless a change were made, be no meaning in the number of Stripes and Stars. And so Congress, in April of that year, passed:

"An Act to Establish the Flag of the United States.

Section 1. Be it enacted, etc. That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal Stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union have twenty Stars, white on a blue field.

Section 2. And be it further enacted, That on the admission of every new state into the Union, one Star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth of July next succeeding such admission.

Approved April 4, 1818.

Since this date no change has been made in our flag except the addition of a Star every time a new state has been admitted into the Union. We now have forty-six stars, the last having been put upon the flag on the 4th day of last July, to stand for our newest state, Oklahoma.

At the beginning of our Civil War, in April, 1861, we had thirty-four states. Tho eleven of them seceded, Uncle Sam did not consider them out of the Union, and so the flag under which our soldiers fought in that war, bore thirty-four Stars till the fourth of July, 1863, when the thirty-fifth was added for the western part of Virginia, which made a state under the name of West Virginia, when also, on July 4th, 1864, the thirty-sixth

Star was added on account of the new state of Nevada. How many Stars do you think we shall have fifty years from now?

There is much more in the story of our flag than I have been able to tell. I know I am the more interested in the Stars and Stripes and all they mean for having made the matter a subject of study. I hope you will become more interested in our starry banner and love it the better because of even this litt'e bit of history.

"Shine on, then Old Glory, shine on till the day,
When the last of earth's tyrants is under the sod;
And then fade, like the stars of the morning, away,
In the holier light of the Kingdom of God."

No Slave Beneath the Flag.

No slave beneath that starry flag,
The emblem of the free!
No fettered hand shall wield the brand
That smites for liberty!
No tramp of servile armies
Shall shame Columbia's shore,
For he who fights for freedom's rights
Is free for evermore!

No slaves beneath these glorious folds
That o'er our fathers flew,
When every breath was dark with death,
But every heart was true!
No serfs of earth's old empires
Knelt 'neath its shadow then;
And they who now beneath it bow,
For evermore are men!
* * * * * *

Go tell the brave of every land,
Where'er that flag has flown—
The tyrant's fear, the patriot's cheer,
Through every clime and zone—
That now no more forever
Its stripes are slavery scars;
No tear-drops stain its azure plain
Nor dim its golden stars!

No slave beneath that grand old flag!
Forever let it fly,
With lightning rolled in every fold,
And flashing victory!
God's blessing breathe around it!
And when all strife is done,
May freedom's light, that knows no night,
Make every star a sun!

—*George Lansing Taylor.*

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Wisconsin State Flag.

H. W. Rood.

The question is often asked, "Does Wisconsin have a state flag besides our national banner, the Stars and Stripes?" The boys and girls in our schools may be interested in knowing that we do have such a flag. It was adopted by our state legislature in a joint resolution approved by Governor Salomon on the 25th day of March, 1863, and which is still in force. This is a copy of it:

"*Resolved,* by the Senate, the Assembly concurring, that the following be and is hereby adopted as the design for a State flag for the State of Wisconsin:

"State flag to be of dark blue silk, with the arms of the State of Wisconsin painted or embroidered in silk on the obverse side, and the arms of the United States, as prescribed in paragraph 1435 of 'New Army Regulations,' painted or embroidered in silk on the reverse side; the name of the regiment, when used as a regimental flag, to be in a scroll beneath the state arms.

"The size of the regimental colors to be six feet, six inches fly, and six feet deep on the pike; the length of pike for said colors, including spear and ferule, to be nine feet ten inches; the fringe, yellow; cords and tassels, blue and white silk intermixed.

"Approved March 25, 1863."

In the civil war our regiments carried two flags, one the Stars and Stripes, the other this State Banner. One of them was about as familiar to us then as the other, and both are now preserved among our sacred war relics with equal care by the state. Our militia regiments in Wisconsin now carry flags just like those we used in the civil war, except that the state flag is a little smaller—"five feet six inches fly, and four feet four inches on the pike, which shall be nine feet long, including spearhead and ferule."

I do not know that our state flag is anywhere in use, except in connection with the several regimental colors. I think, however, that it would be a good plan to put it into more common use. Why should not our schools take real pride in the possession of a Wisconsin state flag? Our "Badger State" is, in many respects, one of the first in progress and importance, and our state banner stands for the best there is in it.

The Flag Salute.

There are two forms of salutes, or pledges, given as follows:—

1. When the salute is to be given, at a signal from the teacher, all the pupils rise. The boy or girl who has been selected for color-bearer then brings the flag to the front, and, after it is in place, at a sign from the teacher the pupils raise their right hands, palms downward, to a level with their foreheads. and repeat in concert this pledge:—

> *"I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands,—one Nation, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."*

At the words, "to my Flag," every one will extend his right hand gracefully, palm upward, toward the flag, and hold it there till the pledge is given, then lower it to the side. While thus standing, all will unite in singing our National Hymn, "My Country 'tis of Thee."

In some schools where the children are quite small, the silent salute is practiced, as follows:—At a signal from the teacher, as the flag reaches its station by the teacher's desk, every little one will raise his hand, palm downward, to a horizontal position tip of front finger touching the forehead and hold it there while the flag is "dipped" and returned to a vertical position. Then at a second signal, the hand is lowered to the side. This silent salute corresponds pretty nearly to the military and naval salute to the flag.

2. Some have thought that in schools where the children are too young to understand the meaning of the words *allegiance* and *indivisible*, a simpler form of pledge should be given, as follows:—

> *"We give our heads and our hearts to God and our Country,—One Country, One Language, One Flag."*

—*H. W. Reed, in the Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual, 1908.*

Union and Liberty.

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
  Borne through their battlefields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
  Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!

Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry,—
Union and Liberty!—one evermore!

Light of our firmament, guide of our nation,
  Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
  Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Empire unsceptered! what foe shall assail thee,
  Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
  Striving with men for the birthright of man!

Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,
  Trusting thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
  Keep us, oh keep us the Many in One!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Our Flag is There.

Written by an American naval officer, 1812.

Our flag is there, our flag is there,
  We'll hail it with three loud huzzas.
Our flag is there, our flag is there,
  Behold the glorious Stripes and Stars.
Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag,
  Strong hands sustained it mast-head high,
And, oh, to see how proud it waves,
  Brings tears of joy in every eye.

That flag has stood the battle's roar,
  With foemen stout, with foemen brave;
Strong hands have sought that flag to lower,
  And found a speedy, watery grave.
That flag is known on every shore,
  The standard of a gallant band;
Alike unstained in peace or war,
  It floats o'er Freedom's happy land.

Proudly Wave.

Proudly wave o'er land and sea
Glorious flag of liberty;
Valiant souls have died for thee,
Fighting for the right;
Proudly wave, nor cease to reign
While there yet remains one stain,
Or one error to unchain,
Wrong to bring to light.

Never shall thy glory pale
Till the stars of heaven fail,
And shall cease oppression's wail
On this wide, wide world.
God of Nations, be our Guide,
Truth and right our country's pride,
Great our land, let love abide
Till the heav'ns are furled.

—*Will J. Massingham in "Lake Superior and Other Poems."*

The Banner of the Union.

(Air:—"Marching Through Georgia.")

Bring the good old banner, boys, the flag our fathers bore,
Let it float across the land and shimmer on the shore
Liberty is marching on to many conquests more,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

Chorus.

Hurrah! hurrah! we'll bring the jubilee;
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes us free;
So we'll sing the chorus of truth and liberty,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

How the nation thundered when that flag was menaced long,
How the boys enlisted and the girls grew bold and strong,
How the hosts of victory triumphant swept along,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

Rally 'round the colors, boys, and keep them at the fore,
Take your stand for liberty and fight for battles o'er,
True to home and freedom, ever loyal to the core,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

Written for the Acme Haversack by Kate Brownlee Sherwood.

In Betsy Ross's Time.

A Play for Flag Day.

Characters.—Betsy Ross, Uncle Sam, Thirteen Little Girls (Representing Thirteen Colonies).

Costumes.—Betsy Ross, gray dress, Quaker style, white cap and kerchief; Uncle Sam in regulation dress; Thirteen Girls in white.

Arrangements.—Table and chair; work basket for Betsy Ross, with needle, thread, scissors, etc. (Several needles to be threaded to guard against Betsy's nervousness.) Scraps of red, white and blue scattered about on table with work basket. Thirteen scarfs of red and white bunting, each about one yard long. Large flag with stripes and empty blue field. (This is made previously.) The field dotted in thirteen places for Betsy Ross to know where to sew the stars.

Stage to be arranged at one side to allow room for Colonies' drill.

(Songs to be introduced at pleasure of teacher.)

Betsy Ross seated by table with large flag in her lap, sewing. Uncle Sam standing by her side.

UNCLE SAM. Good morning, Mistress Betsy Ross, I see you are hard at work.

BETSY ROSS. Yes, General Washington has asked me to make a flag for our great country, and I am trying these red and white stripes and this blue field.

UNCLE SAM. I think that will be beautiful. (*Soft music, march time, heard.*) But who comes here? I believe it is our thirteen colonies, just the ones we have now when our flag is being made.

(Enter thirteen girls each carrying a white star. If not all about one size, two largest, first, and so on down to Delaware, who is unaccompanied. March to Uncle Sam and Betsy Ross. First two speak, next two, and so on. As they speak they place stars in Betsy Ross's lap.

"Pennsylvania and New York send these stars to lie
On the blue field, as in the bright sky."

"New Hampshire and Rhode Island ask if these stars white
Are not clear, beautiful, and bright?"

"Virginia and Maryland say these pointers five,
Will make the flag seem truly alive."

"These two white ones, Connecticut and Massachusetts say,
Will make Old Glory as bright as day."

"North and South Carolina send these two beautiful ones
As ordered by brave General Washington."

"Georgia and New Jersey ask if you will permit Uncle Sam
To add these two- dear little ma'am!"

"Delaware, although a little state,
Hopes her star is not too late."

Betsy Ross. I am sure you have brought me just what I wanted. Now if you will entertain Uncle Sam a while you may each have a piece of our glorious flag.

As colonies finish speaking they retire to position for drill, first four forming line at back, next four in front of these, and so on. Delaware (smallest girl) takes position in front, alone.

The Drill (Waltz time).

First Movement. Scarfs held at ends in each hand, swung to right, right hand high, left low; then to left, left hand high, and so on.

Second. Same as first only diagonally to right and left. (This movement can be prolonged by swinging diagonally *back* right and left, but I found this confused first year children.)

Third. Join hands with girl next, raise joined hands, forming arch of bunting; swing gracefully. (*While the others are doing this Delaware will hold scarf out in front of her at arm's length without motion.*)

Fourth. Scarfs thrown around neck, arms crossed lightly and held out from breast, with scarf end held in right hand laid on left arm and vice versa, while body sways to music.

Fifth. Scarfs still around neck crossed on breast, held with left hand, right foot diagonally to right and right hand, shading eyes, body thrown forward, whole position to indicate looking off in the distance. Same to left with right hand on chest, left foot pointed, and left hand shading eyes.

Sixth. Scarfs held back of body and down, point right toe diagonally forward to right, and bring end of scarf in right hand around to rest on right knee. Same to left—with left toe pointing and end of scarf in left hand brought around to rest on left knee.

Finale. Colonies form tableau by kneeling sufficiently removed from each other to clasp ends of flags and thus form one long scarf at the back of each line. Better still, if curtain is used, drop the curtain for a moment and upon raising—colonies are kneeling as described, with Betsy Ross and Uncle Sam holding finished flag back and above colonies.—*Sara E. Kirk, Belmont School, Philadelphia, in Primary Education.*

By permission.

Many Flags in Many Lands.

First pupil.—
There are many flags in many lands
There are flags of every hue;
But there is no flag however grand,
Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

Second pupil.—
I know where the prettiest colors are,
And I'm sure if I only knew
How to get them here, I could make a flag,
Of glorious "Red, White, and Blue."

Third pupil.—
I could cut a piece from an evening sky,
Where the stars were shining through,
And use it just as it was on high,
For my stars and field of blue.

Fourth pupil.—
Then I'd want a part of fleecy cloud,
And some red from a rainbow bright;
And put them together side by side,
For my stripes of red and white.

Fifth pupil.—
We shall always love the "Stars and Stripes"
And we mean to be ever true
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
The "Red, the White, and the Blue."

All.—
Then hurrah for the flag, our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars, too;
There is no flag in any land
Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

—*Selected.*

Exercise. "The American Flag."

(Three Girls.)

All—We wear to-day the colors
To which our men were true;
Long may they wave above us,
The red, the white, the blue.

Red—Bright as the rays of morning,
When comes the dawn's first gleam,
Within our much-loved banner
The crimson bars are seen.

White—Pure as the snowflakes falling
Or early morning light,
Among the bars of crimson
Appear the bars of white.

Blue—Bright as the sky at evening
When gleam the stars of night,
The blue within our banner
Enfolds the stars of white.

All—And the red, white, and blue
Forever "shall wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave."

(School) Sing.

Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue;
The Union, the Union forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
—*Colorado Flag Day Annual.*

Our Colors.

(Exercise for three pupils suitably dressed.)

RED! 'tis the hue of the battle,
The pledge of victory;
In sunset light, in northern night,
It flashes brave and free.
"Then paint with red thy banner,"
Quoth Freedom to the land,
"And when thy sons go forth to war,
This sign be in their hand."

WHITE! 'tis the sign of purity,
Of everlasting truth;
The snowy robe of childhood,
The stainless mail of youth.
Then paint with white thy banner,
And pure as northern snow
May these thy stately children
In truth and honor go.

BLUE! 'tis the tint of heaven,
The morning's gold-shot arch,
The burning deeps of noontide,
The stars' unending march.
Then paint with blue thy banner,
And bid thy children raise
At daybreak, noon, and eventide
Their hymn of love and praise.

All.

VALOR and truth and righteousness,
In threefold strength today
Raise high the flag triumphant,
The banner glad and gay.
"And keep thou well thy colors,"
Quoth freedom to the land,
"And 'gainst a world of evil
Thy sons and thou shall stand."
—*Laura E. Richards in Youth's Companion.*

Centennial of Lincoln's Birth.

For general remarks on the celebration of the Lincoln centennial, see page 4. A suggestive program is given on page 77. This may be consulted as an aid in arranging a program or used with such modification as circumstances may require. It would be a wise resolution on the part of teachers and in entire accord with the significance of the occasion, to make this the most impressive celebration of the school year.

Lincoln, the Man.

Kindly spirit!--Ah, when did treason
Bid such generous nature cease,
Mild by temper and strong by reason,
But ever leaning to love and peace?

A head how sober!—a heart how spacious!
A manner equal with high or low;
Rough, but gentle; uncouth, but gracious;
And still inclining to lips of woe.

Patient when saddest, calm when sternest,
Grieved when rigid for justice's sake;
Given to jest, yet ever in earnest
If aught of right or truth were at stake.

Simple of heart, yet shrewd therewith;
Slow to resolve, but firm to hold;
Still with parable and with myth
Seasoning truth like Them of old;
Aptest humor and quaintest pith!
(Still we smile o'er the tales he told.)

Yet who so might pierce the guise
Of mirth in the man we mourn
Would mark, and with grieved surprise,
All the great soul had borne,
In the piteous lines, and the kind sad eyes,
So dreadfully wearied and worn.

* * * * * * * * * *

The Land's great lamentations,
The mighty mourning of cannon,
The myriad flags half mast -
The late remorse of the nations,
Grief from Volga to Shannon!
(Now they know thee at last.)

—From "Ode On Lincoln," by Henry Howard Brownell.

The Proclamation.

"I order and declare that all persons held as slaves in the said designated States and parts of States are and hereafter shall be free, * * * and I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence."

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

* * * * * * * * * *

O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb
Waiting for God, your hour, at last, has come,
And freedom's song
Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong!

Arise and flee! shake off the vile restraint
Of ages! but, like Ballymena's saint,
The oppressor spare,
Heap only on his head the coals of prayer!

Go forth like him! like him, return again,
To bless the land whereon in bitter pain
Ye toiled at first,
And heal with freedom what your slavery cursed!

—*Whittier (1863).*

Abraham Lincoln.

This man whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;
Direct of speech and cunning with the pen.

Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break, he bent.

Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,
The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid;
He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.

Hold, warriors, councilors, kings!—all now give place
To this dear benefactor of the Race.

—*R. H. Stoddard.*

LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE

"He touched the log cabin, and it became the palace in which greatness was nurtured."

STATUE OF LINCOLN BY ST. GAUDENS

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The Second Inauguration.

"Rain prevailed during the morning of inauguration day, but before noon it had ceased falling. The new Senate, convened for a special session, was organized, and Andrew Johnson sworn in its presence into the office of Vice-president. Shortly after twelve o'clock, Mr. Lincoln entered the chamber and joined the august procession, which then moved to the eastern portico. As Mr. Lincoln stepped forward to take the oath of office, a flood of sunlight suddenly burst from the clouds, illuminating his face and form as he bowed to the acclamations of the people. Speaking of this incident next day, he said, 'Did you notice that sunburst? It made my heart jump.'

Cheers and shouts rent the air, as the President prepared to speak his inaugural. He raised his arm, and the crowd hushed to catch his opening words. He paused, as though thronging memories impeded utterance; then, in a voice clear and strong, but touched with pathos, he read that imperishable composition."

Second Inaugural Address.

Fellow Countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offenses come, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just, a lasting, peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Quotations from Lincoln.

The Union must be preserved.
I believe this government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free.
If our sense of duty forbid slavery, then let us stand by our duty, fearlessly and effectively.
Having thus chosen our course, without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.
If this country cannot be saved without giving up the principle of Liberty, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it.
To sell or enslave any captured person on account of his color and for no offense against the laws of war, is a relapse into barbarism and a crime against the civilization of the age.
Gold is good in its place; but living, patriotic men are better than gold.
God must like common people or he would not have made so many of them.
Let us have that faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.
The reasonable man has long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all evils among mankind.
I do not wish to triumph over any man.
I have never wilfully planted a thorn in any man's bosom.
No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.
The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance.

Lincoln's Explanation of His Attitude on Slavery.

From a letter written to A. G. Hodges, Esq., Frankfort, Ky., a member of a delegation from that state. This letter was written at the request of Mr. Hodges, that the President place in writing what he had expressed verbally.

I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong nothing is wrong. I can not remember when I did not so think and feel, and yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took that I would to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the constitution of the United States * * * and I aver that, to this day, I have done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery. I did understand, however, that my oath to preserve the constitution to the best of my ability imposed upon me the duty of preserving, by every indispensable means, that government, that nation, of which that constitution was the organic law. Was it possible to lose the Nation and yet preserve the constitution? By general law life and limb must be protected, yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb * * * I could not feel that to the best of my ability I had even tried to preserve the constitution if, to save slavery, or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country, and constitution, all together. When, early in the war, General Fremont attempted military emancipation, I forbade it, because I did not then think it an indispensable necessity. When, a little later, General Cameron, then Secretary of War, suggested the arming of the blacks, I objected, because I did not yet think it an indispensable necessity * * * When in March and May and July, 1862, I made earnest and successive appeals to the border states to favor compensated emancipation, I believed the indispensable necessity for military emancipation and arming the blacks would come, unless averted by that measure. They declined the proposition, and I was, in my best judgment, driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union, and with it, the constitution, or of laying strong hand upon the colored element. I chose the latter * * * and now let any Union man who complains of the measure test himself by writing down in one line, that he is for subduing the rebellion by force of arms, and in the next that he is for taking these hundred and thirty thousand men from the Union side and placing them where they would be but for the measure he condemns. * * * In telling this tale I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity. I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me.

Now at the end of three years' struggle the nation's condition is not what either party, or any man, devised or expected. God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North, as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God.

Selections from the Lincoln-Douglas Debates.

I suppose the real difference between Judge Douglas and his friends and the Republicans is that the judge is not in favor of making any difference between slavery and liberty. Everything that emanates from him or his coadjutors in their course or policy carefully excludes the thought that there is anything wrong in slavery. If you will take the Judge's speeches and select the short and pointed sentences expressed by him—such as his declaration that he doesn't care whether slavery is voted up or down, you will see at once that this is perfectly logical. Judge Douglas declares that if any community wants slavery they have a right to have it. He can say that logically, if he says that there is no wrong in slavery; but if you admit that there is a wrong in it, he cannot logically say that anybody has a right to do wrong.

We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and the confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I believe this government cannot endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward until it shall become alike lawful in all the states, old as well as new, north as well as south.

Lincoln on the Dred Scott Decision—The several points of the Dred Scott decision, in connection with Senator Douglas's "care not" policy, constitute the piece of machinery in its present state of advancement. The working points of that machinery are:

Firstly—That no Negro slave and no descendant of a slave can ever be a citizen of any state. This point is made in order to deprive the Negro of the benefit of that provision in the constitution which declares that "the citizens of each state shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens of the several states."

Secondly—That neither Congress nor a territorial legislature can exclude slavery from any United States territory. This point is made that individual men may fill up a territory with slaves, without danger of losing them as property and thus enhance the chances of permanency to the institution through all the future.

Thirdly—That whether the holding a negro in actual slavery in a free state makes him free, the United States will not decide, but will leave to be decided by the courts of any slave state the Negro may be forced into by his master.

Put this and that together and we have another nice little niche, which we may ere long see filled with another Supreme Court decision declaring that the constitution does not permit a *state* to exclude slavery from its limits.

IN WHAT SENSE ARE ALL MEN FREE AND EQUAL.

I think the authors of that notable instrument (the Declaration of Independence) intended to include *all* men, but they did not mean to declare all men equal *in all respects.* They did not mean to say all men were equal in color, size, intellect, moral development or social capacity. They defined, with tolerable distinctness, *in what* they consider all men are created equal—equal in certain unalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This, they said, and this they meant. They did not mean to assert the obvious untruth that all were then actually *enjoying* that equality, or that they *were* about to *confer* it immediately upon them. In fact, they had no power to confer such a boon. They meant simply to *declare the right,* so that the enforcement of it might follow as fast as circumstances should permit. They meant to set up a standard maxim for free society, which should be familiar to all; constantly referred to, constantly labored for, and even, though never perfectly attained, constantly approximated, and thereby constantly spreading and deepening its influence and augmenting the value and happiness of life to all people, of all colors, everywhere.—*The Great Debate, Alton, Oct. 15, 1858.*

Lincoln's Magnanimity Toward Opponents.

So great was Lincoln's magnanimity, and so keen his sense of justice, that he never allowed personal considerations to influence his official acts. It is probably true that it was easy for him to forgive an injury; but in any event, he was incapable of using his position as President to gratify his private resentments. It was once represented to him that a recent appointee to an important office had been bitterly opposed to him politically. "I suppose," said he, "the Judge did behave pretty ugly; but that wouldn't make him any less fit for this place, and I have a Scriptural authority for appointing him. You recollect that while the Lord on Mount Sinai was getting out a commission for Aaron, that same Aaron was at the foot of the mountain making a false god, a golden calf, for the people to worship; yet Aaron got his commission, you know." At another time, when remonstrated with upon the appointment to place of one of his former opponents, he said: "Nobody will deny that he is a first-rate man for the place, and I am bound to see that his opposition to me personally shall not interfere with my giving the people a good officer." And on another occasion of similar character, when remonstrated with by members of his Cabinet, he said: "I can't afford to punish every person who has seen fit to oppose my election. We want a competent man in this office, and I know of no one who could perform the duties better than the one proposed."

—*Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln.*

Sentiments to the Memory of Lincoln.

. He was one of the few great rulers whose wisdom increased with his power and whose spirit grew gentler and tenderer as his triumphs were multiplied.—*Garfield.*

With all his disappointments from failures on the part of those whom he had trusted to command and treachery on the part of those who had gained his confidence but to betray it, I never heard him utter a complaint nor cast a censure for bad conduct or bad faith. It was his nature to find excuses for his adversaries. In his death the nation lost its greatest hero.—*U. S. Grant.*

The life of Lincoln should never be passed by in silence by old or young. He touched the log cabin and it became the palace in which greatness was nurtured. He touched the forest and it became to him a church in which the purest and noblest worship of God was observed. In Lincoln there was always some quality which fastened him to the people and taught them to keep time to the music of his heart. He reveals to us the beauty of plain backwoods honesty.—*Prof. David Swing.*

Heroic soul, in homely garb half hid,
  Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint;
What he endured, no less than what he did,
  Has reared his monument and crowned him saint.
—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

He was one whom responsibility educated, and he showed himself more and more nearly equal to duty as year after year laid on him ever fresh burdens. God-given and God-led and sustained we must ever believe him.

—*Wendell Phillips.*

He was warm-hearted; he was generous; he was magnanimous; he was most truly, as he afterward said on a memorable occasion, "with malice toward none, with charity for all."
—*Alexander H. Stephens.*

Mr. Lincoln was not what you would call an educated man. The college that he had attended was that which a man attends who gets up at daylight to hoe the corn, and sits up at night to read the best book he can find, by the side of a burning pine knot. What education he had, he picked up in that way. He had read a great many books; and all the books that he had read, he knew. He had a tenacious memory, just as he had the ability to see the essential thing.

A man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature, full of forgiveness to his enemies, bearing malice toward none, he proved to be the man above all others for the struggle through which the nation had to pass to place itself among the greatest in the family of nations. —*U. S. Grant.*

Here was a type of the true elder race,
One of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face;
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly, he;
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes.

These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

Lincoln.

His towering figure, sharp and spare,
Was with such nervous tension strung
As if on each strained sinew swung
The burden of a people's care.

His changing face what pen can draw?
Pathetic, kindly, droll, or stern;
And with a glance so quick to learn
The inmost truth of all he saw.
—*Charles G. Halpine.*

Abraham Lincoln.

Stand like an anvil, when 'tis beaten
With the full vigor of the smith's right arm!
Stand like the noble oak-tree, when 'tis eaten
By the Saperda and his ravenous swarm!
For many smiths will strike the ringing blows,
Ere the red drama now enacting close;
And human insects, gnawing at thy fame,
Conspire to bring thy honored head to shame.

Stand like the firmament, upholden
By an invisible but Almighty hand!
He whomsoever Justice doth embolden,
Unshaken, unseduced, unawed shall stand.
Invisible support is mightier far,
With noble aims, than walls of granite are;
And simple consciousness of justice gives
Strength to a purpose while that purpose lives.

Stand like the rock that looks defiant
Far o'er the surging seas that lash its form!
Composed, determined, watchful, self-reliant,
Be master of thyself, and rule the storm!
And thou shalt soon behold the bow of peace
Span the broad heavens, and the wild tumult cease;
And see the billows, with the clouds that meet,
Subdued and calm, come crouching to thy feet.
—*W. D. Gallagher.*

Kentucky, December, 1862.

Lincoln's Name.

[An exercise for school celebration of Lincoln's Birthday. Each child carries a letter forming the name, Lincoln.]

I carry a letter L and it stands for love;
And a name that is written in glory above;
A name that is honored on land and sea,
That Americans love wherever they be.

I have a letter and all may see,
That it stands for the word, Integrity,
A word which signifies all that is good,
In this man's name it is well understood.

And N is my letter, it means nobleness;
A heart that would listen to all in distress,
A heart full of honor—so noble a name
Is scarce ever found in the annals of fame.

My letter stands plain for sweet Charity,
For such was his nature as all may see;
So noble and kind—he had charity for all;
The rich and the poor—the great and the small.

Round O is my letter—it shows what he hated,—
Oppression is always with cruelty mated.
Oppression his kind heart never could bear.
From a poor backwoods boy to the President's chair.

L comes again for Liberty standing;
Our grand Union armies with Lincoln commanding:
His hand on the helm through the dark years of care;
And Liberty triumphed for Lincoln was there.

N comes again; none other like he;
Honest old Abe, we children love thee.
Thy birthday we honor this cold Winter's day,
And have invited our parents to hear what we say.

All.

We salute thee, and praise thee; thy glories we tell;
A true friend of freedom—a man who could dwell
In the hearts of all people—the bond and the free,
Oh, Abraham Lincoln, all children love thee.

—*Elizabeth D. Jewett in Iowa Special Days.*

Additional Selections for Lincoln's Birthday.

To Be Found in Recent Numbers of the Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual.

Poems.

Lincoln	*Selected*	1908,	p. 17
Abraham Lincoln	*Bryant*	1908,	p. 25
O, Captain! My Captain!	*Whitman*	1906,	p. 9

Prose.

How Lincoln Was To Be Paid	*Washington Star*	1908,	p. 50
Letter written by Abraham Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby		1907,	p. 28
The Greeley Letter	*Lincoln*	1907,	p. 35
Abraham Lincoln	*Choate*	1906,	p. 21
Abraham Lincoln	*Chas. A. Dana*	1906,	p. 9
First Inaugural Address	*Lincoln*	1905,	p. 33
Lincoln	*Ingersoll*	1905,	p. 52

Lincoln.

A Song for the Younger Children.

Air—"Hold the Fort."

O'er the land today is ringing
 Praise of Lincoln's name;
Childish voices now are singing
 Lincoln's glorious fame.

Chorus:

Yes! we love the name of Lincoln;
 Lincoln, good and true;
Under God, he saved the nation;
 Saved for me, for you.

He had sworn to do his duty,
 Sworn to do the right;
And our Flag, in all its beauty,
 Saved from foeman's spite.

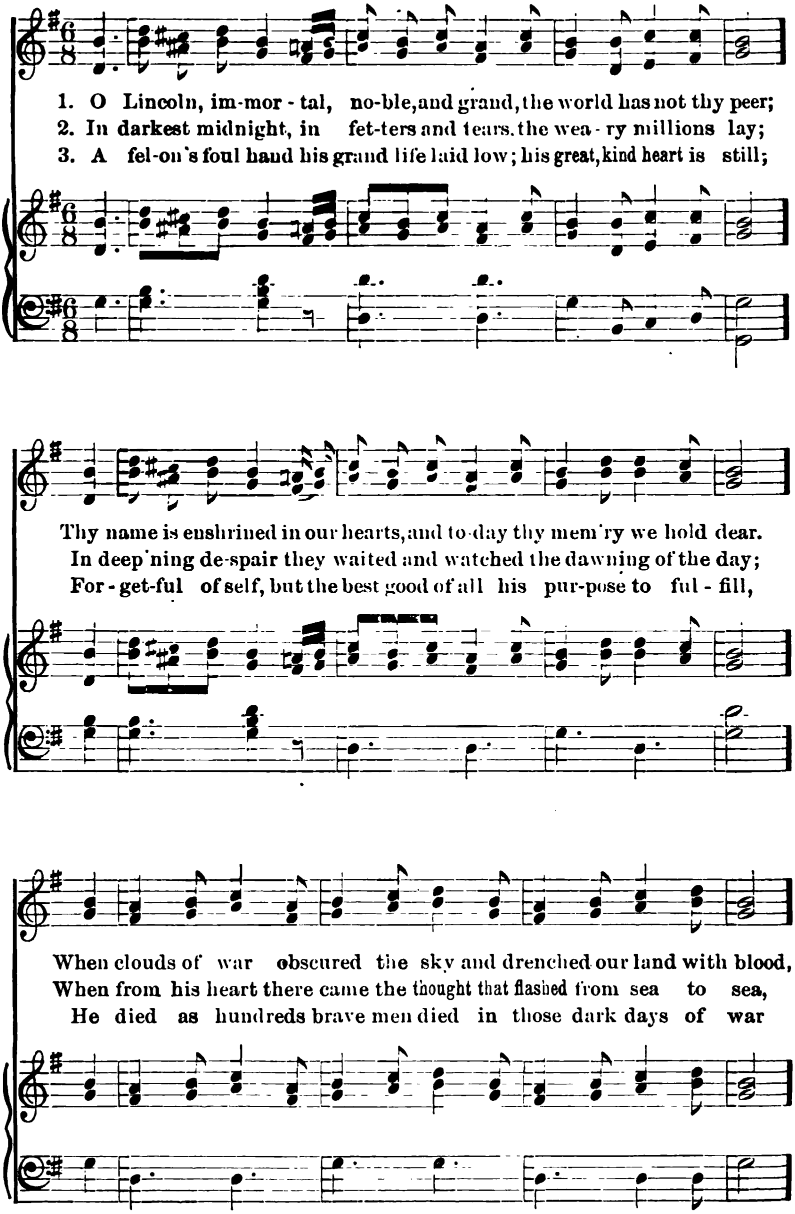
Lord! we come to Thee confessing,
 Bound in sin were we;
Lincoln, working with Thy blessing
 Wrought,—and we are free.

—*W. W. Stone, in Nebraska Special Days.*

LINCOLN MEMORIAL SONG.

Duet. Tenor and Alto or Baritone.
Andante.

Words and Music by
M. J. Rawson.


1. O Lincoln, im-mor - tal, no-ble,and grand,the world has not thy peer;
2. In darkest midnight, in fet-ters and tears.the wea - ry millions lay;
3. A fel-on's foul hand his grand life laid low; his great,kind heart is still;
Thy name is enshrined in our hearts,and to-day thy mem'ry we hold dear.
In deep'ning de-spair they waited and watched the dawning of the day;
For - get-ful of self, but the best good of all his pur-pose to ful - fill,
When clouds of war obscured the sky and drenched our land with blood,
When from his heart there came the thought that flashed from sea to sea,
He died as hundreds brave men died in those dark days of war

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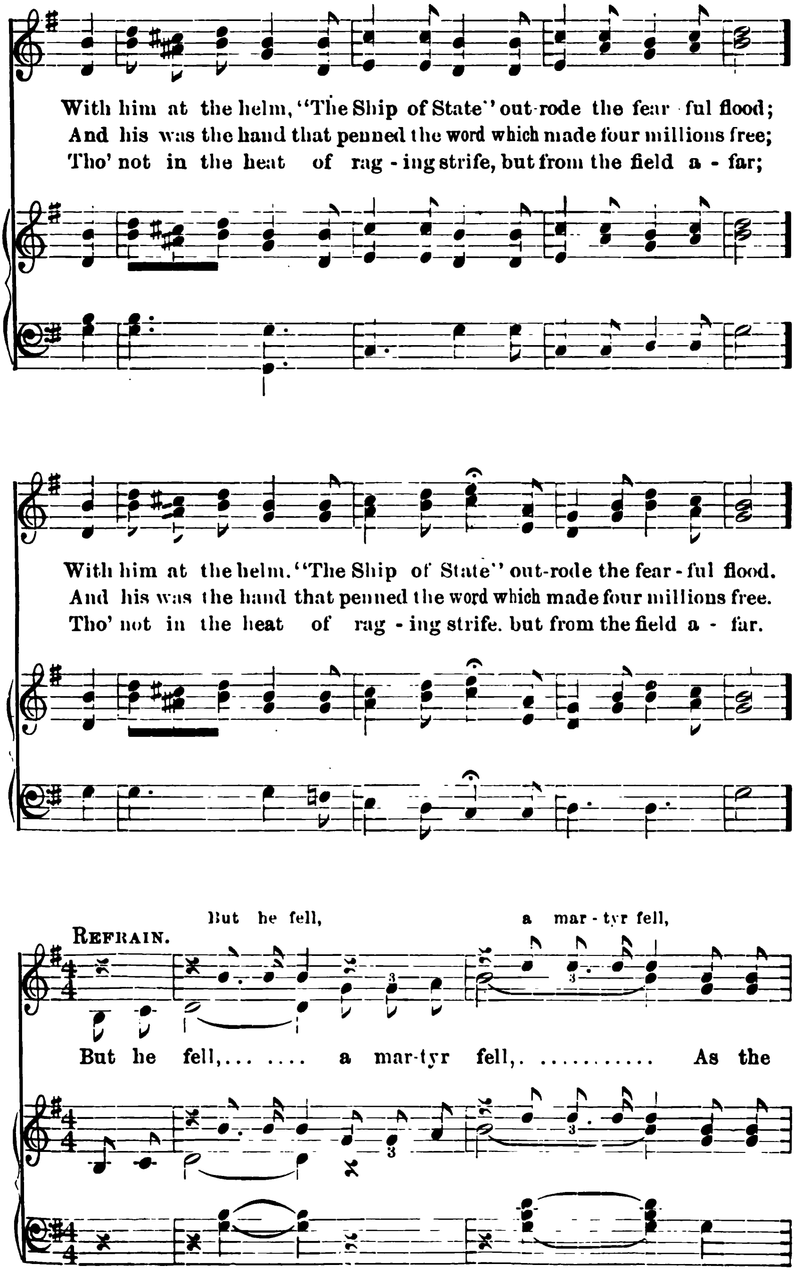
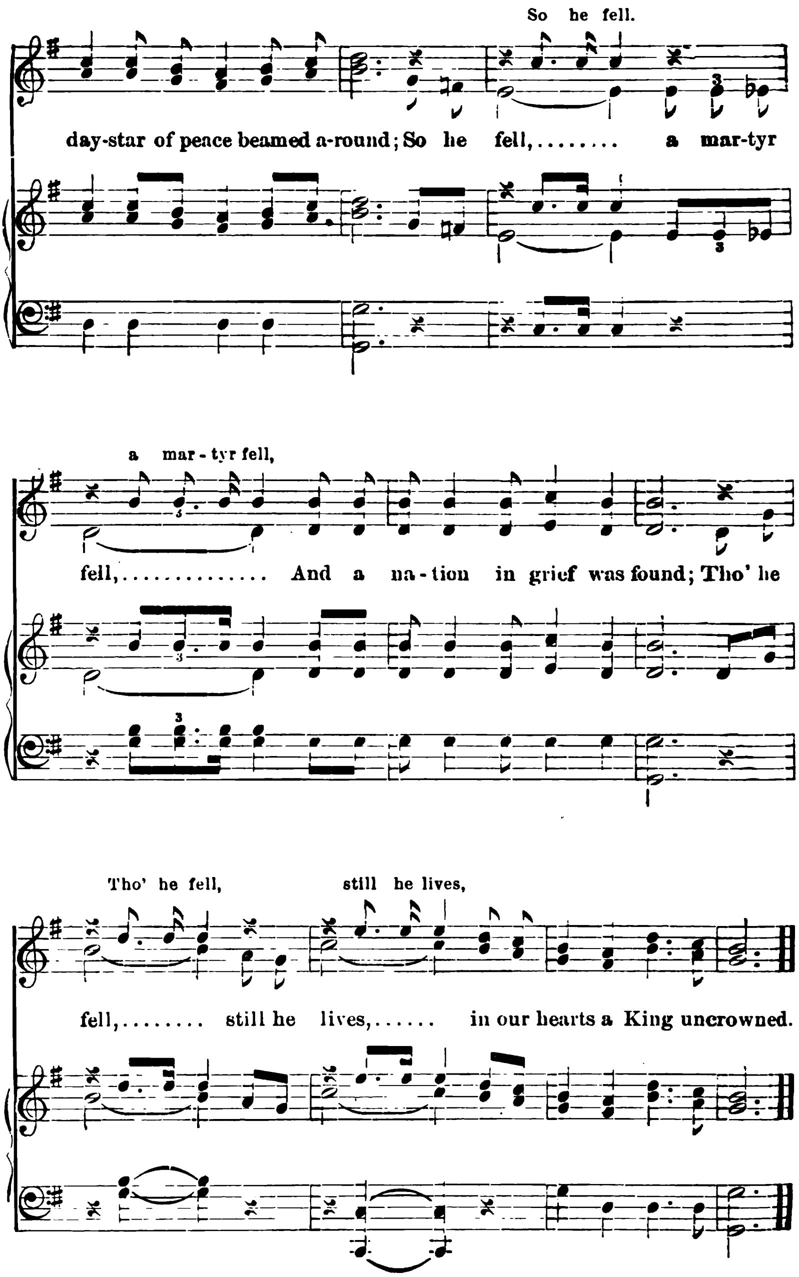
LINCOLN MEMORIAL SONG—Continued.


With him at the helm, "The Ship of State" out-rode the fear - ful flood;
And his was the hand that penned the word which made four millions free;
Tho' not in the heat of rag - ing strife, but from the field a - far;
With him at the helm. "The Ship of State" out-rode the fear - ful flood.
And his was the hand that penned the word which made four millions free.
Tho' not in the heat of rag - ing strife. but from the field a - far.
REFRAIN.
But he fell, a mar - tyr fell,
But he fell,... .... a mar-tyr fell,. .... As the
3
3
3
3

LINCOLN MEMORIAL SONG—Concluded.


So he fell.
day-star of peace beamed a-round; So he fell,........ a mar-tyr
a mar-tyr fell,
fell,.............. And a na-tion in grief was found; Tho' he
Tho' he fell, still he lives,
fell,........ still he lives,...... in our hearts a King uncrowned.
3
3
3
3

Suggestive Program.

Song.....................Keller's American Hymn (page 95)

Short biographical sketch of Lincoln by an older pupil, a patron of the school, or the teacher.

Recitation.......................Abraham Lincoln (page 59)

To help make this recitation effective, a picture of Lincoln should be displayed.

Quotations from Lincoln (page 65), by selected pupils

Selections from the Lincoln–Douglas debates (page 67)

To be read as a select reading by a pupil or the various extracts to be read or recited by different pupils.

Song..........................Battle Hymn of the Republic

Sentiments to the Memory of Lincoln (page 69)

Select Reading....Lincoln's attitude on the subject of Slavery (page 65)

Recitation.........."The Proclamation," with poem (page 59)

Exercise by the younger children....Lincoln's Name (page 72)

Select Reading....How Lincoln was to be paid (1908, page 50)

Song.....................Lincoln Memorial Song (page 74)

Recitation......................Abraham Lincoln (page 71)

Select Reading...........Second Inaugural Address (page 63)

Recitation................Captain, My Captain (1906, page 9)

Recitation................in concert by the upper form pupils Lincoln's Gettysburg Address (page 62)

Song ....America

Selections for Washington's Birthday.

General Warren to His Troops at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye hope for greener graves?
    Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
    Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look beyond you—they're afire!
    And, before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail,
    Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
    Be consigned so well
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head
    Of his deeds to tell!

—*John Pierpont.*

The March to Yorktown.

October 19, 1781.

Over the Hudson, southward ho!
Where do the northern armies go?
British of Clinton watch and wait,
Safe by their ships, at the harbor gate,
Wait for the battle that never comes;
Southward clatter the "rebel" drums.
Straight and swift as a great arm's blow,
Washington rides with Rochambeau.

Greene has sped, with his matchless men
Winning the Carolinas again;
Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown lies,
(Girt by the sea, 'neath summer skies,)
Yorktown, where, like a hand of fate,
Lafayette guards the landward gate.
Camps of the South, they cry to know
Whither the northern armies go.

Down thru Trenton, where, one wild night,
River and foe he won in fight,
Washington rides—but why? but where?—
Tracing the line of the Delaware.
Philadelphia! Now, at last,
Flutter the tidings far and fast:
Over the land they know, they know
Whither the northern armies go!

Rattle of arms in the old town streets,
Blithe fife whistles and gay drum beats,
Music of doom, oh, Royal George!
These are the fellows of Valley Forge!
War-worn homespun and wound-scarred brow,
Halt they never for plaudits now;
(More than flowers fair ladies throw),
Onward, onward, the armies go.

British of Yorktown wake too late;
Washington knocks at the landward gate;
Guns of the northmost Hudson speak
Now on the shores of the Chesapeake.
Out from the wreck of his crumbling walls
One brave sortie the Briton calls;
Backward he reels—a beaten foe—
Onward the northern armies go.

Over the land the glad news flies,
Over the earth a wild surprise;
Out of the North (oh, magic shod!
March who fight by the will of God!)
Length of the land, an army hurled,
Strikes with a blow that thrills the world!
On, where the souls of glory go,
Washington rides with Rochambeau.

—*Chester Firkins, in "The Independent,"*

By permission,

Washington's Disappointment.

"A truly noble character exerts a great influence in the building of character."

When George Washington was about eighteen, his half brother Lawrence secured for him from Admiral Vernon, a midshipman's warrant to serve on the beautiful English frigate, *Bellna.*

George was delighted at the prospects of a naval career, and when his uniform was forwarded to him he put it on with an elation he had never known before. It did not occur to him that his widowed mother would positively object to his going to sea. So he announced to her as soon as he arrived at Ferry Farm, the home of Madam Washington, "I have a warrant from Admiral Vernon to serve on the *Bellna,* and my brother Lawrence has been kind enough to forward my uniform from Alexandria."

To his surprise his mother answered: "Your brother doubtless thought he was kind, but I never gave my consent—and I shall never give it."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, dear mother, for as much as I love you, yet I cannot let you choose my course in life."

The mother and son looked at each other, both pale and determined.

The mother in a low voice asked, "Do you intend to disobey me, my son?"

"Do not force me to do it, dear mother. My honor is engaged to Admiral Vernon and my brother. I cannot obey you in this matter."

"You do refuse then, my son?"

"Mother, I must."

"My son, my best beloved child," she cried, tears streaming down her face, "Do not break my heart by leaving me for the perils of the sea. I implore you to change your purpose."

George stood motionless.

His mother sobbed, "I would go on my knees if that would move you."

There was a short pause—then, trembling with emotion, George spoke: "Mother, I will give up my commission."

"God will reward you, my son, for yielding to your mother," The glorious career of Washington all turned upon this decision. If he had entered the navy, he would not have been in General Braddock's campaign, where his wisdom and bravery won for him the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial Army.

George Washington, in changing his plans, and submitting to a great disappointment in deference to his mother's love, showed greatness of mind.

Those who are stubborn and boast that they never change their views or plans on account of the desires of others are usually narrow, selfish natures that never reach the greatness which is only another name for achieving good for fellow men.

—*Ellery A. Greene.*

By permission of Educational Publishing Co.

Thirteen Original Colonies and George Washington.

First Child.—I am Virginia; I have given many noble sons to my country, but to-day I wish to speak only of one, the fairest, the most illustrious—Washington.

Second Child.—I am New Jersey, and the elms at Princeton still whisper of his fame.

Third Child.—I am Massachusetts, and his name is still as powerful among my people as when his cannon frowned upon Boston from Dorchester Heights.

Fourth Child.—I am New York, and in my noblest city the first President took his oath of office.

Fifth Child.—I am New Hampshire, and I bring granite from my mountains that his deeds may be written on imperishable tablets.

Sixth Child.—I am Maryland, and my Potomac's stream murmurs ever of love as it glides past his tomb.

Seventh Child.—I am Connecticut, the land of steady habits, and as a model for our children we hold him up whose title was "An Honest Man."

Eighth Child.—I am Rhode Island, and the name of Roger Williams is not more dear to me than the memory of Washington.

Ninth Child.—I am Delaware, and when the ice cracks and booms on my noble river it seems to thunder the story of that Christmas night so long ago.

Tenth Child.—I am North Carolina, and the shade of Francis Marion bids me join in reverence to his valiant leader.

Eleventh Child.—I am South Carolina, and through the storm of war I have kept his memory sacred.

Twelfth Child.—I am Pennsylvania, and the old State House at Philadelphia seems to be filled with his invisible presence.

Thirteenth Child.—I am Georgia, youngest of all, and I bring palms to celebrate his victories.

Virginia.—Let us speak of his truthfulness.

New Jersey.—Let us admire his modesty.

Massachusetts.—Let us praise his courage.

New York.—Let us remember his deeds.

New Hampshire.—Let us emulate his piety.

Maryland.—Honor the statesman!

Connecticut.—The general!

Rhode Island.—The truth-teller!

Delaware.—The hero!

North Carolina.—The Cincinnatus of the West!

South Carolina.—The Father of his Country!

Pennsylvania.—Providence left him childless that his country might call him father.

Georgia.—Then let us speak of him still as "First in War (all joining in), First in Peace, First in the Hearts of His Countrymen."

—Lucia M. Mooney in "Washington Celebrations," published by Edgar S. Werner & Co., New York City.

Like the Minute Men.

Long ago, our teacher says,
  The sturdy Minute Men
Were ready at a moment's call
  To battle bravely then.

Like little Minute Men today
  When duty calls we hear,
Let's battle with our school room tasks
  Through all the busy year.

—Selected.

George Washington.

Recitation for five small boys. Each boy holds in his right hand a card with date, lifting it high while he recites.

First boy.—

1732.

Yes, seventeen hundred thirty-two—
That is the date which I hold here,
And Washington, the great, was born
In February of that year.

Second boy.—

1775.

He swept the land of lord and king,
Before his sword the foeman fled.
The time was seventeen hundred seventy-five
When he stepped to our army's head.

Third boy.—

1783.

In seventeen hundred eighty-three
He saw the strife, the battles done,
A nation born, a land made free,
A country from the tyrant won.

Fourth boy.—

1789.

"Be President!" the people cried;
So first in presidential line
He served our land with love and zeal,
In seventeen hundred eighty-nine.

Fifth boy.—

1799.

In seventeen hundred ninety-nine
Low lay his well-loved head,
While mournful bells and flags half-mast
Told Washington was dead.

All.—

O "first in war and first in peace."
Our Washington, the true, the brave,
We'll ever keep thy mem'ry green,
And ever guard thy honored grave.

—From Washington Celebrations, published by Edgar S. Werner, New York.

The moment I heard of America, I loved her. The moment I knew she was fighting for freedom, I burnt with a desire of bleeding for her, and the moment I shall be able to serve her at any time, or in any part of the world, will be the happiest one of my life.—*Lafayette.*

Brief History of the Lafayette Memorial Movement.

The Lafayette Monument is the gift of the school children of America to France, in honor of Lafayette and in recognition and appreciation of the aid rendered by France to this country during the American Revolution. In addition to being one of the world's greatest masterpieces of sculpture, it may be truly regarded as the most sincere and beautiful token of esteem ever extended by one nation to another. It was erected and transferred to the French government under the direction of the Lafayette Memorial Commission.

The patriotism and sentiment of the idea providing that the school children of this great republic should, in the days of its great power and prosperity, contribute their mites to show appreciation and honor to the nation and noble young patriot who came to us with aid in our infancy and in time of direst need, appealed to the public spirit of Americans and the proposal at once found general response. It was believed that such a beautiful gift, coming from such a source and born of such a motive, would be unique among the art trophies of the world, and would provide a true and permanent monument to patriotism and gratitude.

In commemoration of the work, $25,000.00 worth of silver bullion was set aside in the Philadelphia mint under authorization of Congress and coined into a special issue of 50,000 Lafayette dollars. The first coin struck was presented by President McKinley to President Loubet of France, through a special envoy, as a souvenir of the undertaking.

The amount contributed by the children was in the neighborhood of $55,000.00, including an appropriation of $10,000.00 made by the legislature of New York, to represent the school children of that state.

The spontaneity and method of this universal contribution were remarkable. October 19, 1898 (anniversary of the surrender of Yorktown), was set aside in all of the schools of the country as "Lafayette Day" and a patriotic program rendered, after which the children contributed their pennies for the monument. The real monument fund was thus raised in one day—a united tribute of gratitude and patriotism sent forth as one voice from the children of the entire land.

These documents and the phenomenal success of the movement were a source of gratification to President McKinley, who pronounced the celebration of "Lafayette Day" unique in the annals of the world. He said that the spirit and sincerity of the contributions of the children would make the monument the most precious gift that one nation could offer to another, and that if the people of France should realize the real character of this gift and the motive behind the millions of pennies of the children that made it possible, they would prize it more highly than any of their many magnificent monuments.

That the official representatives of the French people recognized the significance of the gift intended, was revealed by the site which they allotted for the monument. Upon request, they assigned the inner square in the court of the Louvre, a site at one time intended for a heroic monument to Napoleon, and generally pronounced the finest in all Europe. This site was granted to the Commission by governmental decree and designated as "Square Lafayette."

A committee of three of the leading artists of the country, John Quincy Adams Ward, John Lafarge, and George B. Post, was asked and agreed to assume the important work of passing upon competitive designs submitted for the monument and of selecting the sculptor and the architect for its execution, as well as recommending the sum to be paid to each. Paul Wayland Bartlett was finally selected as the sculptor, and Thomas Hastings as architect of the pedestal.

In order to carry out the original plan, to as far as possible impress upon the French people the importance with which the monument was regarded in America and the spirit behind the movement, and to accentuate the representation of the United States government at the Paris Exposition (indeed, it was the chief feature of such representation), it was decided to attend its dedication with as much publicity and ceremony as possible.

To this end the sculptor was urged to execute his task with all speed possible, so that the model of the statue would be ready by July 4, 1900, when it was planned to make the official dedication of the monument the climax of the American participation in the Paris Exposition, and this was done.

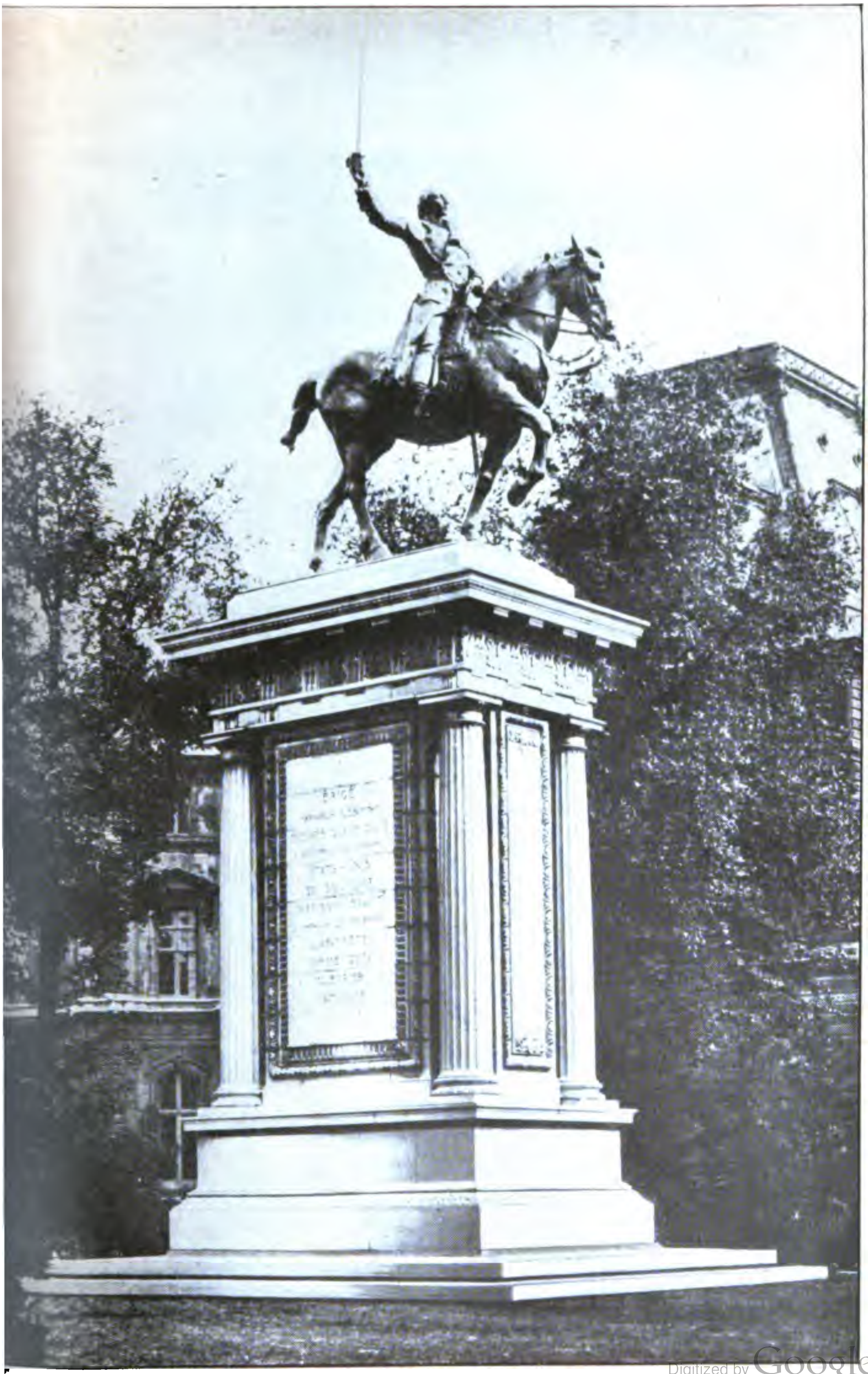
A notable program was arranged, including addresses by prominent speakers, French and American, among them President Loubet of France, General Horace Porter, Ambassador of the United States to France, Commissioner-General Peck, and Archbishop Ireland.

Leading officials of the French government, members of the diplomatic corps, ambassadors of the United States to other nations, high prelates of the Church of France, representatives of the schools, descendants of Lafayette, etc., were invited and attended the ceremony, making the occasion most distinguished and of such prestige that reports of the proceedings were not only published in all of the newspapers of France, but in the principal newspapers of Europe and America as well.

The event occurring on the Fourth of July, our national holiday, served as a fitting climax of the movement begun in the hamlet, village and city school houses on "Lafayette Day" and crowned it with splendid success.

At the time when the dedication of the monument was planned, it was believed that the model then raised, after standing the allotted time stipulated by the French authorities for inspection and criticism and receiving the touches of improvement recommended, would be replaced by the finished monument in a very few years—three or four at the outside. The desire of Sculptor Bartlett to use this distinguished commission to execute a masterpiece caused him to devote more time to his task than originally contemplated. This course taken by him, with the approval of artists and of the French authorities, delayed the completion of the monument until this year.

—Abridged from the final report of Robert J. Thompson, Secretary of the Lafayette Memorial Commission.



STATUE OF LA

Selections for Peace Day, May 18.

The Fatherland.

Where is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he, by chance, was born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
Oh, yes, his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven, wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God, and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
Oh, yes, his fatherland must be,
As the broad heaven, broad and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle wreath, or sorrow's gyves;
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,—
There is the true man's birthplace grand:
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthplace, brother—
That spot of earth is thine and mine;
There is the true man's birthright grand:
His is a world-wide fatherland!

—*James Russell Lowell.*

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Moral Warfare.

Our fathers to their graves have gone,
Their strife is past, their triumphs won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight;
And strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons he has given,
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven.

—*Whittier.*

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Palace of Peace at the Hague.

Cheer up, my heart, the better day is dawning,
  The better day of which thou dreamedst long,
When, on the god of war no longer fawning,
  Mankind shall sweep away the ancient wrong.

The land which Alva's hordes once desolated,
  Where Dutchmen checked the power of haughty Spain,
Where faith and love of freedom new-created
  The shrines which war had leveled to the plain,

Has now become the holy place of meeting
  Of messengers of good from many lands,
And East and West engage, with friendly greeting,
  In weaving strong world-wide fraternal bands.

Where sabers flashed and belching cannon thundered
  Is heard the music of the builders' toil,
And near the field where Gaul's great captain blundered
  The shrine of Peace now rises from the soil.

Not to sweet notes evoked by bright Apollo,
  Nor Orpheus' lyre, these sacred walls arise,
But rhythmic heart-beats of the world they follow
  By light of love-gleams in the nations' eyes.

The level fields of Holland, water-cinctured,
  Sublimer grow than templed hills of Rome,
And lovelier than Athens, glory tinctured,
  The Hague becomes benignant Justice's home.

Here sovran Law shall dim War's ancient splendor,
  Rebuking with strong truth the nations' wrath;
Here Peace, with gracious mien and accents tender
  Shall lead them onward in her fruitful path.

Then sing, my heart; the glorious day draws nearer,
  When strife no more with blood shall drench the earth,
And, each to all and all to each grown dearer,
  The peoples, glad, shall thrive in wealth and worth.

—*Philip Stafford Moxom.*

By permission of The Independent.

The Cherry Festival of Naumburg.

(A ballad founded on fact.)

Hard by the walls of Naumburg town,
  Four hundred years ago,
Procopius his soldiers led
  To fight their Saxon foe.
The blue sky bent above the earth
  In benediction mute;
The tranquil fields reposed content
  In blossom, grain, and fruit.

But vain the benedicite
  Of tender, brooding sky;
And vainly peaceful, smiling fields
  Gave eloquent reply.
Unsoothed, unmoved, in Nature's calm,
  The Hussite army lay,
A deadly, threatening human storm,
  With Naumburg in its way.

To swift destruction now seemed doomed
  The dear old Saxon town;
Before Procopius the Great
  The strongest walls went down.
But soon upon the soft, calm air,
  Came sound of tramping feet;
The Hussites quickly flew to arms,
  Their hated foe to meet.

Ready they stood to face the charge,
  The great gate opened wide,
And out they poured, not armed men,
  But, marching side by side,
The little children of the town,
  Whose bright eyes met their gaze
With innocence and courage all
  Unversed in war's dread ways.

The men threw all their weapons down
  At sight so strange and fair;
They took the children in their arms,
  They stroked their flaxen hair.
They kissed their cheeks and sweet red lips,
  They told how back at home,
They'd left such little ones as these,
  And then they bade them come

To cherry orchards close at hand,
  And there they stripped the trees
Of branches rich with clustered fruit;
  Their little arms with these
They filled, and with kind words of peace,
  They sent them back to town.
The soldiers then all marched away,
  Nor thought of war's renown.

And now each year at cherry time,
  In Naumburg you may see
The little children celebrate
  This strange, sweet victory.
Once more the sound of tramping feet
  Is heard, as, side by side,
They march throughout the quaint old town,
  In childhood's joyous pride.

Once more they bear within their arms
  Green branches, thro' whose leaves
Ripe cherries gleam, that tell a tale
  More strange than fancy weaves,
About a bloodless battle fought
  Four centuries ago,
When children saved old Naumburg town
  By conquering its foe.

—*American Peace Society, Boston.*

Observance of Peace Day.

Dr. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, U. S. commissioner of education, recommends that the 18th of May be set apart in all American schools as a day of commemoration of the opening of the first Peace Conference at The Hague. Ex-President Cleveland was the first to advocate such an observance, about eleven years ago.

In his latest annual report, State Superintendent Schaeffer of Pennsylvania thus urges the observance of the day:

"The reason for the observance of the 18th of May is not clear to the average American until he is reminded that the first Peace Conference at The Hague met May 18, 1899. Since that day forty-five treaties have been made between various nations, binding them hereafter to settle their disputes by arbitration.

"The school can aid this peace movement by creating sentiment against the appeal to arms when a dispute arises with another nation. All rulers hesitate to begin an unpopular war. Wars for spoils, for tribute, for the gratification of personal ambition, or for territorial aggrandizement should be condemned. The instruction in history should glorify the victories of peace above those of war. The pupil should be made to see that movements for the uplifting of humanity are of far more consequence than the shedding of blood and the winning of battles. That which makes life worth living is not found in the wearing of a uniform or in the possession of martial glory, but in the personal relations human beings sustain one to another and to their Maker.

"Not only should the 18th of May be observed as the anniversary of a day that marks an epoch in the peace movement, but history should be taught in such a way that the arts of peace will be magnified above the arts of war, and that the pupil will write the name of the inventor, the artist, the philanthropist, the jurist, the educator and the statesman in as conspicuous a position in the temple of fame as that occupied by the victorious admiral or the successful general.

"As soon as teachers and pupils in the public schools fully realize that the farmer who teaches others how to select their seed corn to add millions to the production of the corn belt, is as great a benefactor as any officer that ever led an army to battle; that the woman who enters a hospital as a nurse displays as much heroism as the soldier who faces the cannon's mouth, we shall have a public sentiment that will prevent the use of the army and the navy, except for police purposes, or for national defence."

"My first wish is to see this plague to mankind banished from the earth, although it is against the profession of arms and would clip the wings of some young soldiers soaring after glory, to see the whole world in peace and the inhabitants striving who should contribute most to the happiness of mankind."—*Washington.*

"Though educated a soldier, and though I have gone through two wars, I have always been a man of peace, preferring to see questions of difference settled by arbitration. It has been my misfortune to be engaged in more battles than any other American general, but there was never a time during my command when I would not have chosen some settlement by reason rather than the sword."—*U. S. Grant.*

National Debts of the Twenty-three Principal Powers.

From summary prepared by the Bureau of Statistics, Department of Commerce and Labor.

Argentina	$479,765,265
Austria-Hungary	1,107,464,025
Belgium	544,052,979
Brazil	510,693,938
Chile	107,304,151
China	613,140,000
Denmark	66,033,849
France	5,856,703,403
Germany and German States	3,296,470,400
Great Britain	3,885,166,333
Italy	2,560,605,000
Japan	1,250,000,000
Mexico	175,945,345
Netherlands	463,150,904
Norway	70,376,355
Portugal	819,883,580
Russia (before the late war)	3,414,061,734
	(Now over four billions.)
Spain	2,061,389,972
Sweden	92,833,336
Switzerland	17,400,567
Turkey	723,125,400
United States	925,011,637
Venezuela	49,335,647

If we add to this the debts of the twenty-three other powers, the total of the national debts of the world is found to be the colossal sum of $34,633,164,406. The significance, in this connection, of this vast sum, the interest on which is over one billion dollars per year, is that practically the whole is chargeable to war and militarism.

From "The Cost of War," by Benjamin F. Trueblood, published by the American Peace Society.

A Precedent for Disarmament.

Hidden away in the archives of the Department of State at Washington is a little document which has attracted but small attention; and yet its effect upon the welfare of two nations has been immense, while its purport is altogether unique. It is an "Arrangement" between the United States and Great Britain, bearing date April 28th, 1817, and signed by Richard Rush, acting as Secretary of State on behalf of this country, and Charles Bagot, Envoy Extraordinary of His Britannic Majesty. The entire contents of this document could easily be copied upon a half-sheet of paper, and it reads in substance as follows:

> **"The naval force to be maintained upon the American Lakes by the Government of the United States and His Majesty shall henceforth be confined to the following vessels on each side, that is:**
>
> **"On Lake Ontario, to one vessel not exceeding one hundred tons burthen, and armed with one eighteen-pound cannon;**
>
> **"On the Upper Lakes, to two vessels (of the same burthen and armament):**
>
> **"On the waters of Lake Champlain to one vessel (of the same burthen and armament); .**
>
> **"All other armed vessels in these Lakes shall be forthwith dismantled, and no other vessels of war shall be there built or armed."**

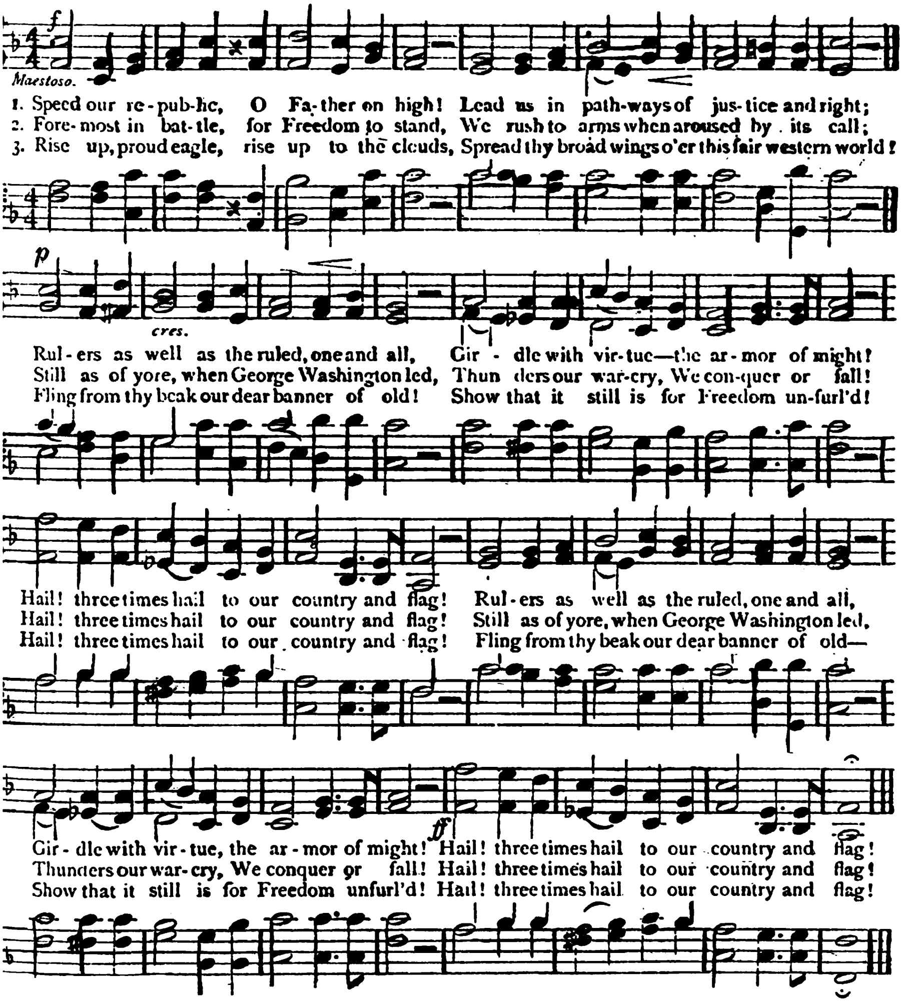
The war of 1812 had made Lake Erie and Lake Champlain the scenes of bloody conflicts. The people living on the shores of those lakes were for the most part connected by blood and traditions, and the war was in character almost a civil war. It was clearly desirable to prevent such conflicts, if possible, in the future; and to some wise and humane statesman the happy idea occurred of removing, or reducing to a minimum, the instruments of strife, recognizing the fact, proclaimed by Victor Hugo, that the chief cause of war is to be found in the armaments of nations.

It can hardly be denied that naval men desire naval war. They would not be worth their salt if they did not. When the lawyer actually wishes for the abolition of litigation, when the physician prays honestly for the disappearance of patients from the surface of the earth, when any man longs for the lack of opportunity to practise his chosen profession or trade, then, perhaps, will the professional fighter yearn for peace. But the soldier, *quâ* soldier, ought to wish for war. It is his only *raison d'être.* Apparently appreciating this fact, the men who drafted the agreement of 1817 provided for the removal of that incentive to war which the existence and display of a naval force necessarily involves. Their argument seems to have been that Satan will find some mischief still for idle ships to do, and, in consequence, for nearly a century only four toy gunboats have been kept in commission by either country in these waters.

How fully the result has justified their action! We have had plenty of disagreements with Canada. Time and again the disputes between us have reached the point of acerbity and irritation. It is almost certain that, if we had had our weapons handy, one or the other of us would have drawn a bead on the other. But, luckily, our hip pockets were empty, and no damage was done. And consider for a moment how different the aspect of the Great Lakes would be to-day if this Arrangement had not been signed! The mad rivalry of armaments would have been reproduced in miniature in each of them. Manufacturers and contractors would be besieging Congress and Parliament to authorize the construction, now of a floating battery, and now of a battle-ship, and each new vessel on either side would be used as justification for a similar one on the other. To withstand such navies, land defences would be necessary, and garrisons to man them. Every port—Oswego, Buffalo, Cleveland, Duluth, Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston,—would require modern forts and ordnance; immense expenditure would be necessary even in times of peace, and the continuance of peace would be rendered precarious. The possibility of such a state of affairs has been removed by the Arrangement of 1817, and it is quite likely that the example of peacefulness which is set along the Lake frontier has had the effect of making more or less trivial the preparations for war on the rest of the boundary-line. Has there been anything enervating or unmanly in all this? Not at all. No one doubts for a moment the courage and ability to fight of the men on both sides, but that courage and ability have been released for service in the conquests of nature and industry. Such have been the far-reaching effects of the Arrangement of 1817, which at the time was not thought worthy of the title of "Treaty" and is called simply an "Arrangement." Mr. Monroe was President then, and his name is associated with another declaration of policy; but I am inclined to think that there are possibilities in the Rush-Bagot Arrangement which may well eclipse those of the Monroe Doctrine.

—*From an article in the North American Review by Ernest Crosby.*

KELLER'S AMERICAN HYMN.


f
Maestoso.
1. Speed our re-pub-lic, O Fa-ther on high! Lead us in path-ways of jus-tice and right;
2. Fore-most in bat-tle, for Freedom to stand, We rush to arms when aroused by its call;
3. Rise up, proud eagle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair western world!
p
cres.
Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all, Gir - dle with vir-tue—the ar-mor of might!
Still as of yore, when George Washington led, Thun ders our war-cry, We con-quer or fall!
Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old! Show that it still is for Freedom un-furl'd!
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag! Rul-ers as well as the ruled, one and all,
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag! Still as of yore, when George Washington led,
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag! Fling from thy beak our dear banner of old—
Gir-dle with vir-tue, the ar-mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
Thunders our war-cry, We conquer or fall! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
Show that it still is for Freedom unfurl'd! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
ff

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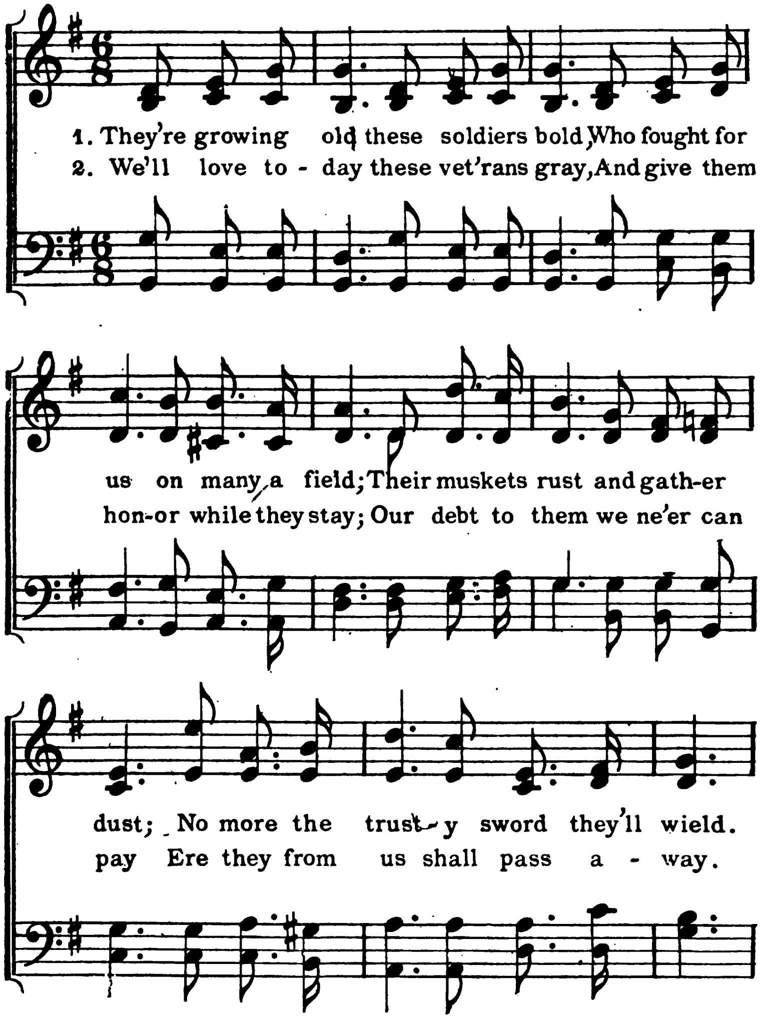
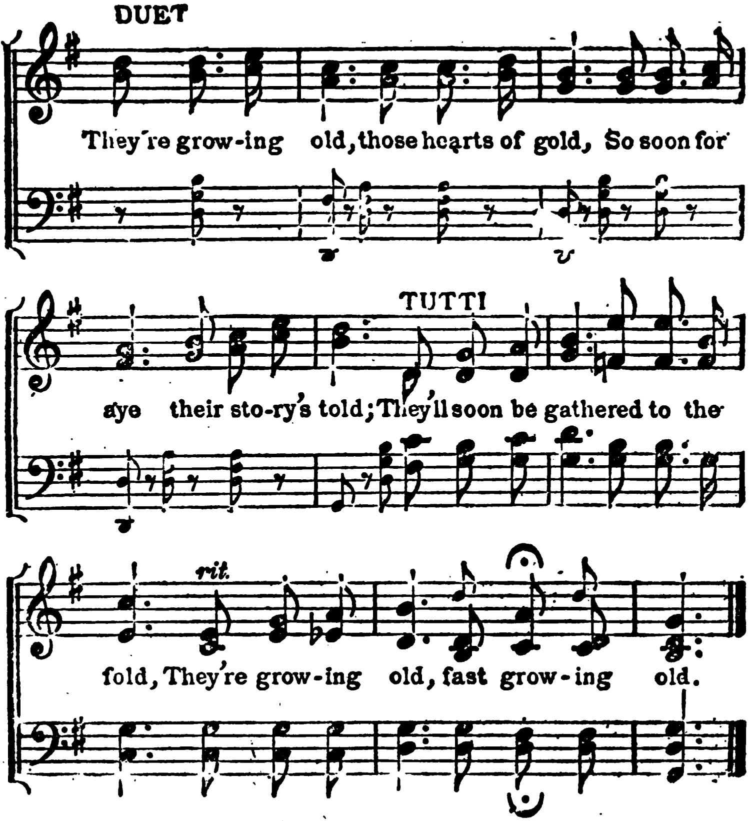
MEMORIAL

They're Growing Old.

Words and Music by **ROB'T C. MARQUIS.**


1. They're growing old these soldiers bold, Who fought for
2. We'll love to-day these vet'rans gray, And give them
us on many a field; Their muskets rust and gath-er
hon-or while they stay; Our debt to them we ne'er can
dust; No more the trust-y sword they'll wield.
pay Ere they from us shall pass a-way.

Copyright 1897, by Rob't. C. Marquis.


DUET
They're grow-ing old, those hearts of gold, So soon for
TUTTI
aye their sto-ry's told; They'll soon be gathered to the
rit.
fold, They're grow-ing old, fast grow-ing old.

3. And if it seem but misty dream
To us who now are in our prime,
To them "A gleam from eyes that beam"
Tell comrades of "That other time."

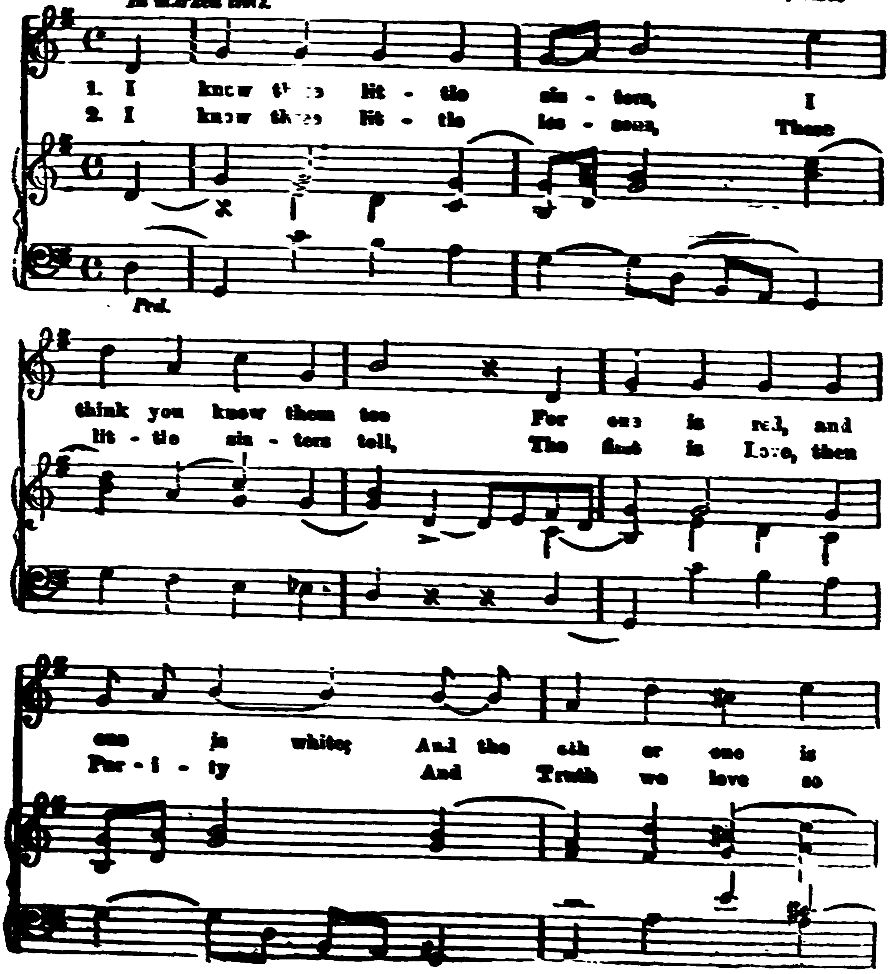
4. For those who sleep and those who weep
We'll scatter here some blossoms fair,
And ere we part, each patriot heart
Will for these vet'rans breathe a prayer.

OUR FLAG GOLORS.

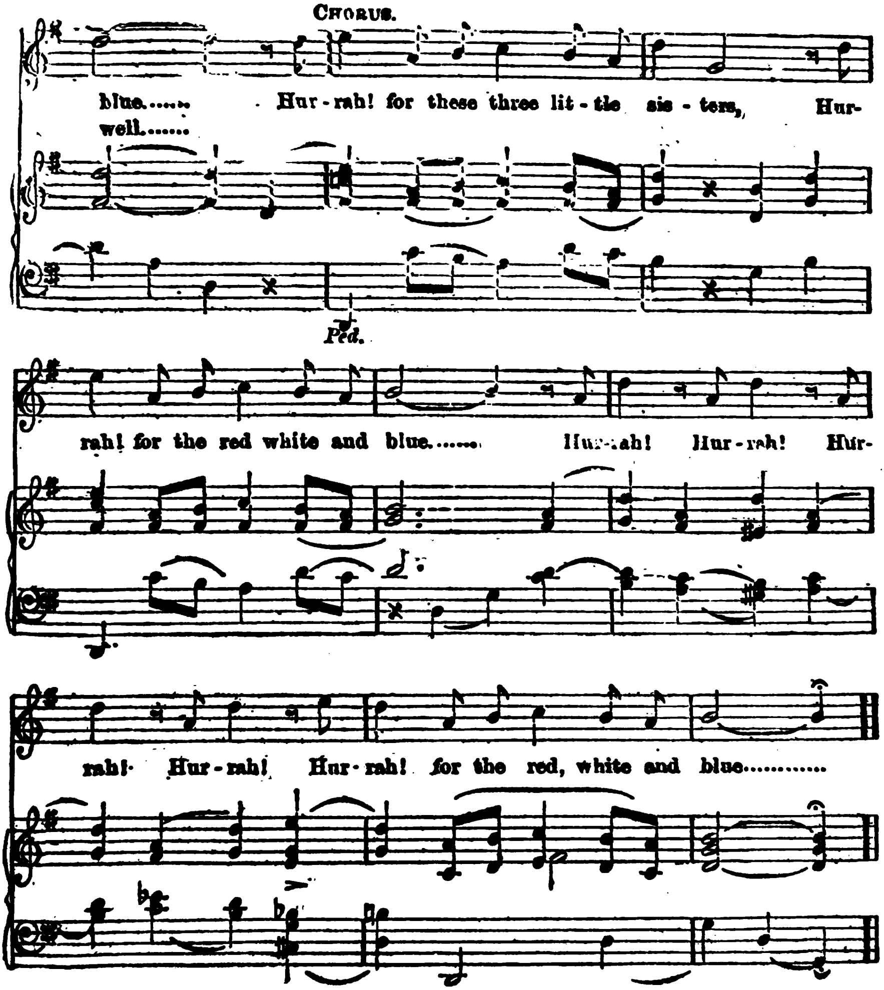
E. L. McCord.

In marked time.

W. W. Gilchrist.


1. I know three lit - tle sis - ters, I think you know them too For one is red, and one is white; And the oth er one is
2. I know three lit - tle les - sons, These lit - tle sis - ters tell, The first is Love, then Pur - i - ty And Truth we love so
Ped.

OUR FLAG COLORS (Concluded)


CHORUS.
blue....... Hur-rah! for these three lit-tle sis-ters, Hur-
well.......
Ped.
rah! for the red white and blue....... Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-
rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! for the red, white and blue............

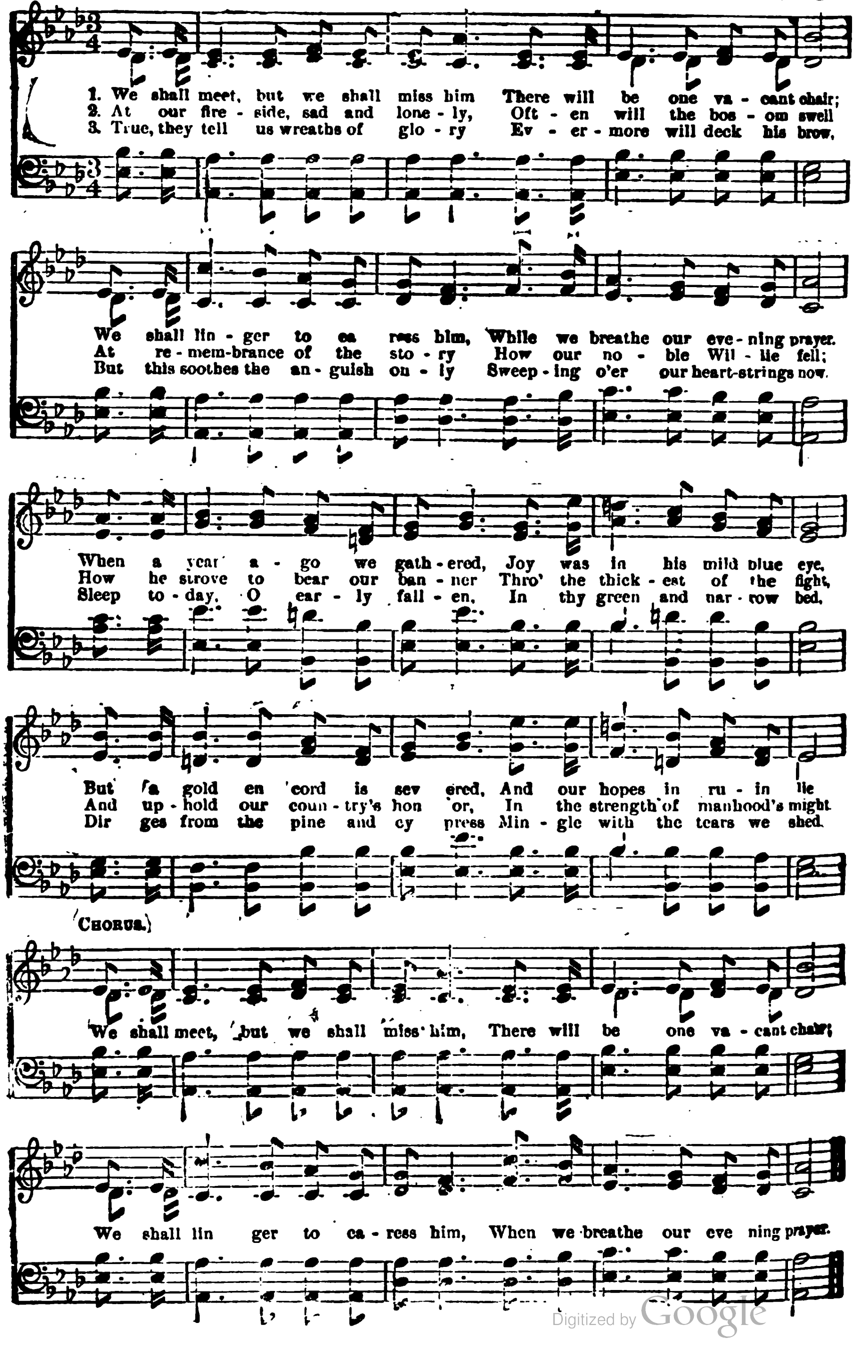
From "The Child's Garden of Song." A. C. McClurg & Co.

474976

THE VACANT CHAIR.

N. S. W.

GEO. F. ROOT.


1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him There will be one va - cant chair;
2. At our fire - side, sad and lone - ly, Oft - en will the bos - om swell
3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo - ry Ev - er - more will deck his brow,
We shall lin - ger to ca - ress him, While we breathe our eve - ning prayer.
At re - mem-brance of the sto - ry How our no - ble Wil - lie fell;
But this soothes the an - guish on - ly Sweep - ing o'er our heart-strings now.
When a year a - go we gath - ered, Joy was in his mild blue eye.
How he strove to bear our ban - ner Thro' the thick - est of the fight,
Sleep to - day, O ear - ly fall - en, In thy green and nar - row bed.
But a gold en cord is sev ered, And our hopes in ru - in lie.
And up - hold our coun - try's hon or, In the strength of manhood's might.
Dir ges from the pine and cy press Min - gle with the tears we shed.
CHORUS.
We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va - cant chair;
We shall lin ger to ca - ress him, When we breathe our eve ning prayer.

APR 18 1911

Memorial Day Annual

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WISCONSIN
1910

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MEMORIAL DAY ANNUAL

1910

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MADISON, WISCONSIN
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1910

Memorial Day

"Fold up the banners! smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!"

FOREWORD.

In the lives of progressive nations events of transcendent importance have taken place on certain dates. The most important of these dates are celebrated each recurring anniversary and form the patriotic holidays of the year. The events celebrated are connected with the successful defense or establishment of principles to which the nation must continue to adhere, if it is to fulfill its mission and share in the world's progress. Hence such holidays are of vital moment to the nation which has established them.

But, as the years go by, a patriotic holiday may fail to receive that kind of attention which fosters the principles for which it stands. Indeed, the celebration may take on such a character that it weakens instead of strengthens the original purpose.

It is here that the schools have a patriotic duty to fulfill. Not only should patriotic holidays be appropriately celebrated in the schools, but, what is of equal importance, previous instruction suited to the advancement of those taught should be given, so that they will clearly comprehend the reasons for the celebration. This instruction should first of all be definite, and along with this it should be inspirational in character, so that when the program is given, there will be not only a program well prepared but also a school well prepared to enjoy it and to receive an impulse toward good and effective citizenship. In other words, the school as a whole should be prepared by a series of general exercises with as great care to appreciate the celebration as the program should be prepared by the training of part of the school.

The "gentler purpose runs" over the events of the Civil War, and it is indeed well that sectional bitterness has largely passed away. But it is a serious mistake to have a program which leaves the impresson that both sides were "about equally right" in that great struggle. Union and freedom won over slavery and disunion, and if we fail to teach that this was a victory of right over wrong, we fail in our duty as educators. This teaching is not inconsistent with the most sincere admiration of the gallantry of those who championed "the lost cause," nor with the entire good will of one section toward the other. It is principles we are now concerned with, not with sections.

The teacher should begin early to plan for the celebration of the patriotic holidays which are included in this annual and which come within the school term. By properly providing for such special occasions, schools will exert a telling influence for good citizenship.

The Boys of '61.

Sound the bugle and blow the fife,
  Slowly beat the drum,
While with stooping form and faltering step,
  The gray-haired veterans come.
Thinner and thinner their ranks are seen,
  And fewer, year by year,
When the roll is called, stand at their post
  And promptly answer "here."
Speak to them tenderly while you may,
  Give them the homage due,
Show them a patriot's gratitude
  For their loyalty tried and true;
Smooth the path for their trembling feet,
  As they near life's setting sun,
And bring your garlands of love to-day
  For the boys of '61.

Sound the bugle and blow the fife,
  Reverently beat the drum,
While over our hearts, this sacred day,
  A flood of memories come.
Memories dear of those stirring days
  When, with banners bright and gay,
With strong, true hearts and eager step,
  Our soldiers marched away.
Theirs the partings from home and friends,
  Which sadly the the heartstrings tore;
Theirs the marches with weary feet,
  And the battle's deafening roar;
Theirs to share in a nation's throes;
  And theirs, when the war was done,
The shattered ranks and the tattered flags;
  These boys of '61.

Sound the bugle and blow the fife,
  Sadly beat the drum,
With a tender thought for the soldier boys
  Whose footsteps never come.
In the fever scourge of the southern camp,
  And the picket's steady beat,
In the want and the woe of the prison pens,
  And the battle's rage and heat,
They paid the price of a nation's life;
  On Freedom's alter laid
Their youthful strength, then calmly slept
  Their manhood years away,
Never to join in the victor's shout,
  Nor fire the victor's gun,
Never to hear a nation's praise
  For the boys of '61.

Sound the bugle and blow the fife,
  Merrily beat the drum,
As now with eager, pattering feet
  The little children come,
Laden with burdens sweet and rare,
  The fragrance of Maytime bloom,
Roses and lilies and violets blue,
  Meet for a soldier's tomb.
Theirs our banner to keep unstained
  Ever through coming years;
Theirs the legacy, Freedom's gift,
  Purchased with blood and tears;
Theirs to hold with a patriot's grasp
  The victories dearly won;
And theirs to cherish the memory bright
  Of the boys of '61.

—Ada Simpson Sherwood in Journal of Education.

By permission.

The Nation's Dead.

A million soldiers' sunken graves
  Are footprints made by Liberty,
When marching on past shackled slaves
  She rendered them forever free;
  And generations yet to be
Will tell the sad, heroic story
  Of those whose matchless bravery
Lent luster to their country's glory.

Unto a nation's dead are bound
  That nation's honor, love and pride.
That spot is sacred, holy ground
  Where patriots have dared and died
  In seasons that stout hearts have tried,
'Mid shrieking shell and muskets' rattle,
  When men marched onward side by side,
To face the smoking hell of battle.

We of these later, peaceful days,
Unused to war, can little know
Their marches over weary ways,
The trials they had to undergo;
Few are the traces left to show
The magnitude of their endeavor;
And yet their fame with age will grow
And live forever and forever.

So bear an offering of flowers
And fragrant garlands o'er them heap,
As tokens to these dead of ours
A nation's gratitude is deep.
While angels vigils o'er them keep,
The country that they loved around them,
May they for aye serenely sleep
Beneath the wreaths that love has bound them.

—*Denver News.*

Volunteer Soldiers of the Union.

A tribute to the soldiers of the war of the Union delivered at the banquet in honor of General Grant at the Palmer House, Chicago, in November, 1879. The speaker was Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

When the savagery of the lash, the barbarism of the chain, and the insanity of secession confronted the civilization of our country, the question, "Will the great republic defend itself?" trembled on the lips of every lover of mankind. The North, filled with intelligence and wealth—children of liberty—marshaled her hosts and asked only for a leader. From civil life a man, silent, thoughtful, poised and calm, stepped forth and with the lips of victory, voiced the Nation's first and last demand: "Unconditional and immediate surrender." From that moment the end was known. That utterance was the first real declaration of real war, and, in accordance with the dramatic unities of mighty events, the great soldier who made it, received the final sword of the rebellion.

The soldiers of the Republic were not seekers after vulgar glory. They were not animated by the hope of plunder or the love of conquest. They fought to preserve the homestead of liberty and that their children might have peace. They were the defenders of humanity, the destroyers of prejudice, the breakers of chains, and in the name of the future they slew the monster of their time. They finished what the soldiers of the Revolution commenced. They re-lighted the torch that fell from their august hands and filled the world again with light. They blotted from the statute books laws that had been passed by hypocrites at the instigation of robbers, and tore with indignant hands from the Constitution that infamous clause that made men the catchers of their fellowmen. They made it possible for judges to be just, for statesmen to be humane, and for politicians to be honest. They rolled the stone from the sepulchre of progress, and found therein two angels clad in shining garments—Nationality and Liberty.

The soldiers were the saviors of the Nation; they were the liberators of men. In writing the Proclamation of Emancipation, Lincon, greatest of our mighty dead, whose memory is as gentle as the summer air when reapers sing amid the gathered sheaves, copied with the pen what Grant and his brave comrades wrote with swords.

Grander than the Greek, nobler than the Roman, the soldiers of the Republic, with patriotism as shoreless as the air, battled for the rights of others, for the nobility of labor; fought that mothers might own their babes, that arrogant idleness should not scar the back of patient toil, and that our country should not be a many-headed monster made of warring states, but a Nation, sovereign, great, and free.

Blood was water, money was leaves, and life was only common air until one flag floated over a Republic without a master and without a slave.

But then was asked the question: "Will a free people tax themselves to pay a Nation's debt?"

The soldiers went home to their waiting wives, to their glad children, and to the girls they loved—they went back to the fields, the shops, and mines. They had not been demoralized. They had been ennobled. They were as honest in peace as they had been brave in war. Mocking at poverty, laughing at reverses, they made a friend of toil. They said: "We saved the Nation's life, and what is life without honor?" They worked and wrought with all of labor's royal sons that every pledge the Nation gave might be redeemed. And their great leader, having put a shining band of friendship—a girdle of clasped and happy hands—around the globe, comes home and finds that every promise made in war has now the ring and gleam of gold.

There is another question still: "Will the wounds of war be healed?" I answer, yes. The Southern people must submit—not to the dictation of the North, but to the Nation's will, and to the verdict of mankind. They were wrong, and the time will come when they will say that they are victors who have been vanquished by the right. Freedom conquered them, and freedom will cultivate their fields, educate their children, weave for them robes of wealth, execute their laws, and fill their land with happy homes.

The soldiers of the Union saved the South as well as the North. They made us a Nation. Their victory made us free and rendered tyranny in every other land as insecure as snow upon volcanoes' lips.

And now all honor to the volunteers—to those who sleep in unknown, sunken graves, whose names are only in the hearts of those they loved and left—of those who only hear in happy dreams the footsteps of return. All honor to those who died where lipless famine mocked at want; to all the maimed whose scars give modesty a tongue; to all who dared and gave to chance the care and keeping of their lives; to all the living and to all the dead—to Sherman, to Sheridan, and to Grant, the laureled soldier of the world, and last, to Lincoln, whose loving life, like a bow of peace, spans and arches all the clouds of war.

They Have Broken up Their Camps.

They have broken up their camps,
They are laughing o'er their tramps,
They are gladly greeting friends who flock around them;
They have left the scanty fare,
They have left the tainted air,
For they've dashed to earth the prison wall that bound them.

They are coming from the wars
With their wounds and with their scars;
But they're bringing back the dear old flag in glory—
They have battled long and well;
And let after ages tell
How they won the proudest name in song or story.

We are eager with our thanks,
We are pressing on their ranks,
We are grasping hands that held the states unbroken;
Yet we sadly think of those
Who have fallen 'mid their foes
And the welcome that we give is sadly spoken.

Oh, the long delay has passed
They have brought us peace at last;
And how proudly through our veins the blood is bounding,
And we bless our honored dead
While the steady martial tread
Of returning legions in our ears is sounding.

—*Major Gen. John B. Jewell.*

Second Review of the Grand Army.

I read last night of a Grand Review
In Washington's chiefest avenue—
Two hundred thousand men in blue,
I think they said was the number—
Till I seemed to hear their tramping feet,
The bugle blast and the drum's quick beat,
The clatter of hoofs in the stony street,
The cheers of the people who came to greet,
And the thousand details that to repeat
Would only my verse encumber—
Till I fell in a revery, sad and sweet,
And then to a fitful slumber.

When, lo! in a vision I seemed to stand
In the lonely capitol. On each hand
Far stretched the portico; dim and grand
Its columns ranged, like a martial band
Of sheeted spectres whom some command
Had called to a last reviewing.
And the streets of the city were white and bare,
No footfall echoed across the square;
But out of the misty midnight air
I heard in the distance a trumpet blare,
And the wandering night winds seemed to bear
The sound of a far tattooing.

Then I held my breath with fear and dread;
For into the square with a brazen tread,
There rode a figure whose stately head
O'erlooked the review that morning,
That never bowed from its firm-set seat
When the living column passed its feet,
Yet now rode steadily up the street
To the phantom bugle's warning.

Till it reached the capitol square and wheeled,
And there in the moonlight stood revealed
A well known form that in state and field
Had led our patriot sires;
Whose face was turned to the sleeping camp,
Afar through the river's fog and damp,
That showed no flicker, nor waning lamp,
Nor wasted bivouac fires.

And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fife or drum,
But keeping time to a throbbing hum
Of wailing and lamentation;
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
The men whose wasted figures fill
The patriot graves of the nation.

And there came the nameless dead—the men
Who perished in fever-swamp and fen,
The slowly-starved of the prison pen;
And marching beside the others
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright;
I thought—perhaps 'twas the pale moonlight—
They looked as white as their brothers!

And so all night marched the Nation's dead,
With never a banner above them spread,
Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished;
No mark—save the bare uncovered head
Of the silent bronze reviewer;
With never an arch save the vaulted sky;
With never a flower save those that lie
On the distant graves—for love could buy
No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long swept the strange array;
So all night long, till the morning gray,
I watched for one who had passed away,
With a reverent awe and wonder,
Till a bluecap waved in the lengthening line,
And I knew that one that was kin of mine
Had come; and I spake—and lo! that sign
Awakened me from my slumber.

—Bret Harte.

All Quiet Along the Potomac.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundlebed,
Far away, in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
And their mother—may Heaven defend her!

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary.
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! Was it the nightwind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so suddenly flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ah, Mary! Goodbye!"
And the lifeblood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac tonight;
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever!

—Selected.

Story of "Uncle Jerry" Rusk.

By H. W. Rood, Patriotic Instructor for Wisconsin of the G. A. R.

Most of our great men had, when they were boys, opportunity to become well educated, but not all. Some of them, like Abraham Lincoln, were born in log houses and had almost no chance to go to school. I am to tell you about a Wisconsin man whose opportunities for education were not much better than Lincoln's, yet he came to be a man of whom not only all Wisconsin but our nation may well be proud. His name was Jeremiah M. Rusk. Though called at different times Colonel Rusk, General, Congressman, and Governor, ever so many people, because they loved him, called him "Uncle Jerry;" and he seemed to like that name best of all.

This "Uncle Jerry" was born June 17, 1830, in the town of Deerfield, Morgan County, Ohio,—and in a log cabin, the likes of which the most of you would not think fit for even a poor man's home. He was the youngest of eleven children. His parents named him Jeremiah McLain Rusk. His ancestors had lived in Ireland, and spelled their name Roux; later it was changed to Rusk. His grandfather, James, came from Ireland and was an American soldier in the war of the Revolution. His father, Daniel, was an Ohio farmer, and Jerry, dressed in homespun clothing, was there brought up to hard work. The school he attended was kept in a little log house with wooden benches, —a big fireplace at one end.

Jerry grew up tall and stout and active. When he was sixteen years old his father died, and he had to take charge of the farm. I am glad to say that he was good to his mother. A part of the time he drove stage with a four-horse team. About this time he met at a county fair a young fellow who drove a mule hitched to a canal boat. Somehow, the two boys got to wrestling. Jerry found he had almost his match, yet he managed after a while to throw Jimmie over his shoulder and hurt him pretty badly. This Jimmie came afterward to be President James A. Garfield. The boys were always fast friends after this tussle with each other.

JEREMIAH M. RUSK.

Jerry did some other work besides that of the farm. He ran a threshing machine, bossed a gang of men building a railroad and ran a cooper shop. Whatever work he undertook he did it well. He was a great big, good-natured fellow, with a will strong enough to govern himself and make him a leader of others. I am glad to tell you that he never knew the taste of intoxicating liquors, and never used tobacco. All his companions liked him and had respect for him.

On the 5th of April, 1849, Jerry was married to Miss Mary Martin. Her grandfather, too, had been a soldier in the Revolution. Four years after their marriage the young couple moved to Viroqua, Wisconsin, in what was then called Bad Ax County. There he became a tavern-keeper, landlord of the Buckeye House. Also he ran a threshing machine and became part owner of a stage line from Black River Falls to Prairie du Chien. Some of the time he drove one of the stages himself. He was a very busy young man all the time.

Two years after he had settled at Viroqua the people of the county thought he would make them a good sheriff, and he was elected without opposition. While he was sheriff most of the people in Bad Ax County came to know him well, and they all liked him. In 1861, these same people elected him member of the assembly, and sent him to Madison to help make laws for the state. One of the first things he did was to get a law made changing the name of his county from Bad Ax to Vernon.

When the legislature adjourned in the spring of 1862, Mr. Rusk felt that he ought to go into the army and help save our country from disunion, and so Governor Salomon commissioned him major of the Twenty-fifth Wisconsin Infantry. There never was a braver soldier or better officer. Though his men feared him and obeyed him promptly in all things, they loved him. He was soon promoted to be lieutenant colonel, and was after that brevetted colonel and brigadier general. Men in the army are made officers by brevett for some especially gallant service or daring deed. Some of General Rusk's soldiers are still living, and I hear them tell stories now and then about the heroism, the gallantry, the sturdy character, and withal, the friendly manner and genial good humor of "Uncle Jerry," as they are in the habit of calling him. They say that, while he was as strong as a giant in both body and spirit, he was at the same time as gentle as a woman. While he would have obedience, he governed his soldier boys in a fatherly way. As those boys loved their sturdy commander in war, they now, as old men, honor his memory.

Five years after the war General Rusk was sent by the people of his district to congress, and there for six years he helped make laws for our country. In 1881 he was elected governor of Wisconsin, and for seven years he was one of the best governors our state ever had. As governor, he had some very difficult matters to manage,—two or three riots to quell; and he did it promptly and positively. In dealing with those disturbances he gave people to understand that the laws of Wisconsin *must be obeyed.* "He was a governor who governed," and, because of this, good men all over our country came to admire him.

After this there was much talk about making him president of the United States. When Benjamin Harrison came to be president, in 1889, he chose Governor Rusk to be a member of his cabinet,—the first man to fill the newly-created office of Secretary of Agriculture. In this new position he did the best of service, just as he always had done since, at the age of sixteen, he began to manage the home farm. Statesmen throughout our country, and even across the sea, came to recognize his ability. He was called by one of our great newspapers, "the nation's Uncle Jerry."

In the fall of 1893, while inspecting land in Illinois, he was taken sick with malaria, and returned to his farm home near Viroqua. For some time it was hoped he would recover, but on the morning of the 21st of November, 1893, he fell asleep, and was laid to rest in the cemetery near his home. Not only the people of his home village, but all Wisconsin and the nation mourned for him.

Henry Casson, an intimate friend of General Rusk, and who wrote his biography, says concerning him: "His home life in Viroqua was of the purest type. In his family circle he was a kind husband and a perfect father. He was the friend of every man, rich or poor, asking of him only that he be honest and law abiding."

Boys and girls, your opportunities are much greater than Jerry Rusk enjoyed. Make the most of them. You cannot all become generals, congressmen or governors. Some of you may never be known far away from home; but you can be just as good and as true as Governor Rusk was.

From a Memorial Address

By Hon. Philander C. Knox on The Battlefield of Gettysburg, May 30, 1908.

Man in his weakness thought that this government, founded on the eternal principle of freedom to all, could exist half free and half slave.

But the Almighty, guiding the destinies of the nation, frustrated the weak plans of man, and as the God of battles brought those entrusted with the Nation's life to see that the nation could only survive wholly free. And so Abraham Lincoln, realizing that the time had come to bow to the Supreme will—to that Divine power which had been so ordering the affairs of this nation that the crisis must come, issued the Emancipation Proclamation, declaring that all should be free.

Then the nation took on new life, then her warriors, "thrice armed because they had their quarrel just," inspired by their holy cause, that of union in which every man was free, fought on the side of eternal justice and supreme equity and became an invincible host.

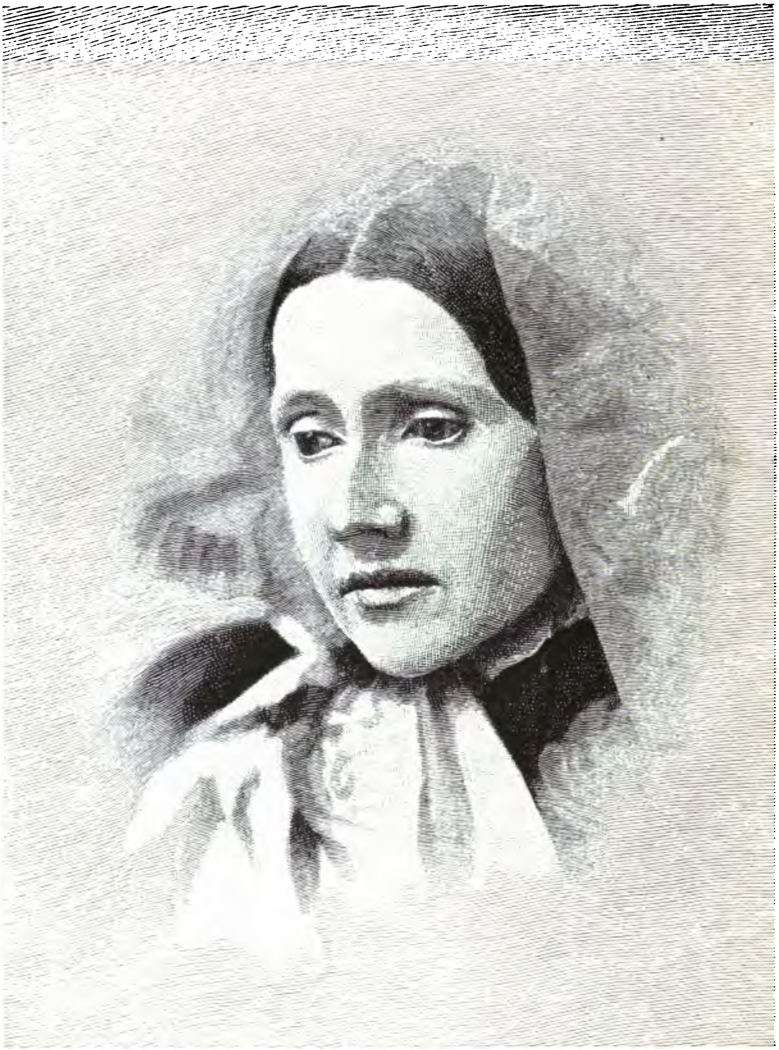
What inspired the four score and ten thousand men of the Union Army to meet in the dreadful shock of battle the hosts of disunion?

What inspired them to rush into the "imminent deadly breach?" What sustained them as they met the onrush of the enemy? What but that love of country that made it glorious to die, that love of liberty that made the patriot's grave his country's shrine?

And so there died upon this field of battle many thousand defenders of the Union—many thousand patriots—many thousand heroes, who offered up their lives a willing sacrifice that this country might be in fact, as in theory, wholly free.

The great victory was won. Eternal justice prevailed. Supreme equity reigned.

Today we survey this field and see with clarified vision all that its tragedies meant. We see the Union saved, the nation established upon the immovable rock of freedom.



JULIA WARD HOWE
When She Wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

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The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Circumstances under which it was written.

In the first year of the Civil War Mrs. Julia Ward Howe visited the city of Washington. During the journey a feeling of discouragement came over her as she thought of the women of her acquaintance whose sons or husbands were fighting for the preservation of the Union. Something seemed to say to her, "You would be glad to serve, but you cannot help anyone; you have nothing to give, there is nothing for you to do."

While at Washington Mrs. Howe was one day invited with her husband and others to attend a review of troops near the city. During the manoeuvers, a sudden movement of the enemy broke up the review and a detachment of soldiers galloped to the assistance of a small body of Union troops who were in danger of being surrounded and cut off from retreat. On the return to the city by a road thronged with soldiers, Mrs. Howe and her party sang snatches of war songs then popular, including

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground;
His soul is marching on."

The singing of this song seemed to please the soldiers greatly. Rev. James Freeman Clarke, a member of the party, said, "Mrs. Howe, why do you not write some good words for this stirring tune?" Mrs. Howe replied that she had often wished to do so, but as yet had found nothing in her mind leading toward it. That night she wrote the Battle Hymn of the Republic, and in "Reminiscences," from which the foregoing has been adapted, she tells the story in the following words:

"I went to bed that night as usual and slept according to my wont, quite soundly. I awoke in the gray of the morning twilight; and as I lay waiting for the dawn, the long lines of the desired poem began to twine themselves in my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas, I said to myself, 'I must get up and write these verses down, lest I fall asleep again and forget them.' So with a sudden effort, I sprang out of bed, and found in the dimness an old stump of a pencil which I remembered to

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have used the day before. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper. I was obliged to decipher my scrawl before another night should intervene, as it was only legible while the matter was fresh in my mind. At this time having completed my writing, I returned to bed and fell asleep, saying to myself, 'I like this better than most things I have written.' "

The song was soon after published in the "Atlantic Monthly." It cheered on to victory the Union armies and has been sung by countless thousands since the war.

At its commencement last year, Brown University conferred upon Mrs. Howe, who had passed her ninetieth birthday, the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters. When she was assisted to the platform to receive the degree, the whole audience rose while the orchestra played "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." In the presentation she was addressed as "Author, Philanthropist, Mother, Friend of the Slave, a personal friend of all who suffer, Singer of the Battle Hymn of the Republic, allied with all educators through her faith."

Where Board Was High.

I have in my possession a portion of an old copy of the "Macon Confederate," which was obtained on the picket line one day, in which it is stated that

"Board at our hotels is $30 per day, which includes three meals and a room.

"If a man is single and wishes to reside here he can obtain board at a private house for $150 to $200 per month.

"A family can rent a small house, with a small yard and garden for from $1,500 to $2,500, according to location.

"By close economy, subsistence and clothing for one year can be purchased at the market for a family, say of five, for $5,000, so the whole expense will be about $8,000, during 12 months."

—*"Drum Taps in Dixie." By permission of the author, D. S. Miller, Watertown, New York.*

The "Cumberland's" Crew.

A Sailors' "Chanty."

Come, shipmates, gather 'round me and hark to my ditty,
Of a terrible battle that happened of late;
Let each good Union tar shed a sad tear of pity,
When he thinks of the once gallant "Cumberland's" fate.

Oh, yes, my brave lads, 'tis a terrible story,
And many a brave tar to this world bade adieu:
Our flag it was wrapped in a mantle of glory,
By the heroic deeds of the "Cumberland's" crew.

'Twas the eighth day of March, about ten in the morning—
The sky it was clear and bright shone the sun—
When the drums of the "Cumberland" rumbled a warning,
Which meant for each seaman to stand by his gun.

For the bold iron frigate down on us came bearing,
And high in the air the rebel flag flew,
The ensign of treason at her masthead was flaring
To strike terror to the hearts of the "Cumberland's" crew.

Then out spake the captain, with stern resolution,
"Of this bold iron monster do not be dismayed.
We are bound to maintain our beloved Constitution.
To die for our county; we are not afraid.

"We'll fight for the Union, our cause it is glorious;
For the Star Spangled Banner, the red, white, and blue,
We'll die at our quarters, or conquer victorious;"
'Twas answered with cheers by the "Cumberland's" crew.

Then the bold iron ram bore down at close quarters,
Her sharp iron prow pierced our noble ship thru,
But, as she sunk 'neath the dark rolling waters,
"We'll stand by our guns!" cried the "Cumberland's" crew.

—From a collection of sailors' "chanties," by J. H. Williams, in "The Independent." By permission.

How They Received the News that the War Was Ended.

We listened. The train began slowing up. It stopped. All was still, except for the whip-poor-wills. And then!—a low, distant roll and rumble as of thunder far away—it spread and seemed coming nearer, till it was plain to us that the great volume of sound was that of human voices. Then it came from regiment to regiment, all the time nearer and louder. We could hardly contain ourselves, yet we kept still till we should know the glad truth. At length the regiment across the ravine from us broke loose, and we knew it would be our turn next. We got a good ready, when an officer shouted, "Boys, it is all settled, and we are to march back to Raleigh in the morning."

And then—well, it seemed as if bedlam had broken loose. If there be now any expression of joy, any noise, any racket, any caper, which we did not employ then, it is something invented since the war,—some new-fangled affair of which we knew nothing. We built a big bonfire, and piled on all the wood we could get; we chased one another around the fire and through the bushes; some of the boys who had got into their bunks were hauled out, and there was an undress parade; they climbed trees at the risk of barking their bare shins; they shook the branches and made noises like squirrels, coons and 'possums; and there was such crowing as would startle old chanticleer himself; and much more beside. When we had fairly tired ourselves out we rolled ourselves into our blankets and dreamed of home.

—*H. W. Rood. In "Madison Democrat."*

The Children's Pledge.

(Concert Recitation.)

Our hands shall gather blossoms sweet
  For brave men lying low;
Our hearts shall to the soldiers dead
  All love and honor show.

We'll love the flag they loved so well,
  The dear old banner bright,
We'll love the land for which they fell
  With soul and strength and might!

—*Illinois Memorial Day Annual.*

The Drummer Boy of Marblehead.

It was the murder of the Massachusetts troops in the streets of Baltimore that roused the rage of his young heart to avenge their blood. Father and son at once enlisted. The son could play the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle," and on trial, Col. Kurtz, struck with his bold and inspired manner, appointed him in one of the companies of the Massachusetts 23d, being the youngest drummer in the regiment.

They sailed in the Burnside expedition; and in the battle of Roanoke Island, after a weary march through slime and water they came in sight of the enemy's battery. "Who will go and take it?" asked the General commanding. "The Massachusetts 23d," was the quick reply. "Forward, then double-quick!" and in the teeth of a galling fire they rushed to their death as it had been to their bridal. The father fell wounded by his side, but the son heeded him not; his whole soul had lost itself in the work before him. "Look at that child," said one officer to another; "No wonder we conquer, when boys fight so." "Didn't I say they should run to the old tunes?" and, seizing a disabled revolver for a drum-stick, he struck up, in a wondrously defiant way, our impudent old strain of Yankee Doodle. A flying rebel heard it and looking back, took sure aim at Albert. A man near the boy saw him, and tried to pull Albert down, but he stood his ground and the ball did not fail to do its deadly work.

And you will love his knightly colonel none the less when I tell you that his strong arms held the dying boy. His pale lips moved at last, and they bent eagerly to hear his words. Some inquiry for his missing father—some last precious words for his lonely mother? No; only this, boylike, "Which beat, quick, tell me?" Tears ran like rain down the blackened faces, and one, in a voice husky with sobs, said, "We, Albert; the field is ours." The ears death had already deadened caught no sound, and his slight hand fluttered impatiently as again he gasped, "What, tell quick?" "We beat 'em intirely, me boy," said a big Irish sergeant, who was crying like a baby. He heard then, and his voice was as strong as ever as he answered, "Why don't you go after 'em? don't mind me, I'll catch up—I'm a little cold, but running will warm me." He never spoke again: the coldness of death stiffened his limbs, and so he passed from the victory of earth to the God who gave us victory.

If the mother of the Gracchi could point to her sons and say, "These are my jewels," with what a loftier, holier pride can the Massachusetts mother of this gallant boy recall the memory of her heart's idol! Build him a monument of the old Bay State's granite, and let his name live forever high in the temple of fame.

—*"Picket Line and Camp Fire Stories."*

The Music of the Drums.

Ringing with a siren's song,
Throbbing with a country's wrong,
Making patriots brave and strong,
Foes must die or yield.
Calling out the new-born day,
Marking each night's gentle sway,
Ready whate'er comes.
Calls to duty, calls to play,
Calls for rest and calls for fray,
Rolling, roaring all the day,
The Music of the Drums.

—*"Drum Taps in Dixie."*

By permission of the author, D. S. Miller.

The Drum's Story.

If possible, display an old war drum during this recitation.

Yes, I am a drum, and a very old drum at that. My leather ears are twisted and brown. My shiny sides are scratched and marred. My once beautiful white head is patched and blood-stained. Yet, I am loved and tenderly cared for; have my cosy corner in the attic and am better provided for than many of the brave men who fought for the Union. So I am content. I have lived my life. Was ever ready for duty. Made lots of noise. Have led men on the march and in battle. Now I am laid aside, growing old like all the boys of '61.

—*"Drum Taps in Dixie.' By permission.*

The Little Soldier.

"When I'm big I'll be a soldier—
  That's what I'll be;
Fight for father, fight for mother,
  Over land and sea!"
And before him on the table
  Stood in bright array,
All his little soldiers,
  Ready for the fray.
Then he charged his little cannon,
  Singing out in glee,
"When I'm big I'll be a soldier—
  That's what I will be!

By the firelight sat the mother;
  Tears were in her heart,
Thinking of the swift time coming
  When they two must part.

* * * * *

Soon the shadows fell between them—
  Soon the years flew by;
He has left his little mother—
  Left her, perhaps to die.
All the laughter gone forever,
  All the sunshine fled;
Only little mother praying
  By his empty bed.
Then there came a dreadful battle,
  And upon the plain
Crept the little mother, seeking
  Someone 'mid the slain;
But she never found her darling
  In the white moon gleam.

For the little cannon firing
  Woke her from her dream.
All a dream! He stood beside her,
  Singing out with glee,
"When I'm big I'll be a soldier—
  That's what I will be!

—*J. L. Molloy.*

Uncle Sam's Young Army.

(Concert recitation with appropriate marching and use of flags. Or the selection can be sung to the tune, "Battle Hmyn of the Republic."

We're Uncle Sam's young army
And we're twenty million strong,
All together we are marching,
Yes, we're marching right along.
Not one coward is among us
As we lift our voice in song,
And we're twenty million strong.

We're Uncle Sam's young army,
And we're twenty million strong.
We can guard our country's colors,
Raise them high with cheer and song,
All together we are marching,
And we cheer the way along.
We're twenty million strong.

If perchance the smoke of battle
Shadows our young land today,
Still we little color bearers
With the flag can light the way,
For we're Uncle Sam's young army
And we march with flag and song.
We're twenty million strong.

—*Selected.*

Recitation.

(For four little girls.)

First girl—
See! here are spring-time violets, meek,
Heaped o'er each lowly bed,
A fragrant mound of white and blue,
They guard our honored dead.

Second girl—
I bring you lilies, fair and sweet,
O, toll each perfumed bell,
And to the land they died to save,
These soldiers' brave deeds tell.

Third girl—
See! roses with their hearts of gold;
To all their fragrant breath
Shall whisper of the soldiers brave
Who sleep today in death.

Fourth girl—
Here's laurel, with its blushing blooms,
A tribute for the brave,
What better offering need we lay
Upon a hero's grave?

All—
So with these blossoms will we deck
With each returning year,
The low green mounds where sweetly sleep
The men we hold so dear.

—*Selected.*

Songs.

National Hymn.

Tune—America.

I love thy inland seas,
Thy capes and giant trees,
Thy rolling plains;
Thy canyons, wild and deep,
Thy prairies' boundless sweep,
And rocky mountains steep,
Thy fertile mains.

Thy domes, thy silvery strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
Afront the West.
Thy sweet and crystal air,
Thy sunlight everywhere,
Oh, land beyond compare,
I love thee best.

—*Dr. Van Dyke.*

We Honor Them All.

Tune—Sweet and Low.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Now let our music be,
Low, low, soft and slow,
Soft as the murmuring sea,
After the battle and toil of life,
The heroes who conquered in the strife
Low in their graves now lie;
And we reverence them,
And we honor them all.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
O'er their graves we sing,
Go, go, gently, go,
Scatter the flowers we bring,
Scatter them on each hallowed grave,
Thus we remember our fallen brave,—
Remember them all with love,
While we sing of them,
While we honor them all.

—*Selected.*

Scatter the Flowers.

Air—"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

We come with gifts of flowers sweet
For each dear soldier's grave;
We'll cover the mounds where they gently sleep,
Those boys so true and brave.

Chorus:

Many are the boys who are sleeping for aye
Under the sod and dew;
Many are the hearts sending love today
To those brave boys in blue.

Scatter the flowers, scatter the flowers,
Over the soldiers' graves.
Scatter the flowers, scatter the flowers,
Over the soldiers' graves.

We'll honor the graves of our soldiers dead,
Who heard their country's cry,
Who left their homes and fought and bled
And died for liberty.

We'll bring them today the violets blue,
And roses red and white,
Those colors bright they bore so true,
For God and home and right.

—Ada Simpson Sherwood.

To Him Who Died Alone.

O, Wind, if thou shouldst find a grave,
By every human love forgot,
Where sleeps some lonely soldier brave,
Sigh softly o'er the spot;
Rustle the wild, long grasses there,
And through thy chambers vast, awake
The echoes of his parting prayer,
Who died for freedom's sake.

Take roses in both hands and strew
The graves of those to fame unknown;
But, oh! one tender thought is due
To him who died alone.
Alone with none but God to see
The young brave soul his bondage break;
And yet he fought for liberty,
And died for freedom's sake.

—Illinois Memorial Day Annual.

One Roll of Honor.

[The description relates to the soldiers buried in the cemetery at Oregon, Wis., among them a veteran of the Revolution.]

On a hillside green and peaceful,
  Sloping gently to the west,
Where the sunbeams linger fondly,
  As the Day King sinks to rest.
When the dews of evening gather,
  While the lengthening shadows fall,
And the stars of vaulted heaven
  Watch in silence over all,

There is built our mystic city,
  Silver white and strangely still,
There no cannons' deep tonation,
  There no bugle echoes thrill;
But with drum beat low and muffled,
  And with hushed and bated breath,
There we lay our soldier heroes,
  In the bivouac of death.

Heroes they of many battles,
  Fought on land and on the sea—
Fought at Lexington and Sumter,
  Fought that Cuba might be free.
There lie men who fought with Jackson
  For the freedom of the wave;
Men who fought with Grant and Sherman
  For the freedom of the slave.

There one veteran, bent and hoary,
  Whitened by a century's snow,
Sleeps the sleep that knows no waking,
  With the men from Mexico.
There lies one who in early manhood
  Caring naught for woe and pain,
Gave his life that bleeding Cuba
  Might be free from tyrant Spain.

There they sleep, our brave defenders,
  Not for them shall battles roar,
Not for them shall "Boots and Saddles"
  Wake the echoes ever more.
So today we gather flowers—
  Choose the fairest and the best,
And today we'll do them honor,
  And lay garlands on their breasts.

—*Sarah A. Bruce, Oregon, Wisconsin.*

Quotations.

He loved the peace of quiet ways; and yet he broke the clasp of clinging arms, turned from the witching glance of tender eyes, left good-bye kisses on tiny lips, to look death in the face on desperate fields.

—John M. Thurston.

"Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life blood of her brave—
Gushed warm with hope and courage yet
Upon the soil they fought to save."

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

—Longfellow.

These are souls of those who battled
For the right in ages past,
Gone to join the silent forces
Hov'ring o'er us to the last;—
Gone to join the conquering legions
Which on fields immortal camp;
Onward through the ceaseless ages
Shall this unseen army tramp.

—G. S. Martin.

Tears for the grief of a father,
For a mother's anguish, tears;
But for him that died for his country,
Glory and endless years.

—W. D. Howells.

Grave deep their memory on your hearts,
Keep ye their country free;
Live for the flag for which they died—
This is their legacy.

—N. M. Lowater.

Of the Blue or the Gray, what matter today!
For each one some fond heart weeps;
So, children dear, make the spot less drear
Wherever a soldier sleeps.

—Illinois Memorial Day Annual.

"Soldier, rest! Thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
Dream of battle fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking."

They were the defenders of humanity, the destroyers of prejudice, the breakers of chains, and in the name of the future they slew the monster of their time. All honor to the brave! They kept our country on the map of the world, and our flag in heaven.

—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Sleep, comrades, sleep in calm repose,
  Upon Columbia's breast;
For thee with love her bosom glows;
  Rest, ye brave heroes, rest!

—*Dwyer.*

These are the flowers I love the best
  And I've brought them all to lay
With loving hands where soldiers rest,
  On Decoration Day.

—*Susie M. Best.*

"Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation."

"When war winged its wide desolation
  And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
  Columbia, rode safe through the storm."

This one fought with Jackson and faced the fight with Lee;
That one followed Sherman as he galloped to the sea;
But they're marching on together just as friendly as can be,
And they'll answer to the roll-call in the mornin'!

—*F. L. Stanton.*

"Sleep, soldiers, still in honored rest
  Your truth and valor wearing.
The bravest are the tenderest—
  The loving are the daring."

"He liveth long who liveth well,
  All other life is short and vain.
He liveth longest who can tell
  Of living most for country's gain.
Waste not thy being. Back to Him
  Who freely gave it, freely give.
Else is that being but a dream—
  'Tis not to be, and not to live."

Flag Day

"For every star in its field of blue,
For every stripe of stainless hue,
Ten thousand of the tried and true
Have lain them down and died."

Our Flag.

There is the national flag! He must be cold, indeed, who can look upon its folds, rippling in the breeze, without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land the flag is companionship, and country itself, with all its endearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a state merely? Whose eye, once fastened on its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry;" and yet I know not if it has any intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes, of alternate red and white, proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state. The two, together, signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language, which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together—bunting, stripes, stars and colors blazing in the sky—make the flag of our country, to be cherished by all of our hearts, to be upheld by all of our hands.

—*Charles Sumner.*

Your Flag and My Flag.

Your Flag and my Flag,
  And how it flies today
In your land and my land
  And half the world away!
Rose-red and blood-red
  The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
  The good forefather's dream;
Sky-blue and true-blue, with stars to gleam aright—
The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

Your Flag and my Flag!
  And, oh, how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
  Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
  Beat quicker at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
  Red and blue and white.
The one Flag—the great Flag—the Flag for me and you—
Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue!

Your Flag and my Flag!
  To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
  And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your Flag and my Flag—
  A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
  It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land and half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute and ripples to the sound!

—Wilbur D. Nesbit.

—"Lincoln Day Entertainments." By permission of A. Flanagan Co.

Flag Song.

  Out on the breeze,
  O'er land and seas,
A beautiful banner is streaming.
  Shining its stars,
  Splendid its bars,
Under the sunshine 'tis gleaming.
  Hail to the flag—
  The dear bonny flag—
The flag that is red, white, and blue.
  Over the brave
  Long may it wave,
Peace to the world ever bringing.
  While to the stars
  Linked with the bars,
Hearts will forever be singing.
  Hail to the flag,
  The dear bonny flag—
The flag that is red, white, and blue.

—By permission. *—Lydia Avery Coonley Ward.*

Lincoln's Charge to the Color Bearer.

President Lincoln visited a camp of Rhode Island volunteers, at Washington, for the purpose of assisting in the presentation of a set of regimental colors. It fell to the lot of General William Ames, a second lieutenant in the regiment, to receive the colors. As the flags were put into his hands the President said: *"Young man, guard these colors as you would the honor of your mother. Fight for them, and, if need be, die for them. For, should they fall, free government will disappear from the earth; injustice and oppression will continue to reign; right, liberty, and peace will have no abiding place among us."*

A Stirring Scene at Macon.

The fourth of July, 1864, will ever remain a memorable day to those who, at that time, were prisoners of war within the stockade at Macon, Georgia. The prisoners had crowded in and around the central structure to listen to some speeches in commemoration of the Nation's birthday. Captain Todd of the Eighth New Jersey Infantry, displayed a small United States flag which he had secreted on his person. The effect was indescribable. The air was rent with cheers, shouts, and cries. Tears in streams rolled down the cheeks of the great, rough, shaggy men as they hugged each other at the sight of the banner. Those at a distance away climbed upon the back of others to catch a view of the flag. "Hold it up!" shouted a voice, "don't be afraid; hold it up so that we can feast our souls upon it." The *Star Spangled Banner,* and *Rally 'round the Flag* were sung. During the singing some of the older guards were seen leaning and trembling over their muskets, and crying like children. The enthusiasm and noise became so great that the long roll was sounded by the Confederates outside, the artillery was manned, the infantry stood at their guns. and the commandant ordered us to repair to our quarters and remain quiet.—*Prisoners and Military Prisons.*

Hymn to the Flag.

Our country's flag we raise,
Each star and stripe we praise,
  Emblem we love.
Banner of liberty
Float o'er our country free;
Honors we give to thee,
  Wave thou above.

Wave thou our Nation's pride,
O'er vale and mountain side,
  Glorious and free.
If on the battle field,
Our lines we're called to yield
Thy fold we'll ever shield;
  We'll follow thee.

Our ships in every clime,
Bear thee aloft sublime,
  Thou art supreme.
Banner of azure hue,
Float o'er our brave and true,
No foe shall e'er undo
  Thy hold supreme.

Our flag now floats above
Brothers in holy love;
  Both blue and gray.
No foreign foe dare tread
On land thy stars o'erspread;
Thy stripes all nations dread
  Wave thou alway.

—*Anson A. Gard.*

The Boys and the Flag.

The bright-eyed boys who crowd our schools,
  The knights of book and pen,
Weary of childish games and moods,
  Will soon be stalwart men—
The leaders in the race of life,
  The men to win applause;
The great minds born to guide the State,
  The wise to make the laws.

Teach them to guard with jealous care
  The land that gave them birth—
As patriot sons of patriot sires,
  The dearest spot on earth;
Teach them the sacred trust to keep,
  Like true men, pure and brave,
And o'er them through the ages bid
  Freedom's fair banner wave.

—*Selected.*

The Flag.

Fling out the flag, O children,
  That all the world may see
How cradled deep in the heart of a child
  The love of the flag may be;
The love of the flag with its crimson bars
And its field of blue with the spangled stars.

Salute the flag, O children,
  With grave and reverent hand,
For it means far more than the eye can see—
  Your home and your native land!
And men have died for its crimson bars
And its field of blue with the spangled stars.

Revere the flag, O children,
  Wherever its folds you see,
For cradled deep in the heart of a child
  The love of the flag may be—
The love of the flag with its crimson bars
And its field of blue with the spangled stars.

Pray for the flag, O children,
  That never a traitor bold
Defame a bar or a spangled star,
  Or sully a silken fold!
Yes, pray for the flag with its crimson bars
And its field of blue with the spangled stars.

—*Gertrude E. Heath in Hawaii Special Day Program.*

Old Glory.

MARIE IRISH.

A PRIMARY FLAG DRILL FOR FIVE LITTLE GIRLS AND FIVE LITTLE BOYS

Costumes: Each child carries a flag of fairly good size and wears a soldier cap. The caps are made of red, white and blue tissue paper and should be provided with an elastic cord that passes under the chin to hold them in place. Children also wear on each shoulder an epaulet, made of strips of cambric, an inch wide, one white, one red and one blue, sewed up in a cluster.

MUSIC: A patriotic march.

Children enter in two files, the boys coming on at the right corner of front of stage and the girls at the left corner of front. The boys march up the right side, across back and down the left side of stage, while the girls at the same time pass up the left side, across back and down the right side of stage. On reaching the corners of front the two lines pass diagonally to center of back, first boy and first girl form a couple, each two on reaching center of back do the same, and the couples march down the center of stage to the front. During the opening march the flag is held in right hand, resting against right side, but on forming couples each couple raises flag and holds them high, staffs crossed. At the front the boys turn to right, girls to left, pass to corners of front, up sides and on reaching the back they form two lines across back of stage, girls on front line with boys back of them. Mark time, then march—five abreast—down to near-front of stage, where the lines halt and as they do so they stand far enough apart to allow a person to pass between them. During this march the flags have been held again at right side, but now each one holds flag high. The boy nearest left of stage now leads the boys along the line of girls, going in front of the first one, back of the second, in front of the third, back of the fourth, etc. Boys return to places and halt, then girl nearest the right of stage leads the line of girls along the line of boys, going behind the first boy, in front of second, back of third, etc. The girls return to places and halt, then all hold flags with staff standing upright and resting on left shoulder. All speak:

In times of peace dear Old Glory doth wave
O'er homes and schools in this land of the brave;

(Hold flags out in front of bodies, staffs perpendicular.)

In times of trouble it stands for the Right,
And says that justice is greater than might;

(Raise flags and wave them above heads.)

In times of battle, its colors so bright
Lead on to Victory, though fierce be the fight.

With flags held at right sides the girls now pass up the right side of stage while boys pass up the left side. At center of back form couples, raise flags and cross staffs, march in couples down center of stage to front. At front the first couple halts, second couple goes to right of first and halts in line, third couple to left of first, fourth couple to right of second, fifth to left of third. If stage is large enough, let them stand in straight line across front, otherwise they can stand in curved line. The children now speak, one at a time. Each one holds the flag in position at right side until he or she speaks.

FIRST CHILD (holding flag extended, arm's length at right side):

One little flag says children must be true;

SECOND CHILD (holding staff of flag horizontal along left shoulder, flag hanging down lengthwise at left side; first child now holds flag in same way):

Two flags say that we must be honest, too.

THIRD CHILD (holding staff of flag diagonally across chest, flag on left shoulder; first and second children hold flags the same):

Three flags say boys and girls must upright live;

FOURTH CHILD (staff of flag perpendicular and resting on left shoulder; first three hold flags the same):

Four flags say, "Be unselfish when you give."

FIFTH CHILD (holding flag in left hand, extended at left side; first four hold flags the same):

Five flags teach us, "Let Justice be your song;"

SIXTH CHILD (holding flag same as No. 2, but on right shoulder; first five children holding flags the same):

Six flags say we must grow up brave and strong;

SEVENTH CHILD (holding flag as No. 3, but on right shoulder; first six the same):

Seven flags say, "Be loyal to the Right;"

EIGHTH CHILD (holding flag as No. 4, but on right shoulder, while first seven hold flags the same):

Eight flags say, "Love your home with all your might."

NINTH CHILD (holding flag out in front of body, staff perpendicular; first eight hold flags the same):

Nine flags say, "Do not idle time away;"

TENTH CHILD (raising flag and holding it a little to the right side of body; first nine hold flags the same):

Ten flags say we must study hard each day;

ALL (in concert, waving flags above heads):

So we may grow up wise,
An honor to our land;
Fit subjects of Old Glory,
Our starry banner grand.

The center couple now marches down to center of front, couple to its right follows, couple to left of first comes next, the couple to right of second, and fifth couple last. All march, in couples, to corner of right of stage, up right side, across to center of back, down center of stage to front, across to left center of back, down center of stage to front, across to left corner of front and off stage.

—*"Lincoln Day Entertainments." By permission of A. Flanagan Co.*

Suggestive Program for Memorial Day.

Song........... { Once More We March with Solemn Tread (p. 82), or, Long Live America (p. 83) }

Recitation...Boys of '61 (p. 4)

Concert recitation.......................The Children's Pledge (p. 23)

Recitation..................... { The Music of the Drums (p. 22), and The Drum's Story (p. 22) }

Exercise............................Uncle Sam's Young Army (p. 24)

Exercise.................................(For four little girls) (p. 24)

Select reading....................Story of "Uncle Jerry" Rusk (p. 11)

Song......................... { Our Good State Wisconsin (p. 85), or, The Flag of Our Union (p. 86) }

Recitation...Our Flag (p. 30)

Recitation.................................The Little Soldier (p. 23)

Recitation....................Second Review of the Grand Army (p. 9)

Quotations... (p. 28)

Select Reading...................Battle Hymn of the Republic (p. 17)

A picture of Julia Ward Howe should be displayed during this reading.

Song...........................Battle Hymn of the Republic (p. 81)

Reading.................How They Received the News That the War Was Ended (p. 20)

Recitation.................They Have Broken Up Their Camps (p. 8)

Select reading or Recitation..........From a Memorial Address (p. 15)

Short talk by a veteran or other qualified person

Exercise...Old Glory (p. 34)

Flag salute by the school

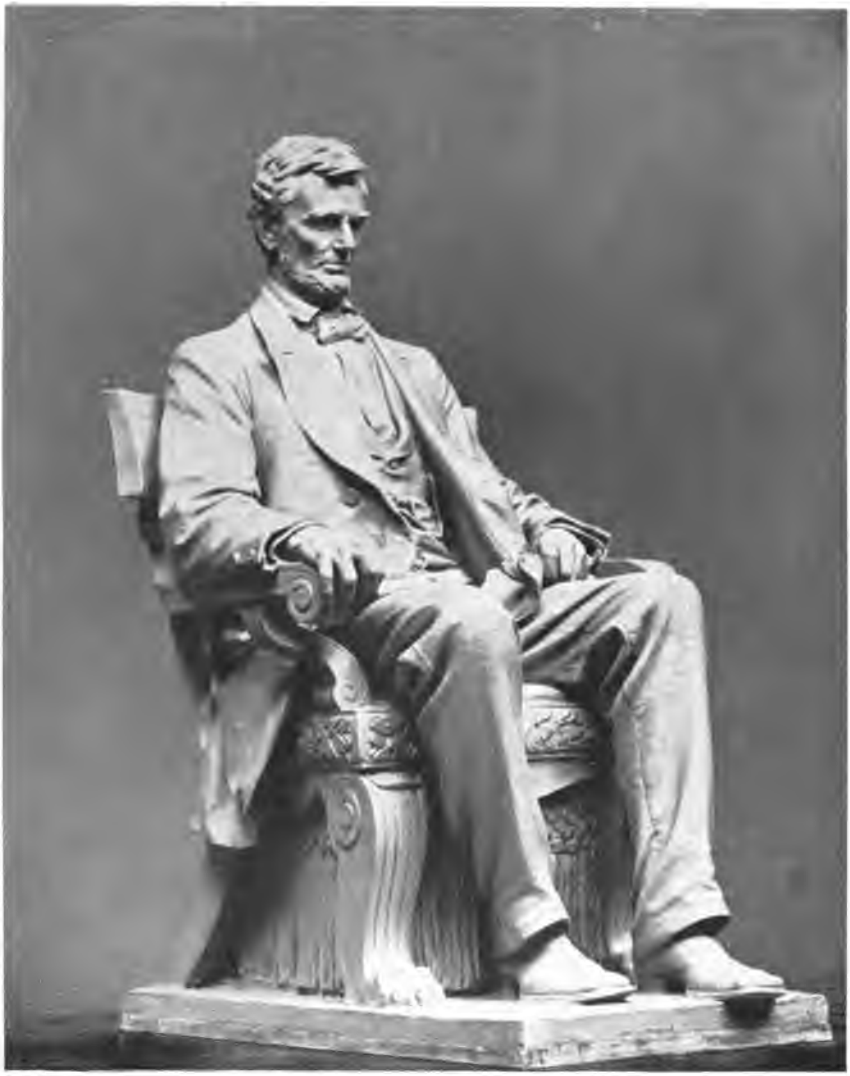
Song.................................. { America, or, My Own United States (p. 88) }

Lincoln's Birthday

"Thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few immortal names
That were not born to die."

In the young summer of the hundredth year,
So beautiful and still,
The scholar (he who learns to wait
For meanings than the rest more clear)
Unveileth on the everlasting hill,
With everlasting sky around its head,
Between the woodland inland waters,
Fronting a domed city spread
In yonder distance like a garden bed,
This mighty Presence for our sons and daughters.

—*From ode read by the author, William Ellery Leonard, at the unveiling of the Lincoln statue on the campus of the University of Wisconsin.*



LINCOLN STATUE ON THE CAMPUS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.
Dedicated during commencement week, June, 1909.

Presented to the University by T. E. Brittingham, Madison.

Lincoln the Man of the People.

When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of mortal tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to hold against the world,
A man to match our mountains, and compel
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things:
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars·
The loving-kindness of the wayside well,
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came.
From prairie cabin up to Capitol,
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the step of Earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

—*Edwin Markham.*

—From Lincoln and other poems, by Edwin Markham. By permission of Doubleday, Page and Co. Copyright, 1901, by Edwin Markham.

Lincoln's Own Story.

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin county, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon county, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham county, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by the Indians, not in a battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks county, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer county, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "readin', writin', and cipherin'" to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon county. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in

Menard county, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store.

Then came the Black Hawk war; and I was elected a captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went through the campaign, was elated, ran for the Legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I have ever been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was elected to the lower House of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics; and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected. Springfield, December 20, 1859.

Lincoln.

'Tis many a year. The silent grass
Grows fair and green on War's great plains;
The gay wood-songsters as they pass
Sing evermore their glad refrains;
The fringed daisies nod and bow,
By spring and brooklet pure and clear,
For war has bathed his aching brow
In Peace and Love.
Then hold most dear
The one whose voice and gentle hand,
And flow of spirit, sweetly grand,
Inspired the weak—made brave the band
That saved at last our troubled land.

—*Minnie E. Hayes in "American Education."*

The Cenotaph.

(On the final burial of Lincoln at Springfield, April 14, 1887.)

And so they buried Lincoln? Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
In any vault, 'neath any coffin-lid,
In all the years since that wild spring of pain?
'Tis false,—he never in the grave hath lain.
You could not bury him although you slid
Upon his clay the Cheops pyramid
Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain.
They slew themselves; they but set Lincoln free.
In all the earth his great heart beats as strong,
Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry
And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.
Whoever will may find him, anywhere
Save in the tomb. Not there,—he is not there!

—*James Thompson McKay.*

A Speech of Lincoln's.

In which he announced to friends his determination to make the speech in which he used the expression "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

My dear Friends: The time has come when these sentiments should be uttered; and if it is decreed that I shall go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth—let me die in the advocacy of what is just and right.

In taking this position, I do not suspect that any one of you disagrees with me as to the doctrine which I will announce in that speech; for I am sure you would all like to see me defeat Douglas. It may be inexpedient for me to announce such principles at this time; but I have given the subject matter the most patient, honest, and intelligent thought that I am able to command, because I have felt at times, and now feel, that we are standing on the advanced line of a political campaign which in its results will be of more importance than any political event that will occur during the nineteenth century. I regret that my friend Herndon is the only man among you who coincides with my views and purposes in the propriety of making such a speech to the public as I have indicated to you; but I have determined in my own mind to make that speech, and in arriving at this determination I cheerfully admit to you that I am moved to this purpose by the noble sentiments expressed in those beautiful lines of William Cullen Bryant in his poem on "The Battlefield," where he says:

"A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

"Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown,—yet faint thou not.

"Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

"Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again,—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain
And dies among his worshipers.

"Yes, though thou lie upon the dust
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust
Like those who fell in battle here!

"Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand thy standard wave.
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave."

I am aware that many of our friends, and all of our political enemies, will say, like Scipio, I am "carrying the war into Africa;" but that is an incident of politics which none of us can help, but it is an incident which in the long run will be forgotten and ignored. * * *

I will lay down these propositions in the speech I propose to make, and risk the chance of winning a seat in the United States Senate, because I believe that the propositions are true and that ultimately we shall live to see, as Bryant says, "the victory of endurance born."

The Fateful Three.

Several months before President Lincoln issued the great proclamation of emancipation which gave freedom to the whole race of negro slaves in America, writes Adlai Stevenson in the Woman's World, my friend, Senator Henderson, of Missouri, came to the White House one day and found Mr. Lincoln in a mood of deepest depression. Finally, the great President said to his caller and friend that the most constant and acute pressure was being brought upon him by the leaders of the radical element of his party to free the slaves.

"Sumner and Stevens and Wilson simply haunt me," declared Mr. Lincoln, "with their importunities for a proclamation of emancipation. Wherever I go and whatever way I turn they are on my trail. And still, in my heart, I have the deep conviction that the hour has not yet come."

Just as he said this, he walked to the window looking out upon Pennsylvania avenue and stood there in silence, his tall figure silhouetted against the light of the window pane, every line of it, and of his gracious face, expressive of unutterable sadness. Suddenly his lips began to twitch into a smile and his somber eyes lighted with a twinkle of something like mirth.

"The only schooling I ever had, Henderson," he remarked, "was in a log schoolhouse when reading books and grammars were unknown. All our reading was done from the Scriptures, and we stood up in a long line and read in turn from the Bible. Our lesson one day was the story of the faithful Israelites who were thrown into the fiery furnace and delivered by the hand of the Lord without so much as the smell of fire upon their garments. It fell to one little fellow to read the verse in which occurred, for the first time in the chapter, the names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Little Bud stumbled on Shadrach, floundered on Meshach, and went all to pieces on Abednego. Instantly the hand of the master dealt him a cuff on the side of the head and left him wailing and blubbering as the next boy in line took up the reading. But before the girl at the end of the line had done reading he had subsided into sniffles and finally became quiet. His blunder and disgrace were forgotten by the others of the class until his turn was approaching to read again. Then, like a thunderclap out of a clear sky, he set up a wail that even alarmed the master, who, with rather unusual gentleness, inquired:

" 'What's the matter now?'

"Pointing with a shaking finger at the verse which a few moments later would fall to him to read, Bud managed to quaver out the answer:

" 'Look there, master—there comes them same three fellers agin!' "

Then his whole face lighted with such a smile as only Lincoln could give, and he beckoned Senator Henderson to his side, silently pointing his long, bony finger to three men who were at that moment crossing Pennsylvania avenue toward the door of the White House. They were Sumner, Wilson, and Thaddeus Stevens.

A Fit Rejoinder.

In one of his campaign speeches Lincoln was interrupted by some one in the audience who, thinking to humiliate him by reminding the people of his poverty, called out in the midst of his speech: "Mr. Lincoln, is it true that you entered this State barefooted, driving a yoke of oxen?" After a pause, the speaker replied that he thought he could prove the fact by at least a dozen men in the crowd, any one of whom was more respectable than his questioner.

Lincoln and the Clergyman.

A clergyman, calling at the White House, in speaking of the war said to the President, "I hope the Lord is on our side."

"I am not at all concerned about that," replied Lincoln, "for I know that the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

Lincoln and Aunt Sally.

[After Mr. Lincoln's election to the presidency in 1860, many of his old cronies came to Springfield to congratulate him. One day Aunt Sally Lowdy came. She had been a sort of mother to him while he had lived in New Salem. An illiterate admirer of Mr. Lincoln tells the story.]

"Well, Aunt Sally stood lookin' kind of scared seein' so many strangers and not knowin' precisely what to do, when Mr. Lincoln spied her. Quick as a wink he said 'Excuse me, gentlemen,' and he just rushed over to that old woman and shook hands with both of his'n and says, 'Now, Aunt Sally, this is real kind of you to come and see me. How are you and how's Jake?' (Jake was her boy.) 'Come right over here,' and he led her over, as if she was the biggest lady in Illinois, and says, 'Gentlemen, this is a good old friend of mine. She can make the best flapjacks you ever tasted.' Aunt Sally was jest as pink as a rosy she was so tickled. And she says, 'Abe, I had to come to say good-bye. They say down our way they're goin' to kill you if they get you down to Washington. I thought I'd come and bring you a present. Knit 'em myself;' and I'll be blamed if that old lady didn't pull out a great big pair of yarn socks and hand 'em to Mr. Lincoln.

"Well, sir, it was the funniest thing to see Mr. Lincoln take them socks and hold 'em up by the toes. Then he laid 'em down and he took Aunt Sally's hand and he says tender-like, 'Aunt Sally, you couldn't a' done nothin' which would have pleased me better. I'll take 'em to Washington and wear 'em and think of you when I do it.' And I bet he did wear 'em in Washington. I can jest see him pullin' off his shoe and showin' them socks to Sumner or Seward or some other big bug that was botherin' him."

—Condensed from "He Knew Lincoln," by Ida M. Tarbell. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.—Minnesota "Lincoln Centenary."

Words of Lincoln.

Patriotism is love for one's flag in action.

Ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets.

The strife of elections is but human nature applied to the facts of the case.

Let the people know the truth and the country is safe.

You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right.

Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration.

Whatever is calculated to improve the condition of the honest, struggling, laboring man, I am for that thing.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there a better or equal hope in the world?

Nothing stamped with the Divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on and degraded by its fellows.

You can fool some of the people all of the time or all of the people some of the time; but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.

To my mother I owe all I am, and all that I have achieved. She was my inspiration.

I remember my mother's prayers, and they have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life.

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. (This quotation, though not certainly from Lincoln, expresses his principle regarding ambition.)

Repeal the Missouri compromise—repeal all compromises—repeal the declaration of independence—repeal all past history—still you cannot repeal human nature. —*From speech at Peoria, Ill., Oct. 16, 1854.*

Lincoln on the Declaration of Independence.

Great statesmen as they (the Fathers of the Republic) were, they knew the tendency of prosperity to breed tyrants, and so they established these great self-evident truths, that when in the future some men, some faction, some interest, should set up the doctrine that none but the rich men, none but the white men, or none but Anglo-Saxon white men were entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might look up again to the Declaration of Independence and take courage to renew the battle which their fathers began, so that truth and justice and mercy and all the humane and Christian virtues might not be extinguished from the land; so that no man would hereafter dare to limit and circumscribe the great principles on which the temple of liberty was being built.

Farewell Words in Springfield, 1861.

My friends, no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and to the kindness of this people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young man to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried.

I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail.

Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

Tributes to Lincoln.

Mothers shall teach his name to their lisping children. The youth of our land shall emulate his virtues. Statesmen shall study his record and learn lessons of wisdom. Mute though his lips be, yet they still speak. Hushed is his voice, but its echoes of liberty are ringing through the world, and the sons of bondage listen with joy.

—*Matthew Simpson.*

The figure of Lincoln, as the typical American who carried the burden of the presidency through the greatest crisis that this country has had to encounter, looms so large in our history that no effort should be spared to bring his personality and his wonderful character and virtues to the knowledge of the present peoples and coming generations.

—*William H. Taft.*

Lincoln the Honest Man—Abolished Slavery, re-established the Union, saved the Republic, without veiling the Statue of Liberty.

—*Inscription on a gold medal presented by French Liberals.*

Lincoln was educated in the University of Nature—educated by cloud and star—by field and winding stream—by billowed plains and solemn forests—by morning's birth and death of day—by storm and night—by the ever eager Spring—by Summer's wealth of leaf and vine and flower—the sad and transient glories of the Autumn woods—and Winter, builder of home and fireside, and whose storms without, create the social warmth within.

—*Ingersoll.*

Abe never gave me a cross word or look and never refused, in fact or in appearance, to do anything I asked of him. He was dutiful to me always.

—*Lincoln's stepmother.*

Not a sovereign in Europe, however trained from the cradle for state pomps, and however prompted by statesmen and courtiers, could have uttered himself more regally than did Lincoln at Gettysburg.

—*Goldwin Smith.*

When the Confederate General, Johnston, was handed a dispatch announcing the assassination of Lincoln, he said:

"The death of Lincoln, in my opinion, is the greatest calamity that can happen to the South."

There lies the best man I ever knew, or expect to know; he was just to all men, and his heart was full to overflowing with kindness towards those who accomplished his death.

—*Admiral Porter, at the bier of President Lincoln.*

Four years ago, O Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror; not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Abraham Lincoln was the vindication of poverty. He gave glory to the lowly. In the light of his life the cabin became conspicuous; the commonest toil no longer common, and the poor man's hardship a road to honor. It put shame on the prejudice of wealth and birth, and dignity on common manhood. The poor received from him inspiring hope; he taught the humblest youth that there was for him a path to power.

—*Luther Laflin Mills.*

There is in the whole history of this Republic not one man from whom we all—wherever born and whatever our political opinions—can learn more instructive and more inspiring lessons as to what true patriotism is; and there is but one who is fully his peer in this respect. To be pitied is, indeed, the American whose way of feeling and thinking will not allow him to look with infinite patriotic pride upon Abraham Lincoln.

—*H. E. Von Holst.*

In all history, with the sole exception of the man who founded this Republic, I do not think there will be found another statesman at once so great and so single hearted in his devotion to his people.

—*Roosevelt.*

Lincoln's vision was not simply that of a statesman; it was a prophet's, and time has vindicated his every public act and utterance. His life and death are America's greatest inheritance, and his memory is its greatest inspiration.

—*John A. Johnson, late Governor of Minnesota.*

A King.

We talked of kings, little Ned and I,
As we sat in the firelight's glow;
Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by,
And his kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and stern,
His armies to victory led.
Then, after a pause: "At school we learn
Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed,
He was gentle, and brave, and so
Wasn't he greater than all the rest?
'Twas Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a King?" I asked him then,
And in waiting for his reply
A long procession of noble men
Seemed to pass in the firelight by.

When, "No?" came slowly from little Ned,
And thoughtfully; then with a start,
"He wasn't a king—outside," he said,
"But I think he was—in his heart."

—Ella Matthews Bangs, in St. Nicholas.

By permission.

Lincoln.

(For the smallest boys.)

All—(Waving tiny flags in left hands.)
We're very little soldiers,
Yet every little man
Will wave his flag for Lincoln
As proudly as he can.

(Tossing caps with right hands.)
We're very little soldiers,
Yet every little man
Will give three cheers for Lincoln
As loudly as he can.

(Flags held high in left hands, caps low in right, all looking at flag.)
We're very little soldiers,
Yet every little man
Will grow to be like Lincoln
As quickly as he can.

—Primary Education.

For My Country.

(A little boy's recitation.)

I ought to love my country,
The land in which I live;
Yes, I am very sure my heart
Its truest love should give.

For if I love my country,
I'll try to be a man
My country may be proud of;
And if I try, I can.

She wants men brave and noble,
She needs men brave and kind,
My country needs that I should be
The best man she can find.

—Selected.

The Name We Sing.

Tune—America.

Of Lincoln now we sing,
Loud let the welkin ring,
The sound prolong.
He broke the bondsman's thrall
And freedom brought to all,
His mighty blows let fall
The shackles strong.

This man of pure intent,
Whose every thought was bent
Sweet peace to bring.
O eyes so keen of view,
O mighty heart so true,
O soul with courage new,
Of thee we sing.

So long as human speech
O'er this broad land shall reach
From shore to shore,
Here will his noble name
Its high place always claim
Unequaled in its fame
Forever more.

—Clara J. Denton in "Lincoln Day Entertainments."

By permission of A. Flanagan Co.

Your Mission.

Lincoln's Favorite Hymn.

(May be sung to the tune "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing.")

If you cannot on the ocean
  Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
  Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
  Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
  As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
  Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
  While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure
  As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
  They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver,
  Ever ready to command,
If you cannot to the needy
  Reach an ever-open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
  O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
  Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict
  Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where smoke and fire are thickest
  There's no work for you to do,
When the battlefield is silent
  You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
  You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting
  For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess—
  She will never come to you;
Go and toil in any vineyard,
  Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor
  You can find it anywhere.

—*E. H. Gates.*

Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln! when men would name a man
  Just, unperturbed, magnanimous,
Tried in the lowest seat of all,
  Tried in the chief seat of the house,—

Lincoln! when men would name a man
  Who wrought the great work of his age
Who fought and fought the noblest fight,
  And marshalled it from stage to stage,

Victorious, out of dusk and dark,
  And into dawn and on till day,
Most humble when the peans rang,
  Least rigid when the enemy lay

Prostrated for his feet to trod,—
  This name of Lincoln's will they name,
A name revered, a name of scorn,
  Of scorn to sundry, not to Fame.

Lincoln, the man who freed the slave;
  Lincoln whom never self enticed;
Slain Lincoln, worthy found to die
  A soldier of his captain Christ.
"R," in "Macmillan's Magazine," 1865.

For A' That and A' That.

Robert Burns.

Is there for honest Poverty
  That hangs his head, and a' that;
The coward slave—we pass him by,
  We dare be poor for a' that!
    For a' that, and a' that,
      Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
  The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
  A man's a man for a' that:
    For a' that, and a' that,
      Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
  Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd "a lord,"
  Wha struts, an' stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that:
    For a' that, and a' that,
      His ribband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind
  He looks and laughs at a' that!

A prince can mak a belted knight,
  A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
  Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
    For a' that, and a' that,
      Their dignities and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
  Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
  (As come it will for a' that)
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
  Shall bear the gree, and a' that.
    For a' that, and a' that,
      It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
  Shall brothers be for a' that.

Suggestive Program for Lincoln's Birthday.

Song....................................Long Live America (p. 83)

Recitation.......................................Lincoln (p. 42), or,
Lincoln, the Man of the People (p. 40)

Select reading..............................Lincoln's own story (p. 41)

Recitation..A King (p. 51)

Words of Lincoln (quotations) (p. 48)

Song................................The Name We Sing (p. 52), or,
Your Mission (p. 53)

Exercise...Lincoln (p. 51)

Select reading..............................The Fateful Three (p. 45)

Anecdotes....................................A Fit Rejoinder (p. 46)
Lincoln and the Clergyman (p. 46)
Lincoln and Aunt Sally (p. 47)

Select readings.........................A Speech of Lincoln's (p. 43)

Recitation..............................Abraham Lincoln (p. 54)

Song....................................Star-spangled Banner, or,
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

Select readings....Lincoln on the Declaration of Independence (p. 48)
Farewell Words in Springfield (p. 49)

Recitation............................For a' That and a' That (p. 54)

Tributes to Lincoln (quotations) (p. 49)

Short talk by a veteran or other person

Concert recitation of the Gettysburg Address (Annual of 1909, p. 62)

Song .... America

Washington's Birthday

Washington's is the mightiest name of earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty; still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name no eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked deathless splendor leave it shining on.

—Abraham Lincoln.

The Twenty-Second of February.

Pale is the February sky,
  And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
  For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
  Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
  Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
  Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born!

* * * * *

Amid the wreck of thrones shall live,
  Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame;
And years succeeding years shall give
  Increase of honors to his name.

—William Cullen Bryant.

Independence Bell.

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down,—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State-House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chester
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way, there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle then!
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled:
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

See! see! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exultant cry!
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! grandpa,
Ring! oh ring for Liberty!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bell-man lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
  How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
  The calmly gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
  Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
  Our glorious liberty arose!

That old State-House bell is silent,
  Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
  Still is living, ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
  On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bell-man
  Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out loudly, "Independence;"
  Which, please God, shall never die!

—Selected.

All Hail Thou Glorious Morn.

All hail, thou glorious morn
That Washington was born!
    All hail to thee!
Whether thy skies be bright,
Or veiled in clouds of night,
To thee in joyous right
    Our song shall be.

All come with glad acclaim,
To sing and praise thy name,
    O Washington!
O'er all this land so free,
Hearts turn with pride to thee,
Champion of liberty,
    Columbia's son.

When Britain's tyrant hand
Smote freedom's native land
    With mad decree,
Thy gleaming blade, raised high,
'Mid war-clouds rolling by,
Wrote on thy country's sky,
    "Great land, be free."

Let Freedom each year bring
Chaplets as fresh as spring
    To deck her son!
While Freedom's angels stand
Guard o'er that flag and land,
Saved by the mighty hand
    Of Washington.

—Charles S. Davis.

Quotations from Washington.

Knowledge is in every country the surest basis of public happiness.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all.

Happiness depends more on the internal frame of a person's mind, than on the externals in the world.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another though he were your enemy.

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

Let us animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.
—In a speech to his troops before the battle of Long Island.

Let praise be given to every description of citizens. Let them persevere in their affectionate vigilance over that precious depository of American happiness, the Constitution of the United States. Let them cherish it too, for the sake of those, who, from every clime, are daily seeking a dwelling in the land.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity. Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism who should labor to subvert these pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens.

There is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of slavery; but there is only one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished and that is by legislative authority, and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting.

I will go to the chair under no prearrangement of any kind or nature whatsoever. But when in it, to the best of my judgment, discharge the duties of the office with that impartiality and zeal for the public good which ought never to suffer connection of blood or friendship to intermingle so as to have the least sway in a decision of a public nature.

Dialogue—An Old Soldier's Story.

(For two boys.)

(One boy should be dressed as an old soldier—soldier's uniform, and right coat sleeve hanging empty at his side. The other boy is dressed as an old man—spectacles, tall hat and cane.)

Old Man—
You were at Valley Forge, old friend?

Soldier—
Aye, aye, sir, that I was,
Fighting for love and freedom,
My country and Liberty's laws.
I got a ball right here, sir,
And that at Bunker Hill;
Ah, man! 'twas seven long years for us,
Those battles I see still.

Old Man—
And you were at Trenton, soldier?

Soldier—
Aye, stranger, on that day,
The fight was long and bitter
Ere the English foe gave way.

Old Man—
You fought under Washington, soldier?

Soldier—
Yes, stranger; we would tread
Through cold and fire and battle
And follow where he led.

Old Man—
And he was a right good General?

Soldier—
Ah! that he was. To me
There never lived a greater,
His equal ne'er could be.

Old Man—
You've lost an arm, brave comrade?

Soldier—
Yes, sir; my loss is gain,
For I gave that right arm gladly
And did not mind the pain.
For Independence I gave it,
For the flag I love so true,
And had they needed this arm.
I'd have given it gladly, too.

Old Man—
Ah, you have honor, soldier.

Soldier—
Men make me a hero now,
But many a hero ne'er was crowned
With laurel on his brow.
A hero dies for his country,
The earth knows not his name,
But angels kind watch o'er him,
In Heaven they know his name.

And all deeds brave and loyal
Are recognized in Heaven;
And the crown of love is granted
Whose life, for love, was given.

—*The Helper.*

Like George Washington.

We cannot all be Washingtons,
And have our birthdays celebrated;
But we can love the things he loved,
And hate the things he hated.

He loved the truth, he hated lies;
He minded what his mother taught him;
And every day he tried to do
The simplest duties that it brought him.

Perhaps the reason little folks
Are sometimes great when they grow tall,
Is just because, like Washington,
They did their best when they were small.

—*Selected.*

Washington's Birthday.

(Exercise for four boys.)

First boy—
Today is Washington's birthday,
And the joyous bells we ring,
And the "stars and stripes" so glorious
Wide on the breeze we fling.
Let the cannon's voice speak loudly
At rise and set of sun,
For we love the name
And we sing the fame
Of General Washington.

Second boy—
We all know that in his boyhood
The truth he loved to tell.
We know that grown to manhood
He served his country well.
We know, at the head of the army,
Bravely to war he went,
And when the war was done
Was the chosen one
To be our first President.

All—
For faithful boys make faithful men.
In all things do your best, and then
You'll have a name, when you are old,
Worth more to you than shining gold.

Third boy—
So we love his name to honor;
For noble things shall it stand,
There are mountains in our "granite state"
That are beautiful and grand.
Many are named for our presidents,
But the noblest, loftiest one
That rears its head,
With snow oft spread,
Bears the name, "Mt. Washington."

Fourth boy—
The nation's capital city,
With its buildings fair and grand,
That city loved by all of us
In this free and happy land,
Bears this name, that is most worthy;
And it is good to know
That this name will stand
For the good and grand
In this country that loves him so.

All—
Oh, those whose lives are pure and true
Shall be a help to me, to you;
We'll be the better for this one,—
The good, brave, noble Washington.
—*Michigan Special Day Programs.*

Tribute to Washington.

Air—"America."

Great Washington, to thee,
Leader of Liberty,
Our praise is due.
On thro' thy natal day,
While love our hearts shall sway,
We now a tribute pay
To thee, most true.

We love to speak thy name
And thy great deeds proclaim
By valor won.
We love to gather here
To hold thy memory dear,
Thy glorious name revere,
Great Washington.
—*Ada Simpson Sherwood.*

The Fame of the Hero.

The bells of Mount Vernon are ringing today,
And what say their melodious numbers
To the flag blooming air? List,—what do they say?—
"The fame of the hero ne'er slumbers!"

The world's monument stands the Potomac beside,
And what says the shaft to the river?—
"When the hero has lived for his country, and died,
Death crowns him a hero forever."

The bards crown the heroes and children rehearse
The songs that give heroes to story,
And what say the bards to the children?—"No verse
Can yet measure Washington's glory.'

"For Freedom outlives the old crowns of the earth,
And Freedom shall triumph forever,
And Time must long wait the true song of his birth,
Who sleeps by the beautiful river."

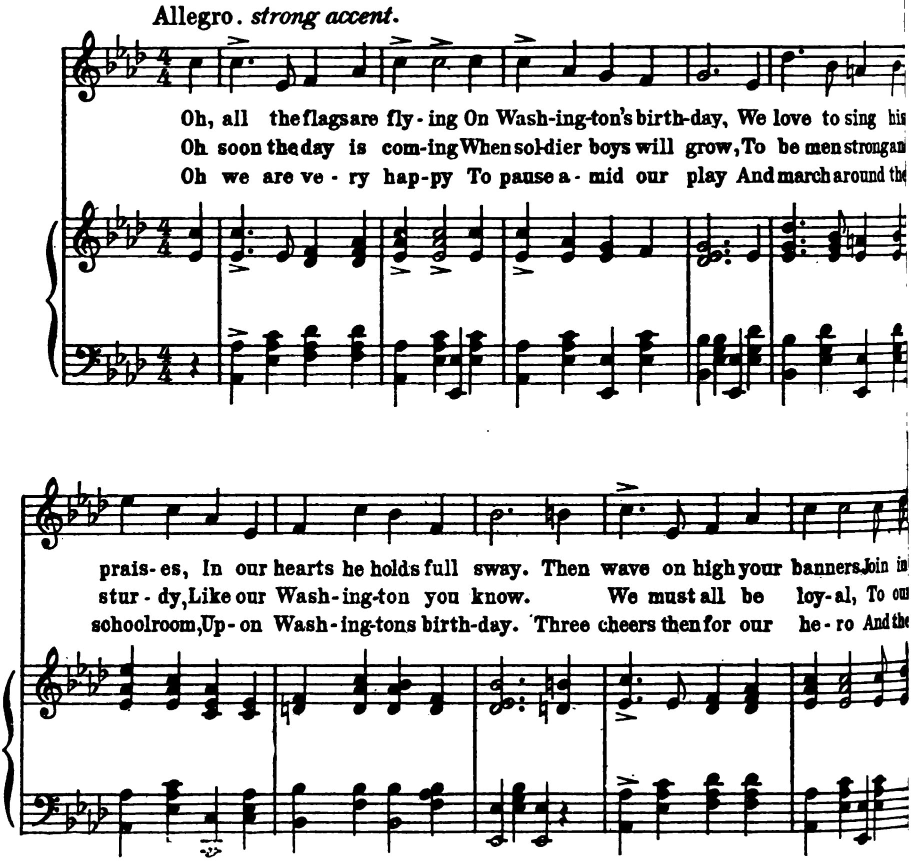
—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

Suggestive Program for Washington's Birthday.

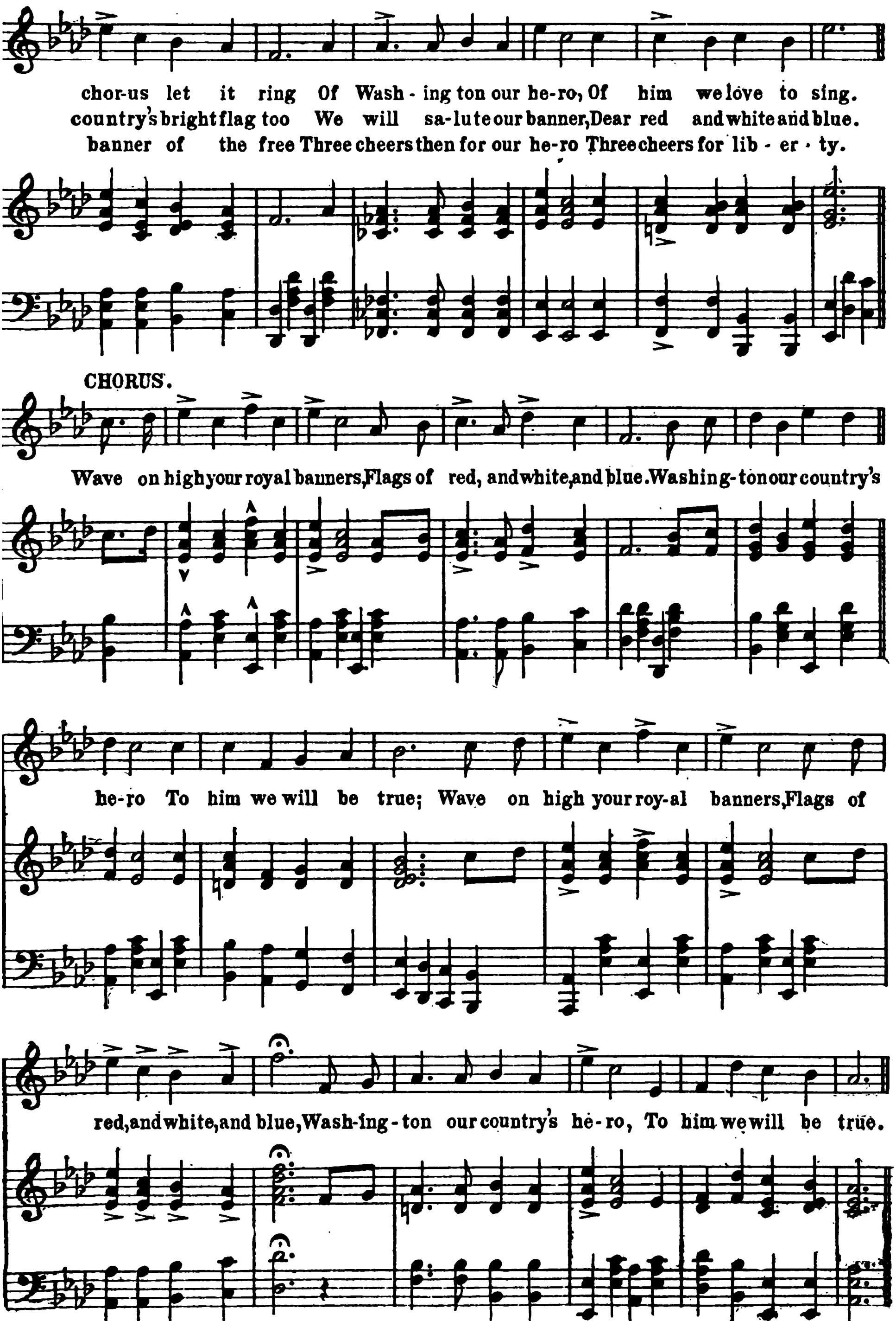
Song	Tribute to Washington (p. 62)
Recitation	The Twenty-second of February (p. 56)
Short biographical sketch of Washington	
Quotations from Washington (p. 59)	
Exercise	Washington's Birthday (p. 61)
Song	Washington's Birthday (p. 64)
Recitation	Like George Washington (p. 61)
Recitation	All Hail Thou Glorious Morn (p. 58)
Select reading	Declaration of Independence (by the teacher, an older pupil, or other qualified person)
Recitation	Independence Bell (p. 57)
Song	The Flag of Our Union (p. 86)
Recitation	Your Flag and My Flag (p. 31)
Recitation	The Fame of the Hero (p. 63)
Dialog	An Old Soldier's Story (p. 60)
Independence Day, How it should be celebrated	(by the teacher or a patron of the school)
Song	My Own United States (p. 88)

Washington's Birthday.

L. R. S. **CHURCHILL - GRINDEL**


Allegro. strong accent.
Oh, all the flags are fly - ing On Wash-ing-ton's birth-day, We love to sing his
Oh soon the day is com-ing When sol-dier boys will grow, To be men strong and
Oh we are ve - ry hap-py To pause a - mid our play And march around the
prais- es, In our hearts he holds full sway. Then wave on high your banners Join in
stur - dy, Like our Wash - ing-ton you know. We must all be loy-al, To our
schoolroom, Up - on Wash - ing-tons birth-day. Three cheers then for our he - ro And the

—From the "Churchill Grindell Song Book." By permission of the Laurel Book Company.


chor-us let it ring Of Wash - ing ton our he-ro, Of him we love to sing.
country's bright flag too We will sa-lute our banner, Dear red and white and blue.
banner of the free Three cheers then for our he-ro Three cheers for lib - er - ty.
CHORUS.
Wave on high your royal banners, Flags of red, and white, and blue. Washing-ton our country's
he-ro To him we will be true; Wave on high your roy-al banners, Flags of
red, and white, and blue, Wash-ing - ton our country's he - ro, To him we will be true.

Peace Day

May 18 is celebrated as Peace Day because on that date in 1899 the first Hague Conference met at the call of the Czar of Russia. One hundred representatives worked three months. As a result there was established the Permanent International Tribunal with over seventy judges, four appointed by the United States. This tribunal began its work in 1901. The United States and Mexico sent the first case. By provision of the Hague Conference for investigation, war between England and Russia was prevented in 1905 over the North Sea collision. By its provision for mediation, President Roosevelt made possible the treaty of peace between Japan and Russia.

The second Hague Conference opened June 15, 1907. All nations sent representatives. It was perhaps the most august assembly in all history. The session lasted four months. The French language was used. Provision was made for a third conference in not more than eight years. A World Court was agreed on to try cases by international law; it will have fifteen judges and be used in addition to the Tribunal of Conciliation which was established by the first Hague Conference.

Andrew Carnegie has given $1,500,000 for the erection of a Palace of Peace at The Hague. It is not idle prophecy to suggest that in this building future Hague Conferences will promulgate principles of international practice which will ultimately place the same ban on war between nations as has already been placed on dueling between individuals.

The peace movement does not seek to discredit the heroism and bravery of the soldier. In fact, one of the most potent arguments in favor of the movement is the tribute which war levies on the lives of the bravest and most efficient of the population. It is war as an institution which is deplored.

Peace Day is not a school holiday. Most of the day should be devoted to the regular school work. From one to two hours of the day, however, should be devoted to exercises intended to impart information regarding the peace movement and to awaken sentiment in its favor. A program should be carefully prepared.

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away.—Abraham Lincoln.

The Arsenal at Springfield.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
  Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
  Startles the village with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
  When the death-angel touches those swift keys;
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
  Will mingle with their awful symphonies.

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
  The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
  In long reverberations reach our own.

* * * * * * * * * *

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
  With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
  And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
  Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
  There were no need of arsenals or forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
  And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
  Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
  The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
  I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
  The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
  The holy melodies of love arise.

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

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O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing Commerce loose her latest chain;
And let the fair white-wing'd peacemaker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours;
Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of earth and
crowned with all her flowers.

—*Tennyson.*

Peace and Progress.

Dear country mine! far in that viewless west,
And ocean-warded, strife thou too hast known;
But may thy sun hereafter bloodless shine,
And may thy way be onward without wrath,
And upward on no carcass of the slain;
And if thou smitest let it be for peace
And Justice—not in hate, or pride, or lust
Of Empire. Mayst thou ever be, O land,
Noble and pure as thou art free and strong;
So shalt thou lift a light for all the world
And for all time, and bring the Age of Peace.

—*R. W. Gilder.*

Heroes in Times of Peace.

'Twas said: "When roar of drum and battle's roar
Shall cease upon the earth, O, then no more
The deed, the race, of heroes in the land."
But scarce that word was breathed when one small hand
Lifted victorious o'er a giant wrong
That had its victims crushed through ages long;
Some woman set her pale and quivering face,
Firm as a rock, against a man's disgrace;
A little child suffered in silence lest
His savage pain should wound a mother's breast;
Some quiet scholar flung his gauntlet down
And risked, in Truth's great name, the synod's frown;
A civic hero, in the calm realm of laws,
Did that which suddenly drew a world's applause;
And one to the pest his lithe young body gave
That he a thousand thousand lives might save.

—*Selected.*

The United States to Lead in the Peace Movement.

When our ships cost ten millions of dollars and it costs more than seven hundred dollars to fire a 14-inch gun and over five hundred dollars to maintain an enlisted man a year, and the United States in preparing for war becomes as conspicuous as they are, the vast movement now going on will become intolerable. Our people will be the first to cry out, for they are accustomed to cry out against whatever does not please them. Then if disarmament comes, it will come to a world prepared for it in mind and heart by the apostles of peace, *but the condition that will make the issue overwhelming will be grinding taxation.* The United States, maintaining itself as a great world power, can, because it is not weak in arms and because its interests are not the most pressing, take the lead among the nations in proposing the establishing—not merely for a time, but on a permanent basis of universal peace.

—Sec. of War Dickinson at the Yale alumni dinner, 1909.

The Militarist.

The militarist is comic in his seriousness. He says that if you want to keep the peace you must prepare for war, and yet he knows that where men prepare for war by carrying bowie knives, peace is a thing unheard of, and that where every man is armed with a revolver, the list of homicides is longest. He declares his belief in kindly feelings and gentle manners, and proceeds at once to prove that a nation ought to make itself look as ferocious as possible. In order to induce nations to be gentlemen, he would have them all imitate the habits of rowdies. To many persons this seems ludicrous, to a militarist it is no joke. He is a champion of peace, but he wants to carry a gun. The man who paces up and down my front pavement with a gun on his shoulder may have peaceful sentiments, but he does not infuse peace into me. It does not help matters for him to shout out every few minutes, "I will not hurt you if you behave yourself," for I do not know his standard of good behavior, and the very sight of a gun keeps me in a state of chronic alarm. But the militarist says that, for promoting harmonious sentiments and peaceful emotions, there is nothing equal to an abundance of well-constructed guns.

A droll man indeed is the militarist.

—*Charles E. Jefferson.*

The Ocean Cable an Agent of Peace.

That iron chain at the bottom of the sea is a link to bind nations together. The magnetic currents that pass and repass are but the symbols and the instruments of the invisible yet mighty currents of human affection that, as they pass to and fro, touch a thousand chords of love and sympathy, and thus bring into nearer, closer, and sweeter relations the separated members of the one great family of mankind.

—*Cyrus W. Field.*

War as it is Fought

Thirty stand fronting thirty, each man with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word "fire" is given, and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses which it must bury and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart, were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! Their Governors had fallen out, and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.

—*Carlyle.*

Cost of a Cannon Shot.

According to Bloch, the writer on war, the cost of one shot by a big cannon, including the deterioration of the weapon, is $1,700. This amount would send through college a boy who could get along on $425 a year, as many do. It would pay for an ordinary workingman's house. Taking the average figures as given in the statistical reports, this sum is equal to a workingman's wages for three and two-thirds years. It is as much as the salary of the average school teacher in this country for five and one-third years.

Our governments, national, state and local, are continually importuned to do more for social betterment in one way and another, especially for education. Refusal is based on lack of funds. When it is remembered that one battleship represents an outlay sufficient for the establishment of a university, the possibilities from the reduction of expenditures for military purposes loom large. Think what could be done for education, for irrigation, for reforestation, in providing better housing conditions for the people, and in many other ways of like social significance with the expenditures made necessary by the fear of war.

—*United Nations.*

Teaching Peace Through Instruction in American History.

Only a limited amount of attention should be concentrated upon campaigns and battles, for we are not preparing the pupils for military life, but for useful citizenship in an orderly community.

Much should be made of the destructive effects of war. It disorganizes industry, raises the cost of living, and causes an awful waste of material wealth and human life. Said General Sherman in a report of his Georgia campaign, "I estimate the damage done to the state of Georgia and its military resources at $100,000,000, at least $20,000,000 of which has inured to our advantage, and the remainder is simple waste and destruction." Well did he afterward declare, "War is hell!"

The drain of war upon the national resources may be emphasized by the fact that we have not yet finished paying for our wars. Our pensions have in the past ten years cost an average of more than $140,000,000 annually. In 1908 our taxation for pensions was nearly $154,000,000, while in the same year we paid for the maintenance of the army $111,000,000, and for the navy $119,000,000, a grand total of $384,000,000, credited to the army and navy account. Nearly two-thirds of our entire revenue are expended upon wars past and anticipated. Moreover, this material loss suggests untold suffering, which we must take into account in any attempt to measure the disastrous effects of war. For instance, if we count those who were slain on the battlefield in the Civil War, and those who died from wounds, disease, and hardship in wretched prisons, the loss of men—many of them the very flower of the nation's young manhood—was equal to seven hundred a day during the four years of the war. This wholesale destruction of the moral wealth of the country cannot be estimated. Emphasis upon such facts by the teacher of American history will make them eloquent arguments in favor of peace.

—*From an article by Wilbur F. Gordy in the "Educational Review."*

The American School Peace League.

This league was organized in 1908 with the avowed purpose "To promote through the schools and the educational public of America, the interest of international justice and fraternity."

Under the auspices of the league there will be conducted a

PEACE PRIZE CONTEST.

Two sets of prizes, to be known as the Seabury prizes, are offered for the best essays on one of the following subjects:

1. The United States, the Exemplar of an Organized World.

2. The History of International Arbitration.

3. The History and Significance of the Two Hague Peace Conferences.

4. The Opportunity and Duty of the Schools in the International Peace Movement.

5. The Evolution of Patriotism.

First set: Open to Seniors in the normal schools of the United States.

Second set: Open to Seniors in the preparatory schools of the United States.

Three prizes of seventy-five, fifty, and twenty-five dollars will be given for the three best essays in both sets.

Judges: Nicholas Murray Butler, George M. Phillips, George W. Kirchwey, P. P. Claxton, Wilbur F. Gordy, James M. Greenwood, James H. Van Sickle, Katherine H. Shute, Harlan P. Amen, David Starr Jordan.

Contest closes March 1, 1910.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

Essays must not exceed 5,000 words (a length of 3,000 words is suggested as desirable), and must be written, preferably in typewriting, on one side only of paper 8 x 10 inches, with a margin of at least 1¼ inches. Manuscripts not easily legible will not be considered.

The name of the writer must not appear on the essay, which should be accompanied by a letter giving the writer's name, school and home address, and sent to Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, secretary American School Peace League, 405 Marlborough street, Boston, Mass., not later than March 1, 1910. Essays should be mailed flat (not rolled).

The award of the prize will be made at the annual meeting of the League, in July, 1910.

Information concerning literature on the subject may be obtained from the secretary.

Quotations.

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

To those of a noble disposition the whole world is but one family.
—*From the Hindu.*

Peace is the expression of that love which is the fulfilling of the law.
—*Pope Innocent III.*

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.
—*Longfellow.*

To conclude a universal peace pact between all nations is the next step in human development, and this step will be taken.
—*Baroness Von Suttner.*

War is now out of date, a relic of barbarism unworthy of our time, and the nations of the world, by joint agreement in a league of peace among themselves, ought to make its occurrence hereafter impossible.
—*Resolution adopted at the Chicago Peace Conference.*

War is the most futile and ferocious of human follies —*John Hay.*

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

The rage and violence of public war, what is it but a suspension of justice among the warring parties. —*Hume.*

There are two ways of ending a dispute—discussion and force; the latter manner is simply that of the brute beasts; the former is proper to beings gifted with reason. —*Cicero.*

War is a most detestable thing. If you had seen but one day of war, you would pray God you might never see another.
—*Wellington.*

I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have neither fired a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded who cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell. —*General Sherman.*

If there is in the affairs of mortal men any one thing which it is proper to explode, and incumbent upon every man by every lawful means to avoid, to deprecate, to oppose, that one thing is doubtless war. —*Erasmus.*

Polygamy and slavery have been abolished by civilized nations. Duelling no longer exists where English is spoken. The right of private war and of privateering have passed away. Many other beneficent abolitions have been made in various fields, but there still remains the foulest blot that has ever disgraced the earth, the killing of civilized men by men like wild beasts as a permissible mode of settling international disputes. —*Andrew Carnegie.*

Let the world have peace five hundred years and the aristocracy of blood will have gone, the aristocracy of gold will have come and gone, that of talent will also have come and gone, and the aristocracy of goodness, which is the democracy of man, the government of all, for all, and by all, will be the power that is. —*Theodore Parker.*

Our country is not the only thing to which we owe our allegiance. It is also owed to justice and to humanity. Patriotism consists not in waving a flag but in striving that our country shall be righteous as well as strong. —*Ambassador James Bryce.*

The eighteenth century achieved peace with justice between thirteen American states. The nineteenth century extended it to forty-five states. The twentieth century will achieve peace with justice between all the nations of the earth. The United States has shown the method of attaining a United World. —*Selected.*

New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast with Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

"War drums shall then throb no longer,
When the battle flags are furled
In the Parliament of Man,
The Federation of the World."

Disarmament.

In Eastern tents when autumn nights grow cold,
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
With grave responses listening unto it:
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
"O son of peace!" the giant cried, "thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate."
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster's face,
In pity said: "Poor fiend, even thee I love."
Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove;
And when the thunder of its rage was heard
Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:
"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song;
"And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!"
—*John Greenleaf Whittier. By permission of Houghton Mifflin & Co.*

Prayer for Peace.

Tune—Blest Be The Tie.

Blest dove of peace, descend
On this the land we love;
May God defend,
His blessing send
From heaven, his throne above.

O, may our hearts be true
To God and native land;
May love abound,
And peace be found
Our nation's God command.

—*Selected.*

A Hymn of Peace.

May be sung to the music of Kellar's American Hymn, which will be found on page 95 of last year's Memorial Day Annual. It was sung to this music at the "Jubilee," June 15, 1869.

Angel of Peace thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come while our voices are blended in song,—
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,—
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love,—
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Joyous we meet, on this altar of thine
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,—
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea,—
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers, once more this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!—
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main
Bid the full breath of the organ reply,—
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!—
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes. By permission of Houghton Mifflin & Co,*

Traitors in Times of Peace.

We need to show that the traitor of today is not the man who fires on the flag, but the man who evades the law, corrupts the voters, seeks to control legislation for the promotion of personal interests, or who refuses to perform the duties and assume the obligations of citizenship. He wastes the people's resources or weakens by wrong doing or neglect the foundations of our free institutions. The enemies of the Republic are not red or gray coats, but mosquitoes, flies, rats, tuberculosis germs, shirks, cowards, grafters, unscrupulous men, rich or poor, idlers, noncombatants in the struggle.

—Rev. C. H. Beale, in an address at the meeting of the Wisconsin Teachers' Association, 1909.

Suggestive Program for Peace Day.

Song	America
Essay	Peace Day (based on such facts as are given on p. 66)
Recitation	The Arsenal at Springfield (p. 67)
Essay	Arbitration as a Substitute for War (by the teacher or an older pupil)
Select readings	Cost of a Cannon Shot (p. 70), and (Was as it is Fought (p. 70)
Song	Prayer for Peace (p. 76)
Biographical sketch of some hero of peace (see "Peace Day," p. 78)	
Recitation	Heroes in Times of Peace (p. 68)
Select reading	The Militarist (p. 69)
Quotations (p. 74)	
Recitation	Disarmament (p. 75)
Closing remarks by a patron of the school or other person	
Song	A Hymn of Peace (p. 76)

Note.—Let the flag be prominently displayed during the exercises.

References to the Township Library List—For Patriotic Holidays.

Look in the card catalog of your school library and see what suitable material you can find under the headings given below. Some of the references which you will find, if the library has been catalogued according to directions, will suggest suitable exercises, preparatory to the holiday and for its proper celebration, in addition to such exercises as may be selected from the Memorial Day Annual. It may be suggested that a well prepared and spirited review of some book suitable to the occasion would be a valuable feature of the program.

MEMORIAL DAY AND FLAG DAY.

Andersonville prison.
Brown, John of Ossawatomie.
Bull Run, Battle of.
Dewey, George.
Dred Scott decision.
Emancipation proclamation.
Farragut, David Glasgow.
Flags.
Flags. *American.*
Fugitive slave law.
Garrison, William Lloyd.
Gettysburg, Battle of.
Grant, Ulysses Simpson.
Lee, Robert Edward.
Lincoln, Abraham.
Lincoln, Abraham. *Stories.*
Memorial Day.
Poetry. *Collections.*
Recitations.
Sheridan, Philip Henry.
Sheridan's ride.
Sherman, William T.
Sherman's march.
U. S. *History. Civil War.*
U. S. *History. Civil War. Poetry.*
U. S. *History. Civil War. Stories.*
U. S. *History. Spanish-American War.*
Ward, Julia Howe.
Wisconsin. *History. Civil War.*
Wisconsin. *History. Spanish American War.*
See also references under "Lincoln's Birthday."

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

Emancipation proclamation.
Lincoln, Abraham.
Lincoln, Abraham. *Stories.*
Poetry. *Collections.*
Recitations.
See also references under "Memorial Day."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Bunker Hill, Battle of.
Clarke, George Rogers.
Clarke, George Rogers. *Stories.*
Hale, Nathan.
Hale, Nathan. *Poetry.*
Independence Day.
Liberty bell.
Poetry. *Collections.*
Recitations.
Revere, Paul.
U. S. *History. Revolution.*
U. S. *History. Revolution. Stories.*
Washington, George.
Washington, George. *Stories.*

PEACE DAY.

A live review of the life and work of one or more of the following "Heroes of Peace" will prove interesting and suitable to the occasion. The names are included in the subject-headings of the Township Library List.

Agassiz, Louis.
Armstrong, Samuel C.
Audubon, John James.
Barton, Clara.
Bell, Alexander.
Columbus, Christopher.
Cooper, Peter.
Cornell, Ezra.
Dix, Dorthea Lynde.
Edison, Thomas Alva.
Eliot, John.
Fuller, Margaret.
Fulton, Robert.
Hale, Edward Everett.
Hosmer, Harriet G.
Kane, Elisha Kent.
Livingstone, David.
Lyon, Mary.
McCormick, Cyrus Hall.
Mann, Horace.
Parkman, Francis.
Peabody, George.
Penn, William.
Stanford, Leland.
Stanley, Henry Morton.
Stevenson, Robert Louis.
Stowe, Harriet Beecher.
Washington, Booker T.
Watt, James.

For bibliographies of literature relating to international peace, including much material which may be obtained free write to

American Peace Society, 31 Beacon St., Boston.

Secretary American School Peace League, 405 Marlborough St., Boston.

Association for International Conciliation, Sub-station 84 (501 West 116th St.), New York City.

International Library, Ginn & Co., Boston.

For a booklist write "The Independent," 130 Fulton St., New York City.

General References.

From "Anniversaries and Holidays. References and suggestions for Picture Bulletins" edited by Mary Emogene Hazeltine and published by the Wisconsin Free Library Commission. By permission.

N. B. Addresses once given are not repeated.

FLAG DAY (JUNE 14).

Excellent illustrated articles on our flag, for young folks, will be found in St. Nicholas as follows:

Escort to the color, v. 24, p. 1005-07 (Oct. 1897).

Honors to the flag, v. 33, p. 771-76 (July 1906).

Origin of our flag, v. 30, p. 805-08 (July 1903).

Our flag's first engagement, v. 34, p. 831-34 (July 1907).

Stars and stripes, v. 20, p. 864-68 (Sept. 1893).

What the flags tell, v. 22, p. 403-09 (March Bros., Lebanon, Ohio)

Historic flags. New England magazine, v. 28, p. 702-10 (Aug. 1903). Illustrated.

Various references on the flag, patriotism, etc. as given in McCurdy's *Bibliography of articles relating to holidays,* (Boston Book Co., Boston, Mass. 25c) under Memorial day, are equally appropriate for Flag day. Educational journals for May and June will give suggestive exercises and programs for the celebration of this date.

Reading list: Salem (Mass.) Public Library bulletin, July 1907.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Brown's pictures 6, 7, 11, 13, portraits of Grant, Lee, Sherman, and Sheridan; 2132 Sheridan's ride; 1917 Sherman's march to the sea. (G. P. Brown, Beverly, Mass.)

Perry pictures 63-67 on national songs. 125, 128-29. 143, Lincoln, Douglas, Grant, Garrison; 14, 19-23, pictures of Lincoln. (Perry Pictures Company, Malden, Mass.)

Matthews, H. L. Patriotic selections for Memorial day. Thomas P. Nichols & Sons, Lynn, Mass., 50c .

Powers, E. M. Memorial day exercises. New England Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., 25c.

Practical Memorial day exercises, Thomas Whitaker, 2 Bible House, New York City, 15c.

Schauffler, R. H. Memorial day. In preparation 1908. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York City (Our American holidays).

Shedd, J. A. Practical Memorial day exercises. March Bros. 10c.

Sherwood, K. B. Memorial day. Edgar S. Werner & Co., New York City, 20c.

Reading lists: Boston (Mass.) Public Library bulletin, May 1907.

Carlisle (Pa.) J. Herman Bosler Memorial Library bulletin, March 1904.

Chicago Public Library. Special bulletin, no. 1, 1901.

Cleveland (O.) Public Library. Special reading list: Memorial day. Wilson, 5c.

Evanston (Ill.) Public Library. Holiday bulletin, no. 12, May 1901.

McCurdy, R. M. Bibliography of articles relating to holidays, p. 35-39.

Pasadena (Cal.) Public Library monthly bulletin, May 1903 and May 1906.

St. Louis (Mo.) Public Library bulletin, May 1903.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

Educational journals for February of each year will give suggestive exercises and programs for the celebration of Lincoln's birthday. The Lincoln centenary celebration in February 1909, was the occasion for many illustrated articles in magazines.

Portraits and views: Brown's pictures 2, 47, 488, 1627, 1775.

Cosmos pictures 12-13, 20. Cosmos Pictures Co., 296 Broadway, New York.

Perry pictures 125, 1419-21, 1423.

Collier's weekly, v. 42 (Feb. 13, 1909). Colored cover portrait which will make an attractive Lincoln bulletin.

Gilder, R. W. Lincoln the leader. Century v. 77, p. 478-507 (Feb. 1909). Illustrated with a number of full page portraits. The same number contains two views of Lincoln in colors.

Holland, P. S. Boy of the American wilderness. St. Nicholas, v. 36, p. 312-15 (Feb. 1909). Illustrated.

Programs: Kellogg, A M. Lincoln the patriot. A. S. Barnes Co., New York City. 15c. A ready made program for school exercises.

Lincoln centenary program. Perry Mason Co., Boston, Mass., 10c.

Schauffler, R. H. Lincoln's birthday. 1909. Moffat, $1.

Washington and Lincoln exercises. A. Flanagan Co., Chicago, 25c.

Reading lists: Cleveland (O.) Public Library. Special reading list: Lincoln. Wilson, 5c.

Fairhaven (Mass.) Millicent Library. Reading list, no. 3, 1903.

McCurdy, R. M. Bibliography of articles relating to holidays, p. 8-14.

Pasadena (Cal.) Public Library monthly bulletin, Feb. 1903.

St. Louis (Mo.) Public Library bulletin, Jan. 1909.

Salem (Mass.) Public Library bulletin, Feb. 1904.

Waltham (Mass.) Public Library bulletin, Jan. 1902

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Portraits and views: Brown's pictures, 1, 33, 62, 88, 470, 490-91. Address given above.

Cosmos pictures, 996, 1162, 1165-67, 1275, 1669, 2302-03. Address given above.

Perry pictures, 112-13, 1409-16, 1416B-1416G. Address given above.

Century, v. 63, p. 508 (Feb. 1902).

Chautauquan, v. 48, p. 221 (Oct. 1907).

McClure, v. 8, p. 290-300 (Feb. 1897). Series of 33 life portraits.

Outlook, v. 64, p. 265-73 (Feb. 3, 1900). Old engravings of Washington.

Scribner, v. 33, p. 540 (May 1903).

Educational journals for February of each year will give suggestive exercises and programs for the celebration of Washington's birthday.

How to celebrate Washington's birthday in the school room. 1894. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York City, 25c. Ten suggested programs, with appropriate recitations, declamations, songs, and quotations.

O'Grady, J. M. Washington's birthday. Werner, 25c.

Powers, E. M. School room exercises for Washington's birthday. New England Publishing Co., 20c.

Shauffler, R. H. Washington's birthday (in preparation 1909). Moffat. (Our American holidays.)

Shedd, J. A. How to celebrate Washington's birthday. Marsh, 25c.

Washington's birthday musical selections. Ginn, 2c.

Washington's birthday program. Ginn & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Winthrop, Warren. Exercises for Washington's birthday. New England Publishing Co., 25c. Boston, Mass.

Reading lists: Cleveland (O.) Public Library. Special reading list: Washington. Wilson, 5c.

Evanston (Ill.) Public Library. Holiday bulletin, no. 9.

Fairhaven (Mass.) Millicent Library. Reading list, no. 3, 1903.

Kansas City (Mo.) Public Library quarterly, Jan. 1905.

McCurdy, R. M. Bibliography of articles relating to holidays, p. 16-22.

Manchester (N. H.) Public Library bulletin, Feb. 1903.

Salem (Mass.) Public Library bulletin, Feb. 1904.

Seattle (Wash.) Public Library bulletin, Jan. 1906.

Springfield (Mass.) Public Library. Special bulletin, no. 11, p. 47-48.

JULIA WARD HOWE,

(Born May 27, 1819)

Portraits: Brown's picture 22.

Perry picture 67.

Critic, v. 44, p. 240 (March 1904)

World's work, v. 16, p. 10280 (June 1908)

Bolton, *Mrs.* S. K. Famous leaders among women, p. 272-303.

Cooke, G. W. Poet, lecturer and club woman. New England magazine, v. 26, p. 3-21 (March 1902). Illustrated.

Higginson, T. W. Sketch and reminiscences. Outlook, v. 85, p. 167-78 (Jan. 26, 1907). Illustrations and cover portrait.

Howe, Maud. Estimate and portrait. Outlook, v. 78, p. 293-94 (Oct. 1, 1904)

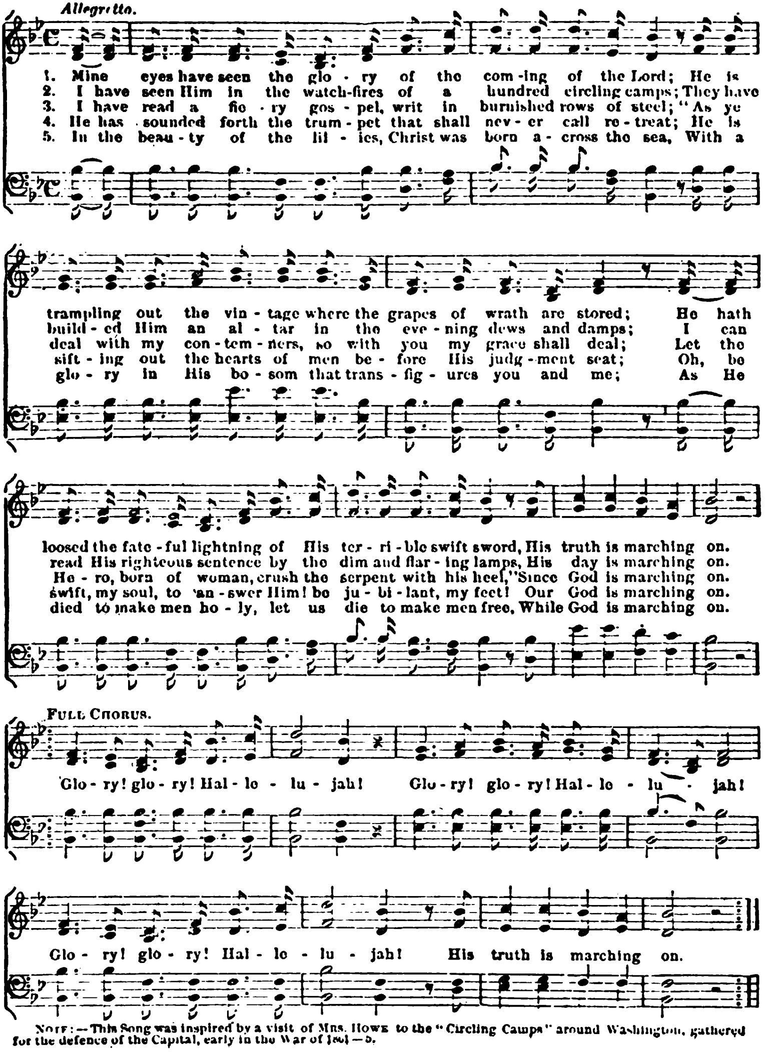
Most distinguished American woman. World's work, v. 16, p. 10306-07 (June 1908)

Sketch. Chautauquan, v. 50, p. 120-26 (March 1908). Portrait.

[Howe, Julia Ward. "Reminiscences."]

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

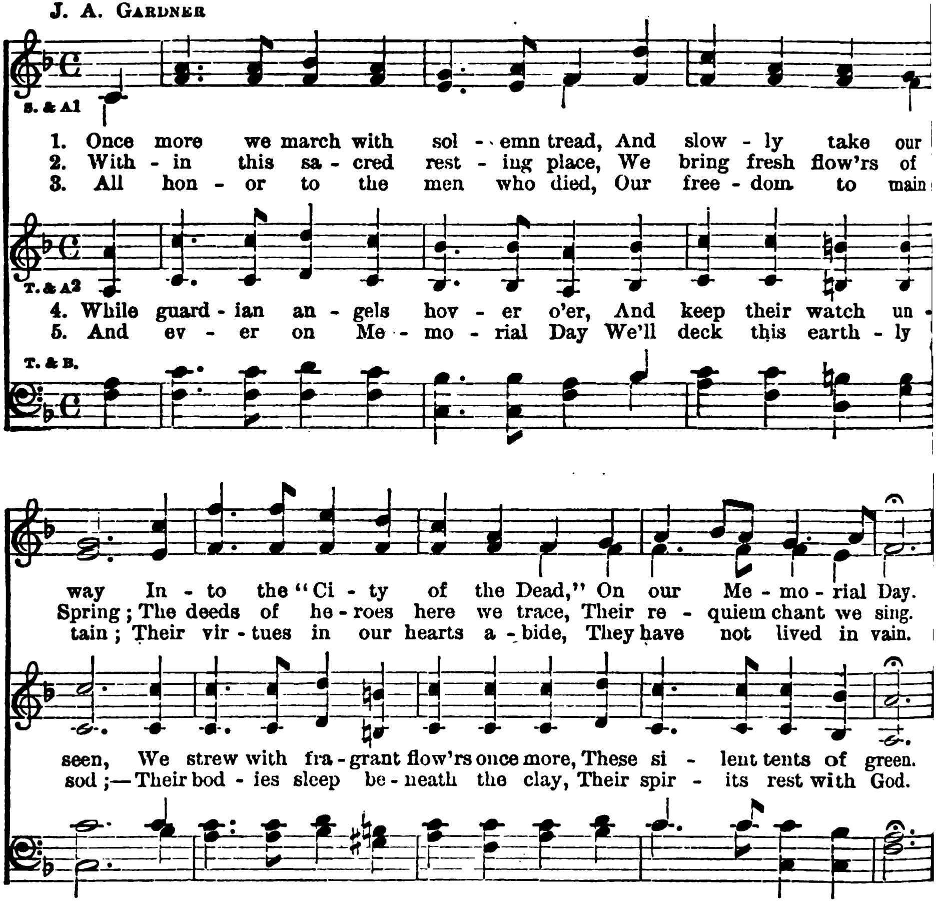

Allegretto.
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in burnished rows of steel; "As ye
4. He has sounded forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
trampling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He
loosed the fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is marching on.
read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on.
He - ro, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel," Since God is marching on.
swift, my soul, to 'an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.
FULL CHORUS.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.

NOTE:—This Song was inspired by a visit of MRS. HOWE to the "Circling Camps" around Washington, gathered for the defence of the Capital, early in the War of 1861—5.

ONCE MORE WE MARCH WITH SOLEMN TREAD

FOR MEMORIAL DAY

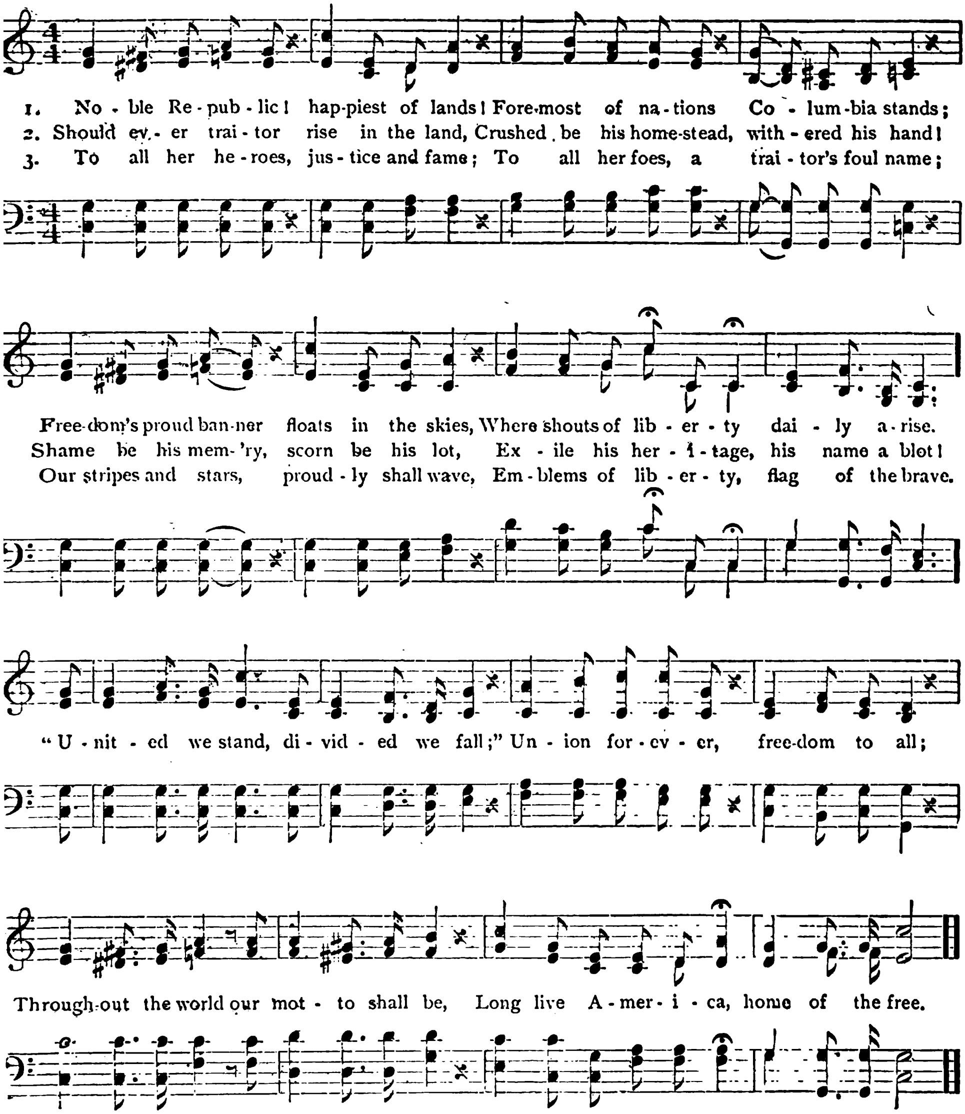
J. A. GARDNER


S. & A1
1. Once more we march with sol - emn tread, And slow - ly take our
2. With - in this sa - cred rest - ing place, We bring fresh flow'rs of
3. All hon - or to the men who died, Our free - dom to main
T. & A2
4. While guard - ian an - gels hov - er o'er, And keep their watch un -
5. And ev - er on Me - mo - rial Day We'll deck this earth - ly
T. & B.
way In - to the "Ci - ty of the Dead," On our Me - mo - rial Day.
Spring; The deeds of he - roes here we trace, Their re - quiem chant we sing.
tain; Their vir - tues in our hearts a - bide, They have not lived in vain.
seen, We strew with fra - grant flow'rs once more, These si - lent tents of green.
sod;— Their bod - ies sleep be - neath the clay, Their spir - its rest with God.

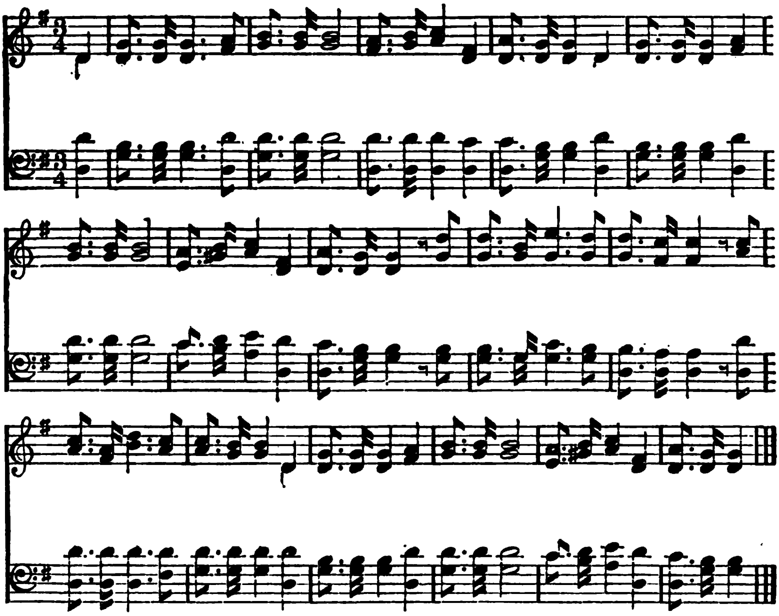
—*From "The Most Popular Songs of the Flag and Nation," published by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York. Used by permission.*

LONG LIVE AMERICA.

Words by HARRISON MILLARD. **Music by EMORY P. RUSSELL.**


1. No - ble Re - pub - lic! hap-piest of lands! Fore-most of na - tions Co - lum-bia stands;
2. Should ev - er trai - tor rise in the land, Crushed be his home-stead, with - ered his hand!
3. To all her he - roes, jus - tice and fame; To all her foes, a trai - tor's foul name;
Free-dom's proud ban-ner floats in the skies, Where shouts of lib - er - ty dai - ly a - rise.
Shame be his mem-'ry, scorn be his lot, Ex - ile his her - i - tage, his name a blot!
Our stripes and stars, proud - ly shall wave, Em - blems of lib - er - ty, flag of the brave.
"U - nit - ed we stand, di - vid - ed we fall;" Un - ion for - ev - er, free-dom to all;
Through-out the world our mot - to shall be, Long live A - mer - i - ca, home of the free.

—From "Rhode Island Independence Day." By permission of Walter E. Ranger, Commissioner of Education, and Emory P. Russell.



—*Reprinted from "Franklin Square Song Book," published by the American Book Co.*

Our Good State Wisconsin.

(Music on preceding page. Tune—Maryland, My Maryland.)

By H. W. Rood, Patriotic Instructor of the G. A. R. Written especially for the Wisconsin Memorial Day Annual.

We'll sing a gladsome, grateful song
For our good state Wisconsin;
To her our loyal hearts belong,
Our Badger State, Wisconsin.
We love her forests, vales, and hills,
Her rivers, lakes, and sparkling rills,
Her fertile fields and busy mills,—
We love the name Wisconsin.

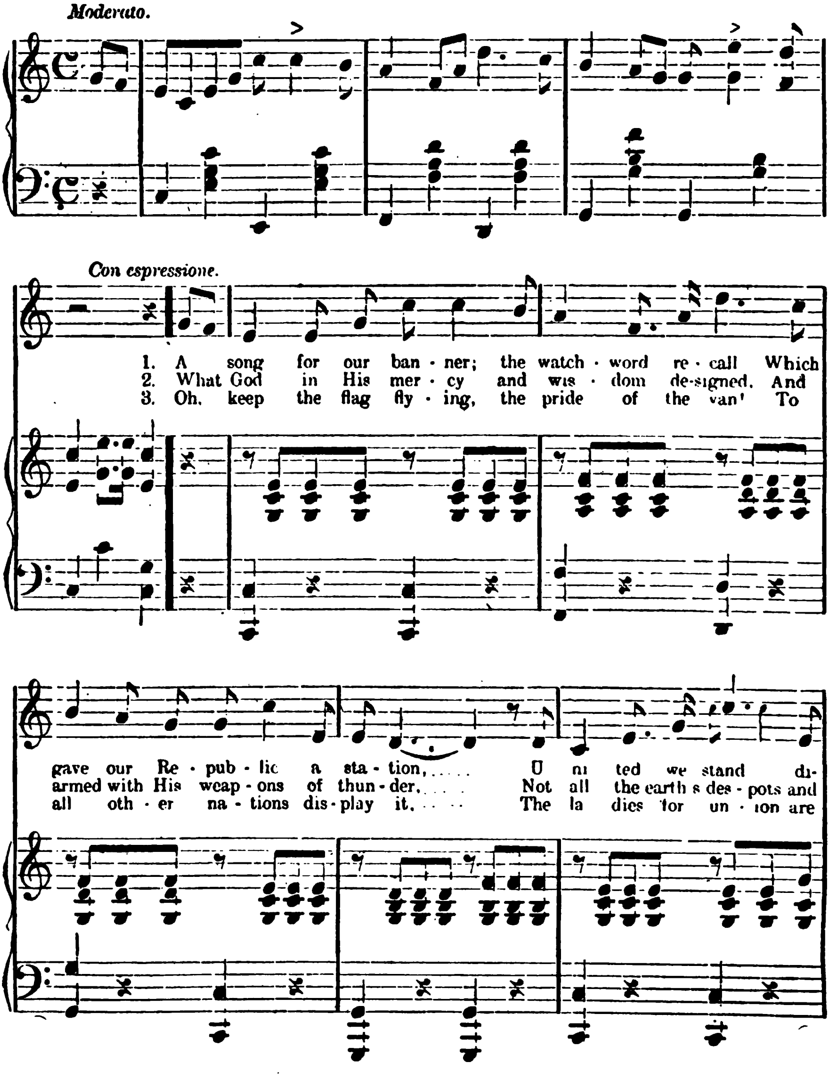
Tho other lands have skies more clear
Than our good State Wisconsin,
Where flowers bloom throughout the year,
We love our own Wisconsin.
We love our vig'rous northern clime,
Our healthful sports of winter time,—
With skates and skis and sleighbells' chime
We're jolly in Wisconsin.

The story never will grow old—
The story of Wisconsin;
It tells of men of sturdy mold,
The founders of Wisconsin.
It tells of gallant boys in blue,
Of noble men and women too,
Of growth in all things good and true
In our great state Wisconsin.

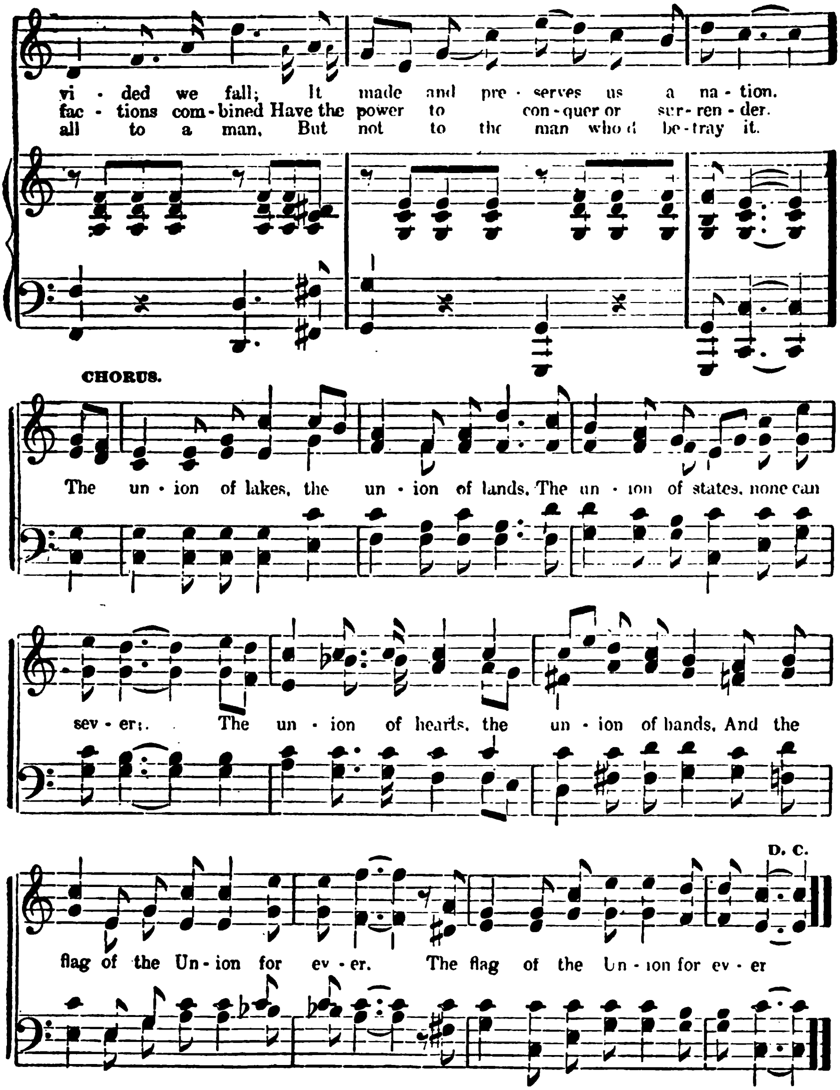
Our boys are manly, brave, and true,
The hope of our Wisconsin;
Our girls are loyal and true blue,
The pride of all Wisconsin.
We live in safe security—
Good laws—with education free,
From wayside school to 'varsity—
"U, Rah, Rah, Wisconsin!"

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

Gen. Geo. P. Morris. Richard R. Turner.


Moderato.
Con espressione.
1. A song for our ban - ner; the watch - word re - call Which
2. What God in His mer - cy and wis - dom de-signed, And
3. Oh, keep the flag fly - ing, the pride of the van! To
gave our Re - pub - lic a sta - tion, ... U ni ted we stand di-
armed with His weap - ons of thun - der, ... Not all the earth's des - pots and
all oth - er na - tions dis - play it, ... The la dies for un - ion are

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION—Concluded.

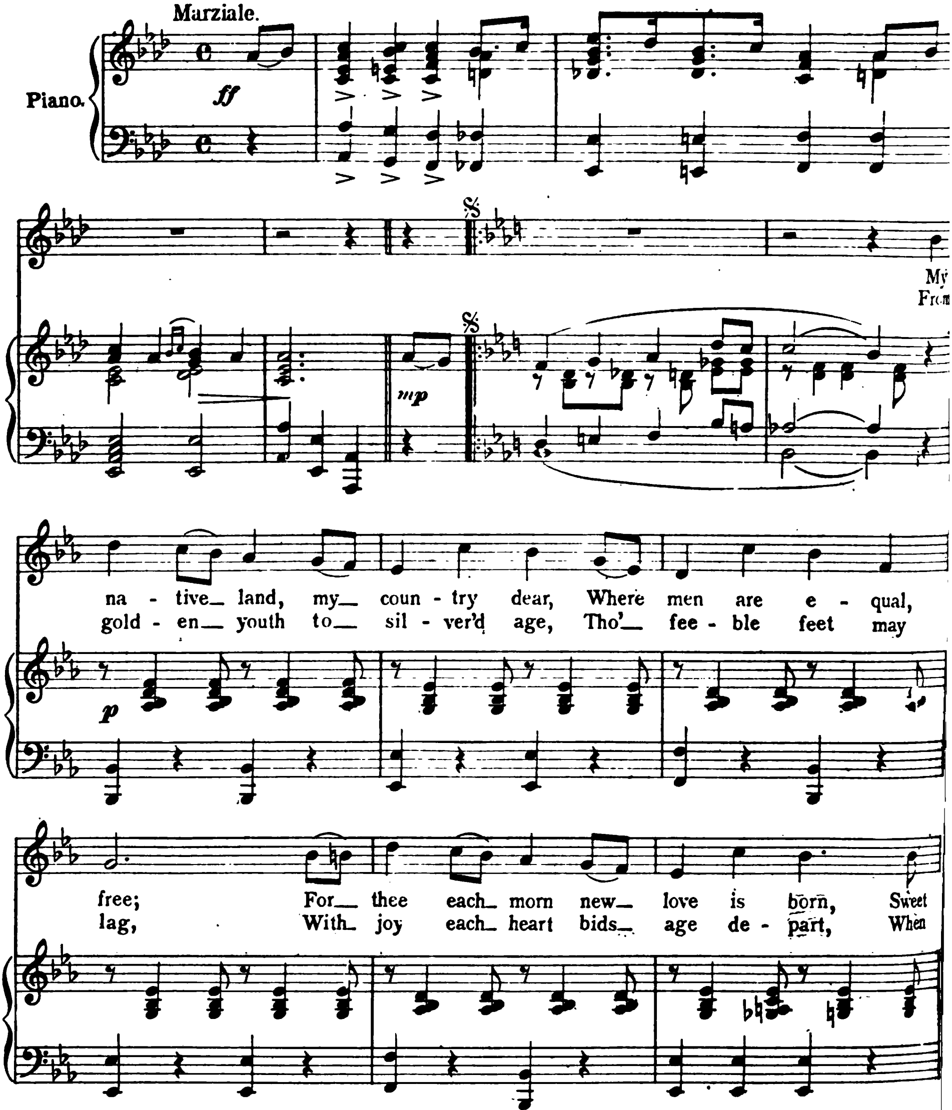

vi - ded we fall; It made and pre - serves us a na - tion.
fac - tions com - bined Have the power to con - quer or sur - ren - der.
all to a man, But not to the man who'd be - tray it.
CHORUS.
The un - ion of lakes, the un - ion of lands, The un - ion of states, none can
sev - er; The un - ion of hearts, the un - ion of hands, And the
flag of the Un - ion for ev - er. The flag of the Un - ion for ev - er
D. C.

My Own United States.

Revised Edition; The verses having been re-written at the suggestion of
THE NATIONAL SONG SOCIETY.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGE.

Music by
JULIAN EDWAR


Marziale.
Piano
ff
mp
My
Fr
na - tive_ land, my_ coun - try dear, Where men are e - qual,
gold - en_ youth to_ sil - ver'd age, Tho'_ fee - ble feet may
p
free; For_ thee each_ morn new_ love is born, Sweet
lag, With_ joy each_ heart bids_ age de - part, When

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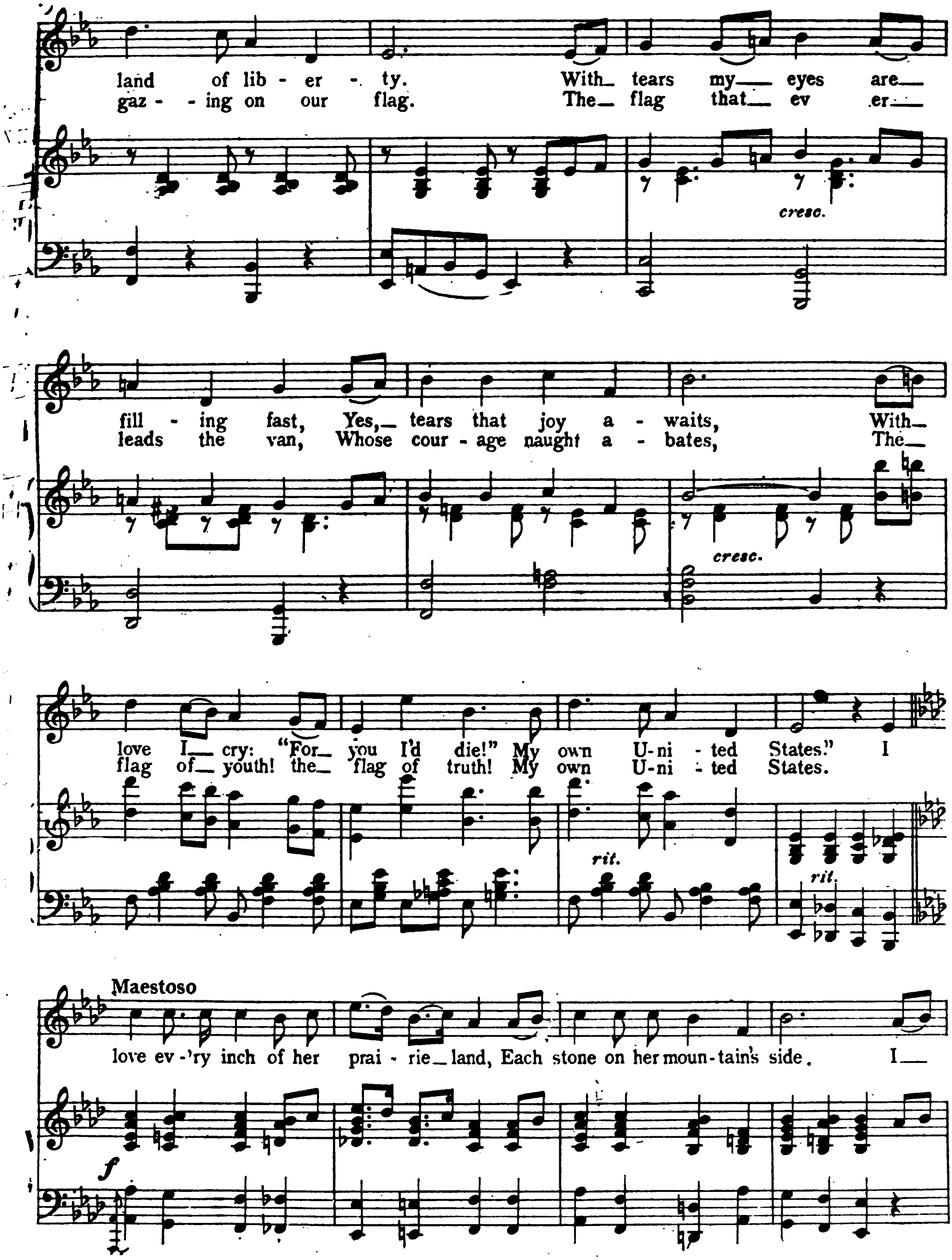
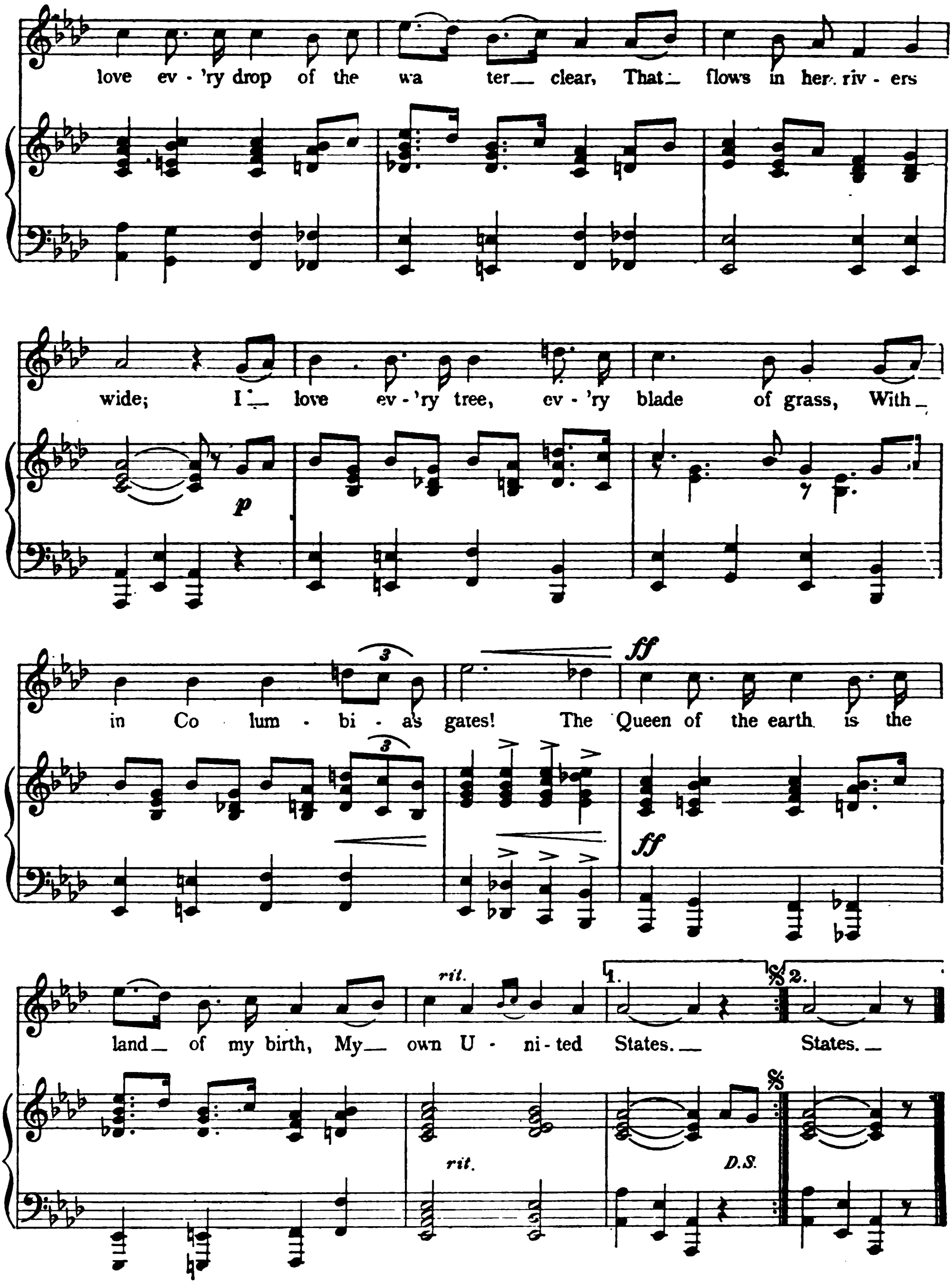

land of lib - er - ty. With tears my eyes are
gaz - ing on our flag. The flag that ev er
cresc.
fill - ing fast, Yes, tears that joy a - waits, With
leads the van, Whose cour - age naught a - bates, The
cresc.
love I cry: "For you I'd die!" My own U-ni - ted States." I
flag of youth! the flag of truth! My own U-ni - ted States.
rit.
rit.
Maestoso
love ev-'ry inch of her prai - rie land, Each stone on her moun-tain's side. I
f


love ev - 'ry drop of the wa ter_ clear, That_ flows in her riv - ers
wide; I_ love ev - 'ry tree, ev - 'ry blade of grass, With_
p
in Co - lum - bi - a's gates! The Queen of the earth is the
3
ff
land_ of my birth, My_ own U - ni - ted States._ States._
rit.
1.
2.
D.S.

5
Hm

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